This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

55.1891.2

SERVICE BOOK

AND

HYMNAL.

Musical Edition.

For

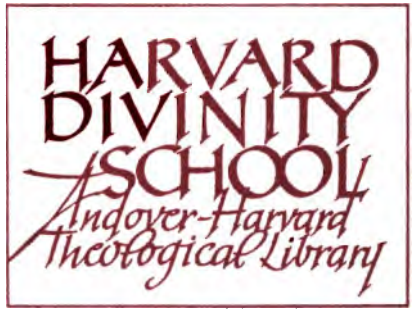
EVENING PRAYER

AND

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

M
2125
.H26
1891

Mus 491.55.1891.2



FROM THE ESTATE OF

Rev. Charles Hutchins

OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Received June 6, 1939

MUSIC LIBRARY

AN

EVENING

SERVICE BOOK

FOR

EVENSONG,
MISSIONS,
SUNDAY SCHOOLS,
FAMILY PRAYER, ETC.

COMPILED BY

H. MARTYN HART, D. D.

Dean of St. John's Cathedral, Denver, Colo.

MUSIC EDITED BY

JOHN H. GOWER, MUS. DOC., OXON.,

Organist of St. John's Cathedral.

DENVER, COLO.:

PRINTED BY THE DENVER MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.,

1891.

M1
2125
.H26
1891

PREFACE.

This Evening Service book has been compiled with the view:

1—Of providing a book which can readily be used by "strangers."

2—That Sunday scholars may become familiarized with the Prayer Book Service.

3—That schools and families may have a convenient Prayer Book and Hymnal for home use.

4—That the best known hymns may be sung to good and suitable tunes, musically correct.

5—That the versicles, etc., may have a modern and tuneful setting.

6—That a complete Service Book may be had for a few, cents.

The "Trinity" pointing, as being the most familiar has been adhered to in the main.

H. MARTYN HART, D. D.
Dean of St. John's Cathedral, Denver, Colo.

Musical Editor,

JOHN H. GOWER, Mus. Doc., Oxon.,
Organist and Precentor of the Cathedral.

NOTE—The musical setting to the versicles and all original tunes in this book are copyrighted by JOHN H. GOWER, 1891.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE ESTATE OF
REV. CHARLES HUTCHINS
MAY 24, 1939

THE EVENING SERVICE.

When the Choir Enters Stand and Sing the PROCESSIONAL HYMN, the First Number on the Notice Board.

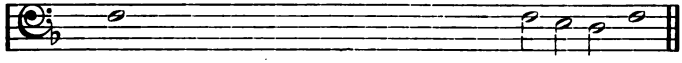
THE OPENING SENTENCES.

Let my prayer be set forth in thy sight as the incense; and let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us: but, if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

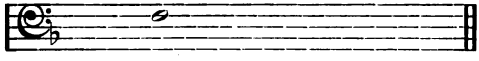
MINISTER.



Let us humbly confess our sins unto Almighty God.

A GENERAL CONFESSION.

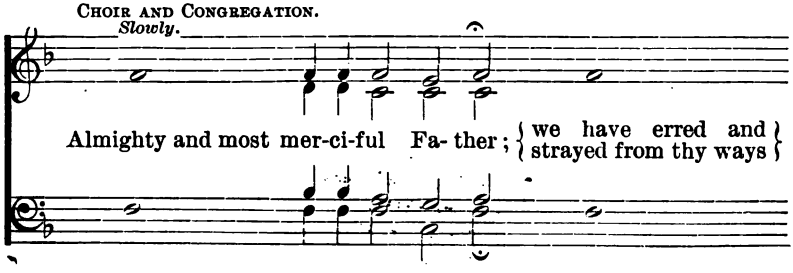
MINISTER.

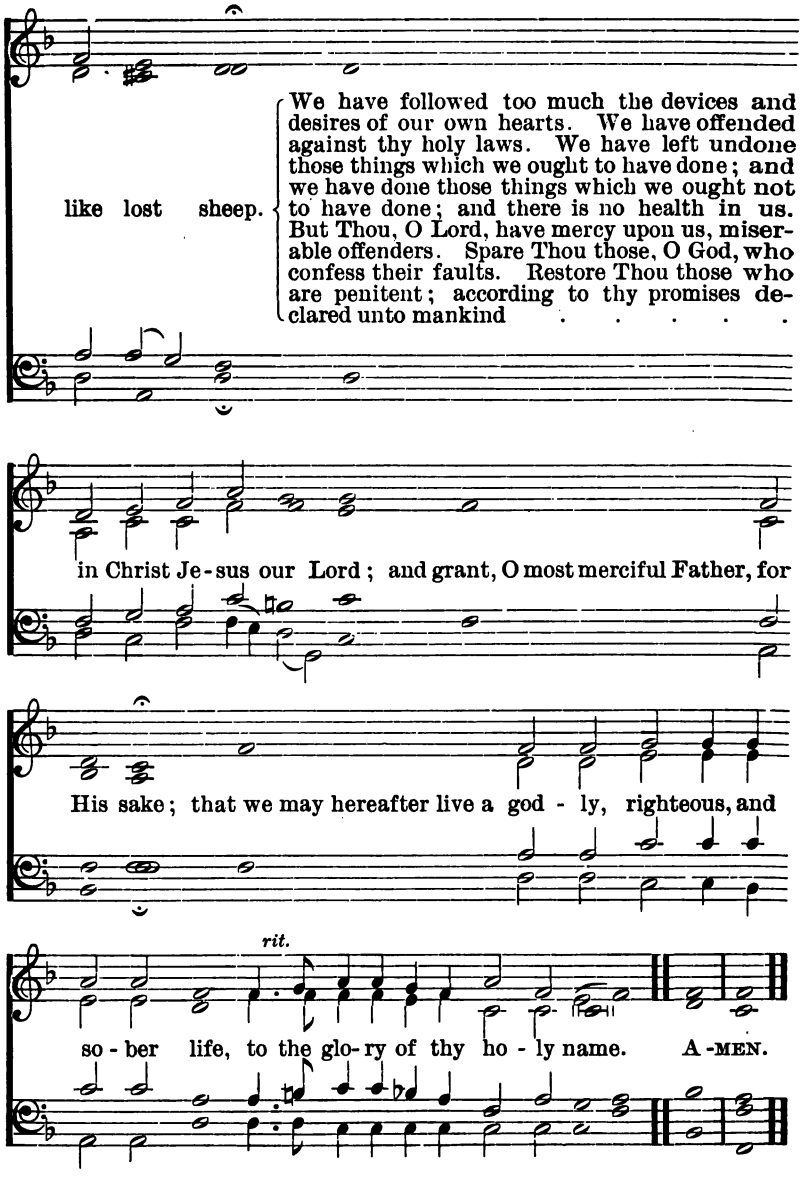


Almighty and most merciful Father.

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

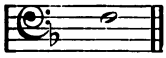
Slowly.



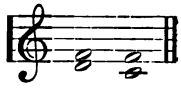

like lost sheep.
We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare Thou those, O God, who confess their faults. Restore Thou those who are penitent; according to thy promises declared unto mankind . . . . .
in Christ Je-sus our Lord; and grant, O most merciful Father, for
His sake; that we may hereafter live a god - ly, righteous, and
rit.
so - ber life, to the glo-ry of thy ho - ly name. A-MEN.

THE ABSOLUTION.

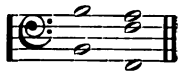
PRIEST.



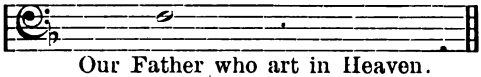
Almighty God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; who desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he may turn from his wickedness and live, hath given power and commandment to his ministers, to declare and pronounce to his people, being penitent, the Absolution and Remission of their sins. He pardoneth and absolveth all those who truly repent, and unfeignedly believe his Holy Gospel. Wherefore let us beseech Him to grant us true repentance, and his Holy Spirit, that those things may please Him which we do at this present; and that the rest of our life hereafter may be pure and holy; so that at the last we may come to his eternal joy; through Jesus Christ our Lord.



A - MEN.

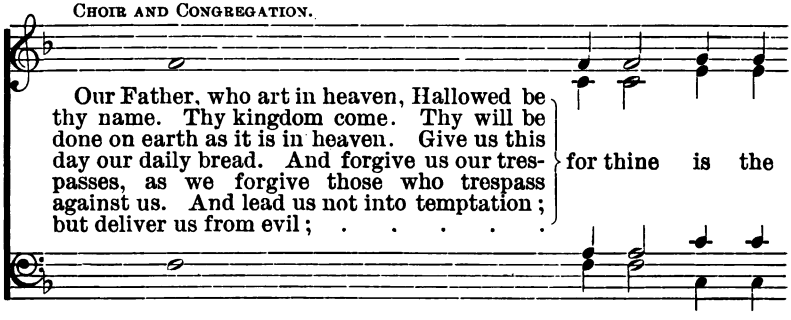


MINISTER.

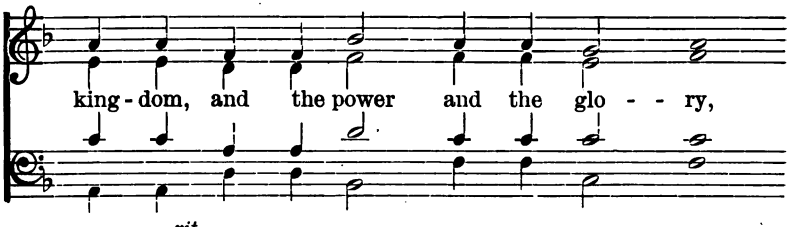


Our Father who art in Heaven.

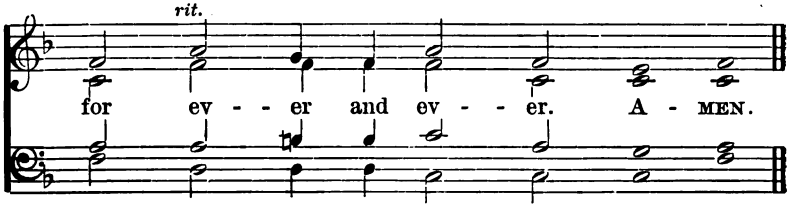
CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.



Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil; . . . . . for thine is the

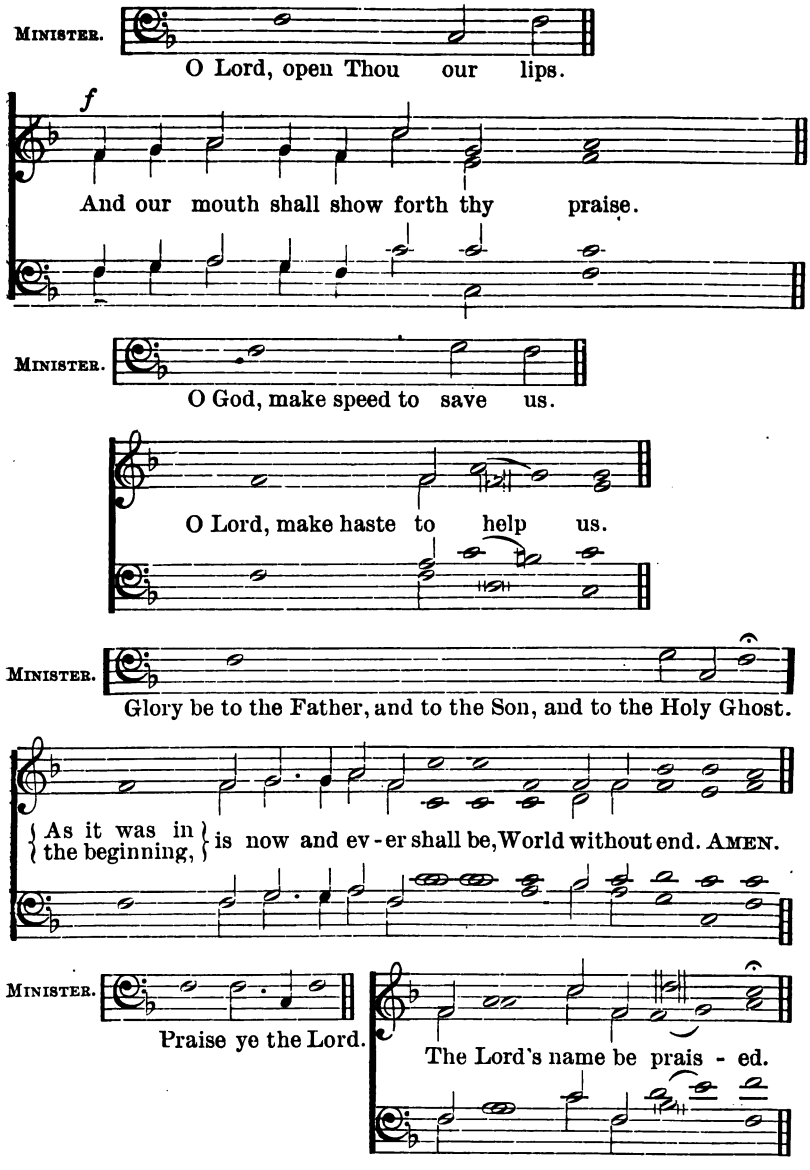


king - dom, and the power and the glo - - ry,



rit.

for ev - - er and ev - - er. A - MEN.


MINISTER.
O Lord, open Thou our lips.
f
And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.
MINISTER.
O God, make speed to save us.
O Lord, make haste to help us.
MINISTER.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now and ev-er shall be, World without end. AMEN.
MINISTER.
Praise ye the Lord.
The Lord's name be prais - ed.

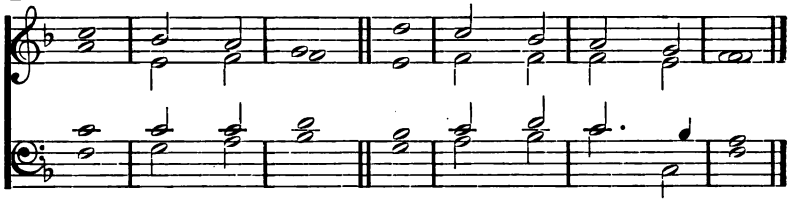
A Selection of Psalms.

The First Lesson.

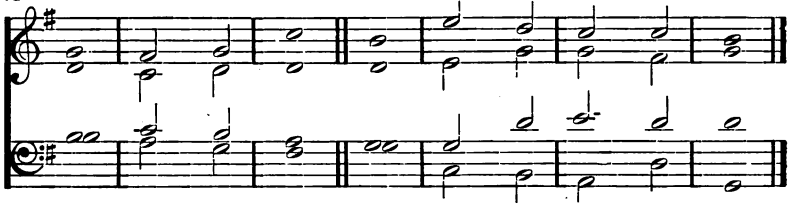
Stand and Sing the Magnificat or The Cantate.

THE MAGNIFICAT.

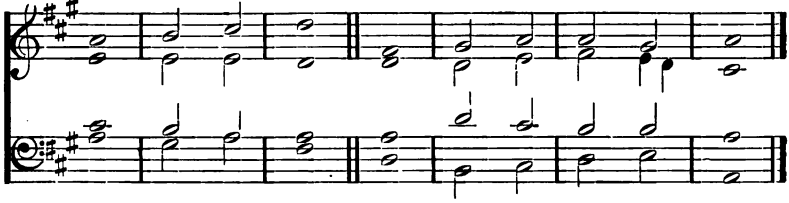
1 St. Luke i. 46. Reinagle.



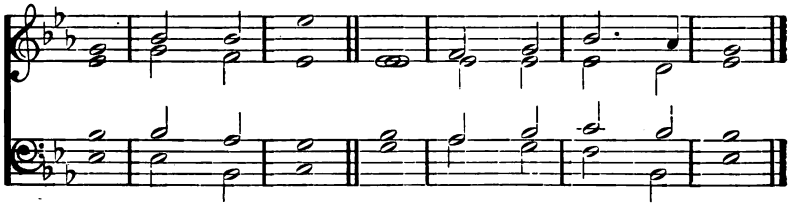
2 J. Battishill.



3 Macfarren.



4 Hopkins.



MY soul doth *magni* | fy the | Lord: and my spirit *hath* re- | joiced · in | God my | Saviour.

For *He* | hath re | garded: the *low*- li | ness of | His hand- | maiden.

For be- | hold from | henceforth: *all* gener- | ations · shall | call me | blessed.

For He that is *migh*ty hath | magni · fied | me: *and* | holy | is His | Name.

And His mercy *is* on | them that | fear Him: *through*- | out all | gen-er- | ations.

He hath showed *strength* | with his | arm: He hath scattered the proud in the *imag*in- | a-tion | of their | hearts.

He hath put down the *migh*ty | from their | seat: and *hath* ex | alted. the | humble · and | meek.

He hath filled the *hung*ry with | good — | things: and the *rich* He | hath sent | empty · a- | way.

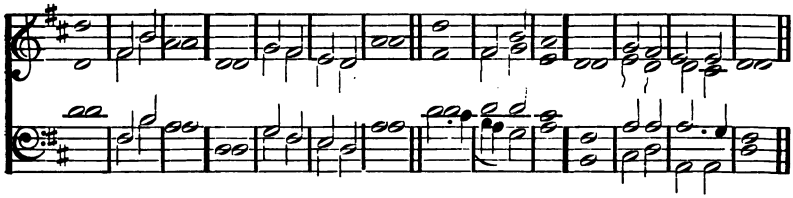
He, remembering his mercy, hath *holp*en his | servant | Israel: as He promised to our forefathers, *A*braham | and his | seed for- | ever.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther, | and · to the | Son: *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

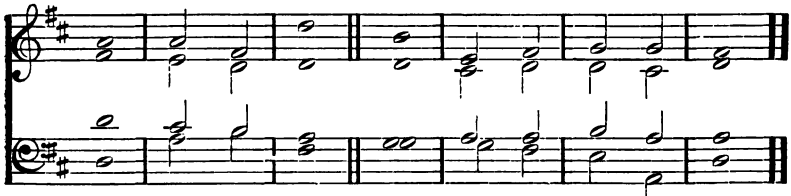
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ever | shall be: *world* | with - out | end. A- | men.

THE CANTATE.

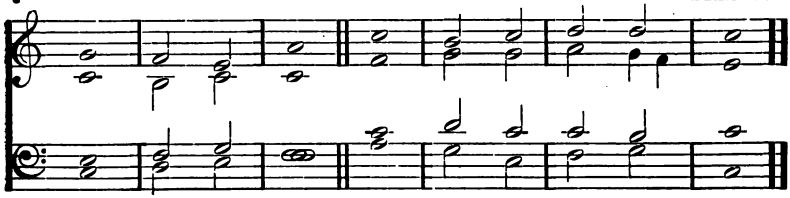
5 PSALM xciii. BECKWITH.



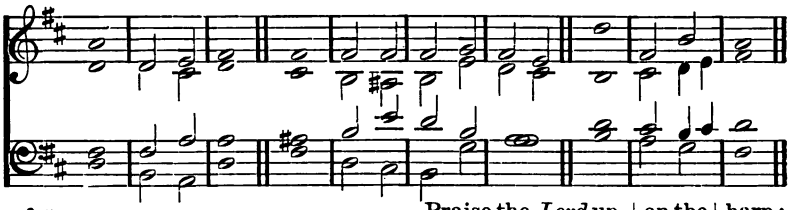
6 J. BATTISHILL.

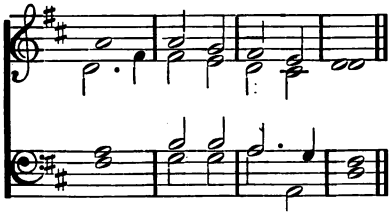


7 STAINER.



8 TURLE.





O SING unto the *Lord* a | new — | song: for *He* hath | done —| marvel - ous | things.

With his own right hand, and *with* his | ho - ly | arm : hath He *got*ten Him- | self the | vic-to - | ry.

The Lord de*clar*ed | his sal- | va-tion; his righteousness hath He openly *show*ed in the | sight — | of the | heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and truth to*ward* the | house of | Is-rael : and all the ends of the world have *seen* the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.

Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord*, | all ye | lands : *sing*, re- | joice and | give — | thanks.

Praise the *Lord* up- | on the | harp; sing to the *harp* with a | psalm of | thanks — | giving.

With *trum*pets | also, · and | shawms: O show yourselves *joy*ful be- | fore the | Lord the | King.

Let the sea make a noise, and *all* that | there - in | is: the round *world*, and | they that | dwell there- | in.

Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful to*geth*er be- | fore the | Lord: *for* He | cometh · to | judge the | earth.

With righteousness *shall* He | judge the | world: *and* the | people · with | e-qui- | ty.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther, | and · to the | Son: *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost:

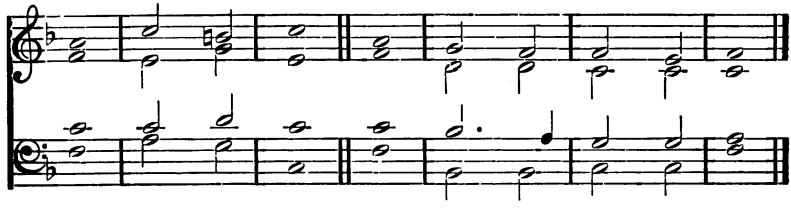
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be: *world* | with-out | end. A - | men.

THE SECOND LESSON.

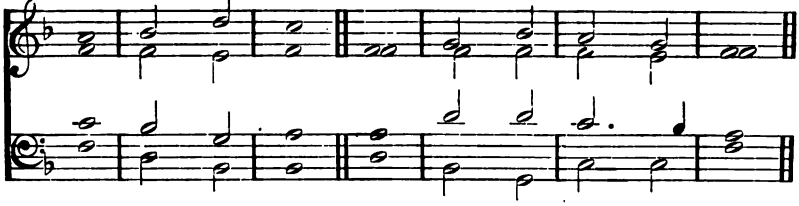
Stand and Sing The Nunc Dimittis, or The Deus Misereatur.

THE NUNC DIMITTIS.

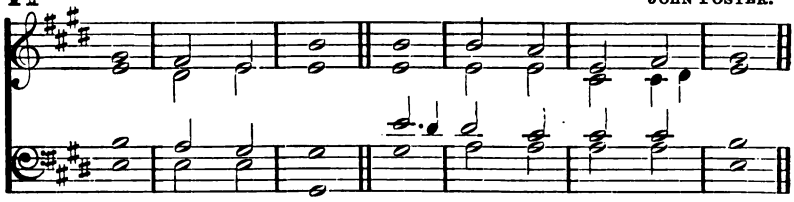
9 ST. LUKE ii. 29. DYCE.



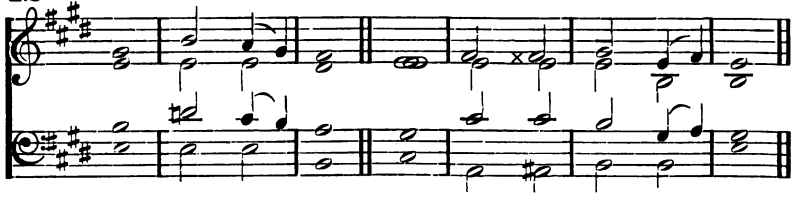
10 REV. F. A. G. HERVEY.



11 JOHN FOSTER.



12 GOWER.



LORD, now lettest Thou thy *ser*- | vant de- | part in | peace: *ac*- | cording | to thy | word.

For mine | eyes have | seen: *thy* | — sal | va— | tion.

Which *Thou* | hast pre- | pared: be- *fore* the | face of | all — | people;

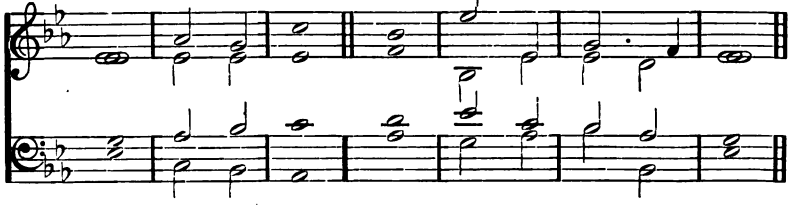
To be a *light* to | lighten · the | Gentiles; and to be the *glory* | of thy | peo-ple | Israel.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther, | and · to the | Son: *and* | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost:

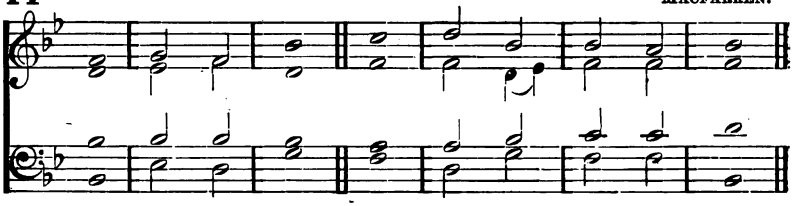
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be: *world* | with- out | end. A- | men.

THE DEUS MISEREATUR.

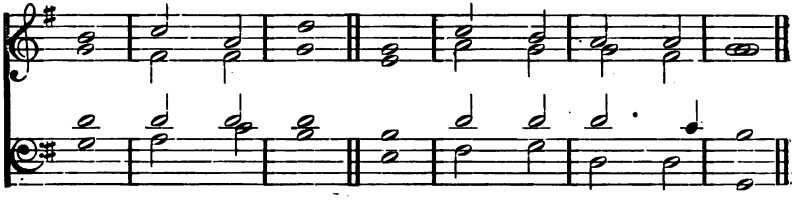
13 PSALM lxvii. TURLE.



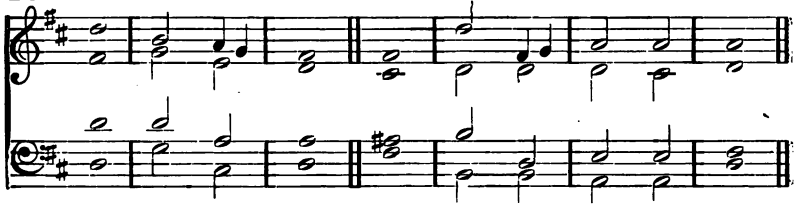
14 MACFARREN.



15 W. RUSSELL.



16 OUSELEY.



PSALM lxvii.

GOD be merciful unto *us*, and | bless — | us; and show us the light of his countenance, *and* be | merci-ful | un - to | us.

That thy way may be *known* up- | on — | earth: thy *sav*-ing | health a- | mong all | nations.

Let the people *praise* | Thee, O | God: yea let *all* the | peo-ple | praise — | Thee.

O let the nations re*joice*, | and be | glad: for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and *gov*ern the | na - tions | up - on | earth.

Let the people *praise* | Thee, O | God: yea let *all* the | peo-ple | praise — | Thee.

Then shall the *earth* bring | forth her | increase: and God, even our own *God*, shall | give us | his — blessing.

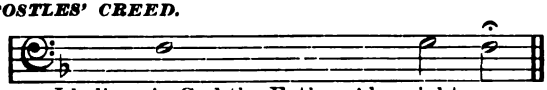
God shall | bless — | us: and all the ends of the *world* | shall — | fear — | Him.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther, | and · to the | Son: *and* | to the | Ho - ly | - Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev - er | shall be: *world* | with-out | end. A- | men.

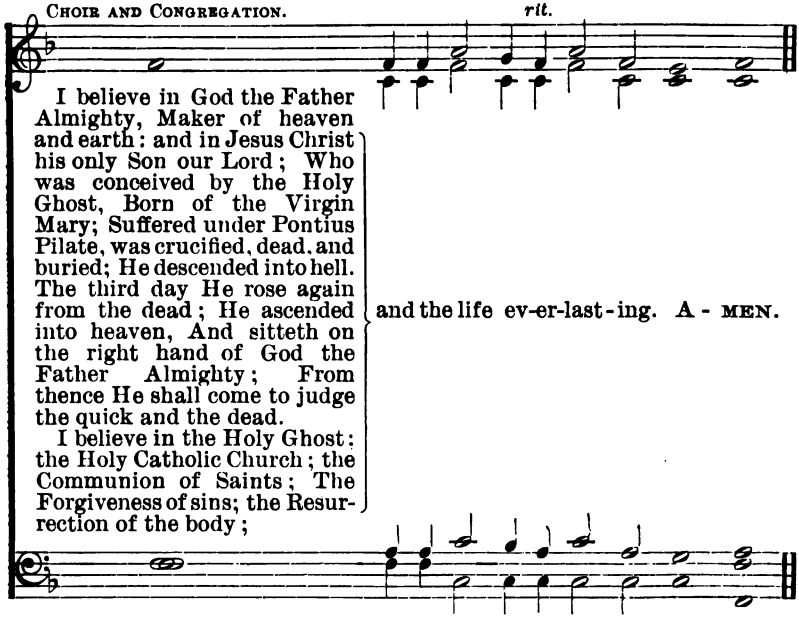
THE APOSTLES' CREED.

MINISTER.



I believe in God the Father Al - might - y.

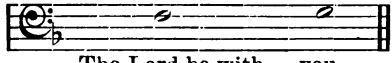
CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.



I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell. The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

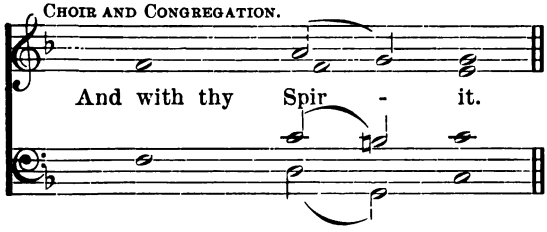
I believe in the Holy Ghost: the Holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; The Forgiveness of sins; the Resurrection of the body; and the life ev-er-last-ing. A - MEN.

MINISTER.



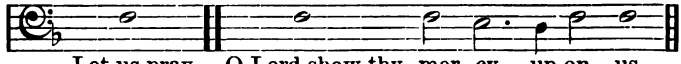
The Lord be with you.

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.



And with thy Spir - it.

MINISTER.



Let us pray. O Lord show thy mer-cy up-on us.

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

And grant · us thy sal - va - - - tion.

MINISTER.

O Lord, save the State.

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

rit.

And mer-ci-ful-ly hear us when we call up-on Thee.

MINISTER.

Endue thy Ministers with righteousness.

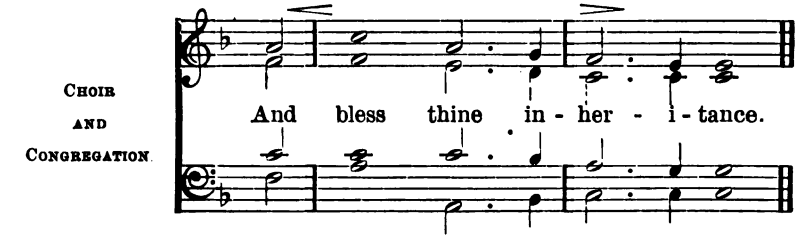
CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

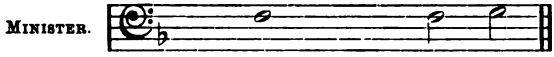
f

And make thy cho-sen peo - ple joy - - - ful.

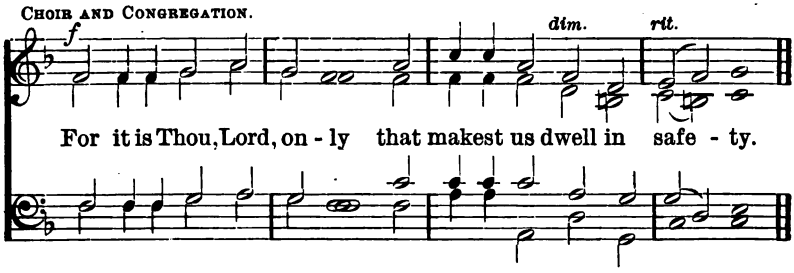
MINISTER.

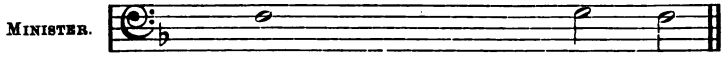
O Lord, save thy peo - ple.



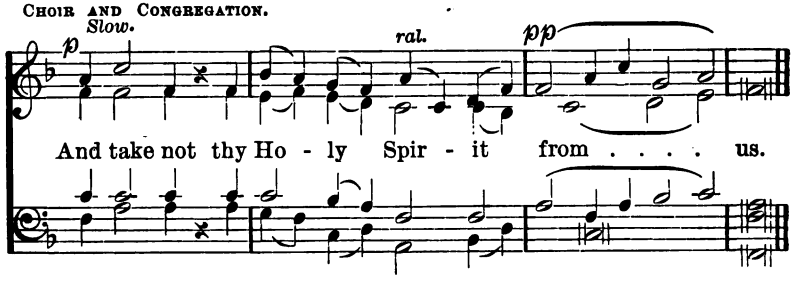


Give peace in our time, O Lord.





O God, make clean our hearts with - in us.



COLLECT FOR THE DAY.

Collect for Peace.

O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed; Give unto thy servants that peace which the world cannot give, that our hearts may be set to obey thy commandments, and also that by Thee, we being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

A Collect for aid against all Perils.

Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord; and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of thine only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Prayer for all Conditions of Men.

O God, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, we humbly beseech Thee for all sorts and conditions of men, that Thou wouldest be pleased to make thy ways known unto them, thy saving health unto all nations. More especially we pray for thy Holy Church universal; that it may be so guided and governed by thy good Spirit, that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life. Finally, we commend to thy fatherly goodness all those who are any ways afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body or estate; (*especially those for whom our prayers are desired*), that it may please Thee to comfort and relieve them, according to their several necessities; giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions. And this we beg for Jesus Christ's sake. *Amen.*

A General Thanksgiving.

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we, thine unworthy servants, do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving kindness to us, and to all men (*particularly to those who desire now to offer up their praises and thanksgivings for thy great mercies vouchsafed unto them*). We bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but, above all, for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech Thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we show forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

II Cor. xiii. 14.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

No. 1.

A - MEN.

No. 2. (*After "The Grace," etc.*)

A - - - - - - - - - - MEN.

No. 1. ***SEVENFOLD AMEN, AFTER BLESSING.***

A - - - - - - - - - MEN. A - - - - - - - - - MEN.

p *cres.* *f*

A - - - - MEN. A - - - - MEN. A - MEN.

p

dim. A - MEN. *p* *pp*

A - - MEN. A - MEN. A - - MEN. A - - MEN.

No. 2.

pp *Slow and sustained.* *cres.* STAINER.

A - MEN. A - MEN. A - - - - - - - - - - - - -

f *ppp* *Slower.*

MEN. A - - - - - MEN. A - - - - MEN, A - - MEN.

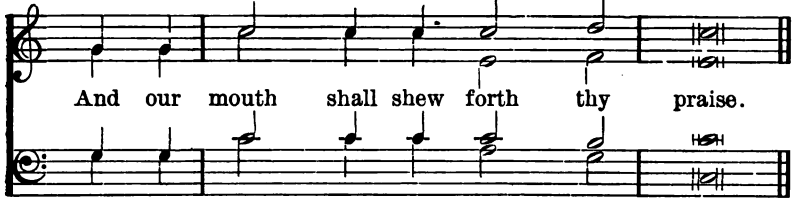
f

MEN. A - - - - MEN. A - - - - - - MEN. A - - MEN.

Versicles which may be Used in the Sunday School.

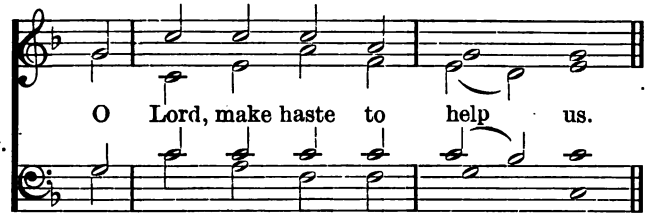
MINISTER—O Lord, open Thou our lips.

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION. GOWER.



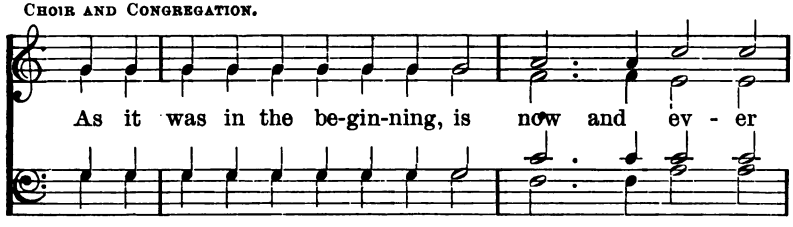
MINISTER—O God, make speed to save us.

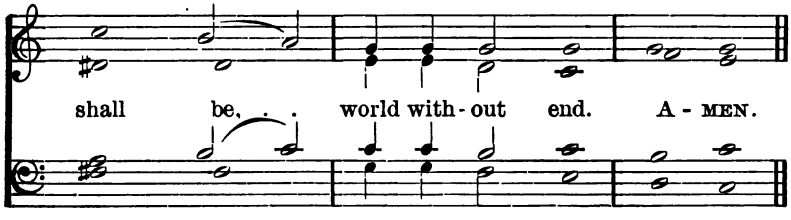
CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.



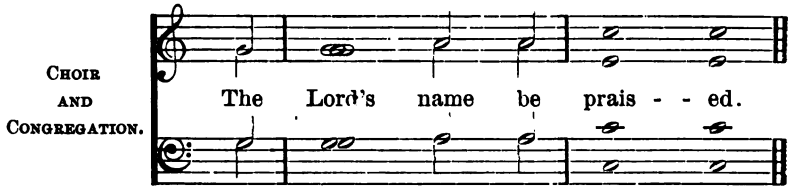
MINISTER—Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

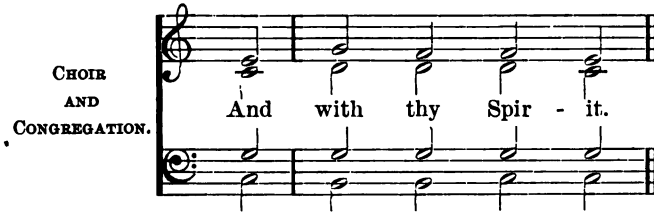




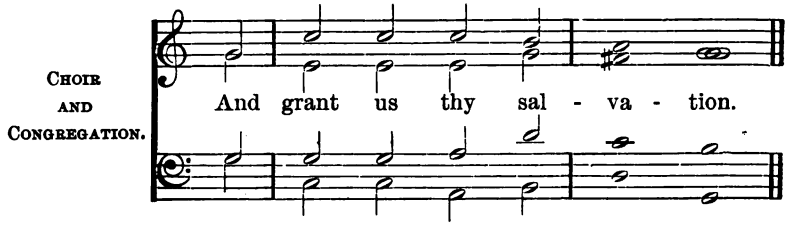
MINISTER—Praise ye the Lord.



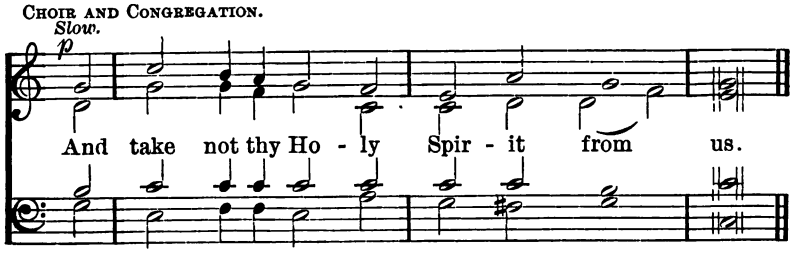
MINISTER—The Lord be with you.



MINISTER—Let us pray. O Lord, show thy mercy upon us.



MINISTER—O God, make clean our hearts within us.



Evening Prayers.

For Forgiveness and Safety.

O MOST gracious Lord and merciful Father, we Thine unworthy servants most humbly beseech Thee for thy mercy and forgiveness of all the sins we have this day committed. Vouchsafe also of Thine abundant bounty, if it be thy will, to refresh our bodies with rest, that we may the more readily, zealously and promptly, with all diligence, serve Thee on the morrow, so that our lives may please Thee, and through Thy assistance be so ordered and governed, that after this life ended we may attain unto the life everlasting; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Absolution.

O LORD, we beseech Thee, absolve thy people from their offences; that through thy bountiful goodness we may all be delivered from the bands of those sins which by our frailty we have committed. Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our blessed Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

For the Night's Peace.

O GOD, who hast given unto us the night for rest, grant that the sleep which we hope to enjoy may be consecrated to thy service, by refreshing our wearied bodies, and enabling us to do thy will more faithfully when we wake. Help us to keep in mind the sleep of death, and give us grace so to follow Christ in life that we may pass through death to a joyful resurrection. Spread about our sleeping household the wings of thy divine providence. Keep us all in safety, that no evil may approach our souls, no harm our bodies; and grant that should we awake in the night our thoughts may rise to Thee, and feeling the darkness filled with thy gracious presence, we may have peace. Accept this our prayer, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

General Evening Prayer.

O LORD Jesus Christ, to whose unwearying goodness we owe all things that we enjoy; who dost make the sun to shine alike on the evil and the good, that they may do their daily work; and hast given the silence of night, that men may rest their weary limbs in peace: we pray Thee of thy wonted mercy to forgive whatever we have done amiss in thy sight this day; and grant that to-night we may be blessed with thy favor, pure through thy keeping, and safe beneath thy protection from the snares of the Devil, that so sleep may make us both in body and in soul more vigorous

for thy service on the morrow. And, furthermore, as we know not what a day may bring forth, nor when that night cometh wherein we shall sleep till we are roused by the last trumpet, we pray Thee to lighten the eyes of our soul, lest faith die, and we sleep in everlasting death; but may we rather rest in Thee, to whom even the dead live. Hear us, O blessed Saviour, and have mercy upon us ever, world without end. *Amen.*

For a Quiet Night.

O LORD GOD, the Life of mortals, the Light of the faithful, the Strength of those that labor, and the Repose of the dead; grant us a tranquil night, free from all disturbance, that after an interval of quiet sleep we may, by thy bounty, at the return of light be endued with activity by the Holy Spirit, and enabled in security to render thanks to Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord *Amen.*

For Rest.

O LORD, who art the Author of every good gift, both to body and soul, we pray Thee, if it please Thee, to grant us the blessing of refreshing rest, that when we wake up in the morning we may be better fitted to serve Thee, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. *Amen.*

For Rest in the Lord.

O ALMIGHTY Father, who, in thy divine mercy, dost cover the earth with the curtain of night that all the weary may rest, grant to us and to all men, rest in Thee, this night. Let thy grace, we beseech Thee, comfort and support all that are to spend it in sorrow, in affliction, or in fear. Let no shadow from the sins of this day darken our souls but let the light of thy countenance make a perpetual day within us, that so, when the night is past, and the light of day returned, we may rise up with cheerful strength and gladness, to serve Thee in all good works; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Commendatory.

BEHOLD, O God, we commend into thy hands this night ourselves, (our children,) our relations, our friends, especially any that may be in sorrow; strengthen and confirm thy faithful people, convert the wicked, arouse the careless, recover the fallen, relieve the sick, give peace to the dying, and remove all hindrances to the advancement of thy truth, in us and in the world, that thy name may be glorified; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For the Children.

O ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father, bless, we humbly beseech Thee, the children of this family with healthful bodies and good understandings, with the graces and gifts of thy Holy Spirit, and with sweet dispositions and holy habits. (Especially watch over those now far from us, and com

mitted to the care and instruction of others). May thy mercy and thy providence lead them through all the dangers and temptations of this evil world, and sanctify them wholly in their bodies, souls, and spirits, and keep them unblameable unto the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

For a Sick Person.

FATHER of mercies and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need, look down from heaven we humbly beseech Thee, behold, visit and relieve Thy sick servant, for whom our prayers are desired. Look upon *him* with the eyes of Thy mercy; comfort *him* with the sense of Thy goodness; preserve *him* from the temptations of the enemy; give *him* patience under his affliction; and in Thy good time, restore *him* to health, and enable *him* to lead the residue of *his* life in thy fear and to thy glory. Or else give *him* grace so to take thy visitation, that, after this painful life, he may dwell with Thee in life everlasting; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A General Intercession.

HAVE mercy, O Lord, upon thy Church, which is spread throughout the world, and strengthen her in Thy great goodness. Defend those whom Thou hast appointed to be shepherds of thy flock, whether Bishops, Priests, or Deacons, and enable them with great power to preach Thy Word: and grant to thy people, that in purity and holiness, in faith and charity, they may persevere in all godly and christian conversation, and set forth thy glory. Prosper the work of those who have gone forth to proclaim the gospel to the heathen. Bless all Kings, Princes, and rulers who honour Thee: look graciously upon the members of of thy Church, and drive far from them war and civil strife, and let them dwell in peace. Have mercy upon such as are suffering persecution, and upon all prisoners and captives: bring those at sea safely to their harbour, and all travellers to their home; be Thou the companion of their way. Visit the sick: strengthen the weak: help the oppressed: and call to the fear and knowledge of Thee those that are dead in trespasses and sins; for Thou art full of of compassion and tender mercy; to Whom with the Father and the Holy Spirit be all honour, glory, and power for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Benediction.

NOW the God of peace, that brought again from the dead the Lord Jesus, that great Shepard of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make us perfect in every good work to do his will, working in us that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Prayers for the Sunday School.

For willingness to learn.

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, who didst sit lowly in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions; grant unto us, thy servants, both aptness to teach and willingness to learn thy blessed will; who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, One God, world without end. *Amen.*

To understand the Scriptures.

BLESSED LORD, who hast caused all Holy Scriptures to be written for our learning; grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn and inwardly digest them, that by patience, and comfort of thy Holy Word, we may embrace, and ever hold fast, the blessed hope of everlasting life, which Thou hast given us in our Savionr Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

For the Holy Spirit's Grace.

ALMIGHTY Father, who hast promised that they who seek early thy heavenly wisdom, shall early find it to be more precious than all the treasures of this world; send down upon these children the grace and blessing of thy Holy Spirit; that they being trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, may choose and love thy way and depart from it no more forever; and that when Thou makest up thy jewels in thy glorious kingdom, they may be there, and may be Thine; all which we ask for the sake of thy Holy Child Jesus, our only Saviour and Redeemer. *Amen.*

For Confirmation of Faith.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, heavenly Father, we give Thee humble thanks that Thou hast vouchsafed to call us to the knowledge of thy grace and faith in Thee. Increase this knowledge, and confirm this faith in us evermore. Give thy Holy Spirit to these children; that they, being born again, and being made heirs of everlasting salvation, through our Lord Jesus Christ, may continue thy servants, and attain thy promises; through the same our Lord Jesus Christ thy Son, who liveth and reigneth, with Thee and the Holy Spirit, now and for ever. *Amen.*

For God's Protection.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God who makest us both to will and to do those things that are good and acceptable unto thy divine Majesty; we make our humble supplications unto Thee for these thy children. Let thy fatherly hand, we beseech Thee, ever be over them; let thy

Holy Spirit ever be with them, and so lead them in the knowledge and obedience of thy Word, thah in the end they may obtain everlasting life; through our Lord Jesus Christ, who, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth, ever One God, world without end. *Amen.*

For Increase of Grace.

DEFEND, O Lord, these Thy children with Thy heavenly grace, that they may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until they come unto Thy everlasting kingdom. *Amen.*

For Growth in Grace.

O LORD God, giver of heavenly increase, who by thy Spirit's might dost confirm the first efforts of feeble souls; encourage in the hearts of these thy children every good intent, and carry them from strength to strength. Cleanse their consciences, and stir their wills gladly to serve Thee, the living God. Leave no room in them for spiritual wickedness, no lurking place for secret sins; but so establish and sanctify them by the power of thy holy Word, that, evermore taking heed unto the thing that is right, and speaking and doing the truth, they may find godliness their gain both in the life which now is, and in that which is to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For Godliness of Life.

O GOD of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, bless these thy children, and sow the seed of eternal life in their hearts; that whatsoever in thy holy word they shall profitable learn, they may in deed fulfil the same. Look, O Lord, mercifully upon them from heaven, and bless them, that they, obeying thy will, and always being in safety under thy protection, may abide in thy love unto their lives' end; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For the Work of the School.

O LORD, bless, we beseech Thee, the work of this school, that it may be to thy glory, and that whatsoever we do, we may do it heartily as unto Thee. Give thy blessing to those who teach, that they may be wise and patient, ever concerned for the salvation of their scholars; and to those who learn, give thy grace that they may increase in the knowledge of all good things, and in the love of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and glory now and forever. *Amen.*

Benediction.

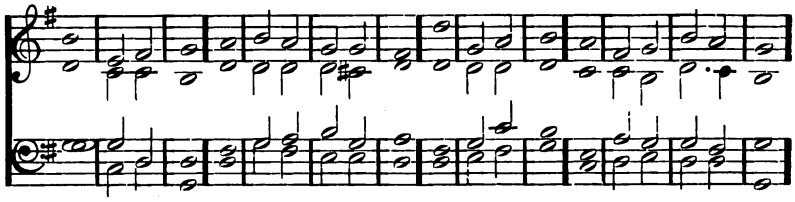
UNTO God's gracious mercy and protection we commit you. The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace, both now and evermore. *Amen.*

Psalms.

FIRST SELECTION.

Psalms 19, 24, 103.

17 *Psalm 19.* Lemon.



Psalm xix.

THE heavens de*clare* the | glory · of | God: and the *firm*ament | showeth · his | hand - i - | work.

2 One *day* | telleth · an - | other: and one *night* | cer - ti - | fieth · an- | other.

3 There is *nei*ther | speech nor | language: but their *voi*ces are | heard a - | mong — | them.

4 Their sound is gone *out* into | all — | lands: and their *words* into the | ends — | of the | world.

5 In them hath He set a taber*na*cle | for the | sun: which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth *as* a | giant. to | run his | course.

6 It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runeth about unto the *end* of | it a- | gain: and there is nothing *hid* | from the | heat there- | of.

7 The law of the Lord is an undefiled *law*, con - | verting · the | soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, and giveth *wis*dom | un — | to the | simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are *right*, and re- | joice the | heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, and giveth *light* | un — | to the | eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is *clean*, and en- | dureth · for | ever: the judgments of the Lord are *true*, and | right - eous | al - to - | gether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, *yea*, than | much fine | gold: sweeter also than *hon*ey, | and the | hon - ey - | comb.

11 Moreover, by them *is* thy | servant | taught: and in keeping of *them* | there is | great re- | ward.

12 Who can tell how *oft* | he of- | fendeth: O cleanse Thou *me* | from my | se - cret | faults.

13 Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins, lest they get the do*min*ion | o - ver | me: so shall I be undefiled, and inno*cent* | from the | great of - | fence.

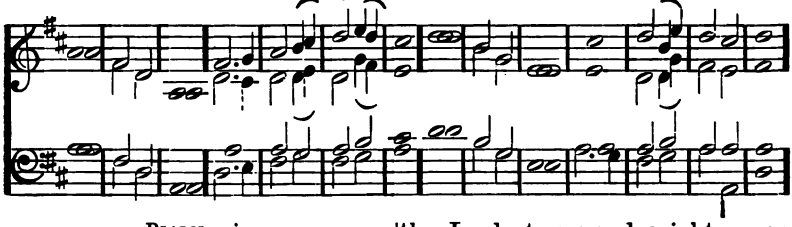
14 Let the words of my mouth, and the medi*tat*ion | of my | heart: be *al*way ac- | cepta-ble | in thy | sight.

15 O | — — | Lord: my *strength* and | my re- | deem- — | er.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther, | and · to the | Son: *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev - er | shall be: *world* | without | end. *A*- | *men.*

18 *Psalm 24.* JONES.



PSALM xxiv.

THE earth is the Lord's, and *all* that | there-in | is: the compass of the *world*, and | they that | dwell there- | in.

2 For He hath founded *it* up- | on the | seas: and pre*pare*d | it up- | on the | floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the *hill* | of the | Lord: or who shall rise *up* | in his | ho - ly | place?

4 Even he that hath clean hands, *and* a | pure — | heart: and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor *sworn* | to de- | ceive his | neighbor.

5 He shall receive the *bless*ing | from the | Lord: and righteousness *from* the | God of | his sal- | vation.

6 This is the generation of *them* that | seek — | Him: even of *them* that | seek thy | face, O | Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads O ye gates; and be ye lift up *ever*- | last - ing | doors: and the *King* of | glo - ry | shall come | in.

8 Who *is* the | King of | glory: it is the Lord strong and mighty, *even* the | Lord — | mighty · in | battle.

9 Lift up your heads O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye *ever* | lasting | doors: and the *King* of | glo-ry | shall come | in.

10. *Who* is the | King of | glory: even the Lord of *hosts* | He · is the | King of | glory.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

PSALM ciii.

PRAISE the *Lord*, | O my | soul. and all that is within *me* | praise his | ho - ly | name.

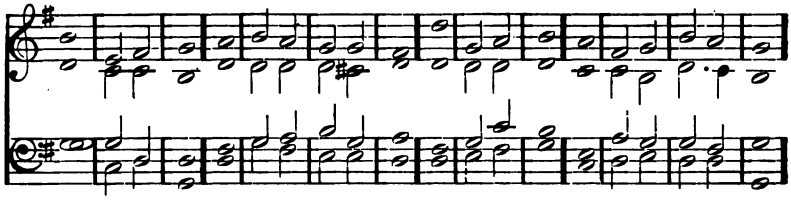
2 Praise the *Lord*, | O my | soul: and forget *not* | all his | ben-e- | fits:

3 Who forgiv*eth* | all thy | sin: and healeth *all* | thine in | firm - i | ties.

4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de- | struction: and crowneth thee with *mer*cy and | lov-ing- | kind — | ness:

5 Who satisfieth thy *mouth* | with good | things: making thee *young* and | lus-ty | as an | eagle.

17 *Psalms 103.* LEMON.



6 The Lord executeth righteous-*ness* | and — | judgment: for all *them* that | are op- | pressed with | wrong.

7 He showed his *ways* | un - to | Moses: His works unto the *child*ren | of — | Is-ra- | el.

8 The Lord is *full* of com- | passion and | mercy: long-*suff*ering, | and of | great — | goodness.

9 He will *not* | always be | chiding: neither keepeth *He* his | anger | for — | ever.

10 He hath not dealt with *us* | after our | sins: nor rewarded us ac*cord*ing | to our | wicked- ness- | es.

11 For look how high the heaven is in com*par*ison | of the | earth: so great is his mercy also toward *them* | that — | fear — | Him!

12 Look how wide also the *east* is | from the | west: so far hath *He* | set our | sins from | us.

13 Yea, like as a father *pit*ieth | his own | children: even so is the Lord merciful unto *them* | that — | fear — | Him.

14 For He knoweth where*of* | we are | made: He re*mem*bereth | that we | are but | dust.

15 The days of *man* are | but as | grass: for he flourisheth *as* a | flow-er | of the | field.

16 For as soon as the wind goeth over *it*, | it is | gone: and the place there *of* shall | know it | no — | more.

17 But the merciful goodness of the Lord, endureth for ever and ever upon *them* that | fear — | Him: and his righteous*ness* up- | on — | children's | children;

18 Even upon such as *keep* his | cov-e | nant: and think upon his com*mand*ments | to — | do — | them.

19 The Lord hath pre*par*ed his | seat in | heaven: and his *king*dom | rul - eth | o-ver | all.

20 O praise the Lord ye angels of his, *ye* that ex- | cel in | strength: ye that fulfil his commandments, and hearken un*to* the | voice of | His — | word.

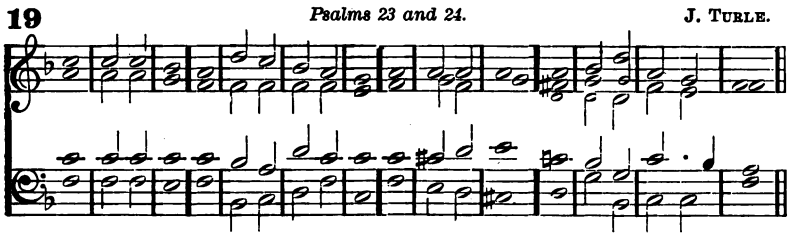
21 O praise the *Lord*, all | ye his | hosts: ye servants of *His* | that — | do his | pleasure.

22 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all *pla*ces of | his do- | minion: praise thou the *Lord*, | O — | my — | soul.

Glory, etc.

SECOND SELECTION.

PSALMS 23 AND 24.



PSALM xxiii.

THE *Lord* | is my | shepherd : *there*-fore | can I | lack — | nothing.

2 He shall feed *me* in a | green — | pasture : and lead me *forth* be- | side the | waters · of | comfort.

3 He *shall* con- | vert my | soul : and bring me forth into the paths of righteous*ness* | for his | Name's — | sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, *I* will | fear no | evil : for thou art with me ; thy *rod* and thy |staff — | com-fort | me.

5. Thou shalt prepare a table be-fore me against *them* that | trou-ble | me : thou hast anointed my head with oil, *and* my | cup — | shall be | full.

6. But thy loving - kindness and mercy, shall follow me all the *days* | of my | life : and I will dwell in the *house* | of the | Lord for- | ever.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther : | and · to the | Son : *and* | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev - er | shall be : *world* | with-out | end. *Amen.*

PSALM xxxiv.

I WILL alway give *thanks* un- | to the | Lord : his *praise* shall | ever · be | in my | mouth.

2 My soul shall make her *boast* | in the | Lord : the humble shall hear there*of*, | and — | be — | glad.

3 O *praise* the | Lord with | me : and let us magni*fy* | his — | Name to- | gether.

4 I sought the *Lord*, | and He | heard me ; yea, He delivered *me* | out of | all my | fear.

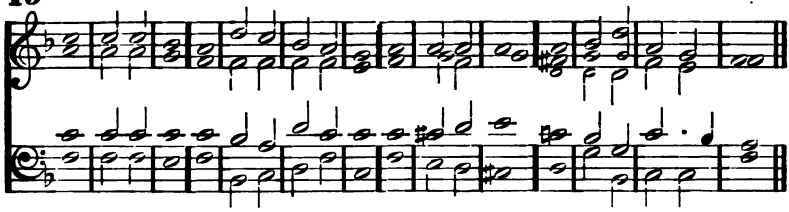
5 They had an eye unto *Him*, | and were | lightened : and their *faces* | were — | not a- | shamed.

6 Lo, the poor crieth, and the *Lord* | hear-eth | him : yea, and saveth *him* | out of | all his | troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord tarrieth round about *them* that | fear — | him: *and* | — de- | liver - eth | them.

8 O taste and see how gracious the

19 *Psalm 34.* J. Turle.



| Lord — | is: blessed is the *man* that | trust - eth | in — | Him.

9 O fear the Lord *ye* that | are his | saints: for *they* that | fear — | Him lack | nothing.

10 The lions do *lack* and | suf-fer | hunger: but they who seek the Lord, shall want no manner of *thing* | that — | is — | good.

11 Come ye children and *hearken* | un - to | me: I will teach *you* the | fear — | of the | Lord.

12 What man is *he* that | lusteth · to | live: *and* would | fain — | see good | days?

13 *Keep* thy | tongue from | evil: and thy *lips*, | that they | speak no | guile.

14 Eschew *evil* | and do | good: *seek* | peace — | and en- | sue it.

15 The eyes of the *Lord* are | over · the | righteous: and his *ears* are | o - pen | unto · their | prayers.

16 The countenance of the Lord is against *them* | that do | evil: to root out the re*mem*brance | of them | from the | earth.

17 The righteous cry, and the *Lord* | hear-eth | them: and delivereth *them* | out of | all their | troubles.

18 The Lord is nigh unto them that are *of* a | con - trite | heart: and will save such as *be* | of an | hum-ble | spirit.

19 Great are the *troub*les | of the | righteous: but the Lord delivere*th* | him -- | out of | all.

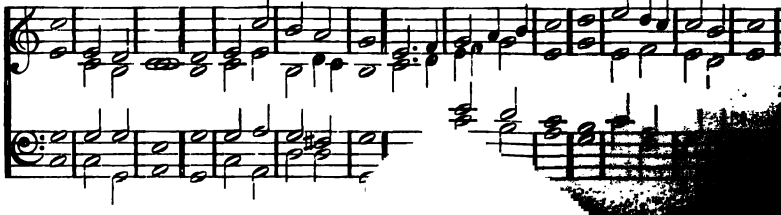
20 He *keep*eth | all his | bones: so that *not* | one of | them is | broken.

21 But misfortune shall *slay* | the un- | godly: and they that hate the *right*eous | shall be | des - o - | late.

22 The Lord delivereth the *souls* | of his | servants: and all they that put their trust in *Him* shall | not be | des - ti- | tute.

Glory, etc.

20 *Psalm 65.* Crotch.



PSALM lxv.

THOU, O *God*, are | praised · in | Sion: and unto Thee shall the vow be per*form*ed | in Je- | ru - sa- | lem.

2 *Thou* that | hearest · the · | prayer: unto *Thee* | shall — | all flesh | come.

3 My misdeeds pre*vail* a- | gainst — | me: O be Thou merci*ful* | un - to | our — | sins.

4 Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest and re*ceiv*est | un-to | Thee: he shall dwell in thy court, and shall be satisfied with the pleasures of thy house, *even* | of thy | ho - ly | temple.

5 Thou shalt show us wonderful things in thy righteousness, O *God* of | our sal- | vation: Thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that re*main* | in the | broad — | sea.

6 Who in his strength setteth *fast* the | moun — | tains: *and* is | girded a- | bout with | power.

7 Who stilleth the *rag*ing | of the | sea: and the noise of his waves, *and* the | mad - ness | of the | people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth, shall be a*fraid* | at thy | tokens: Thou that makest the out-goings of the morning and even*ing* | to — | praise — | Thee.

9 Thou visitest the *earth*, and | bless - est | it: Thou makest *it* | ve-ry | plent- — | eous.

10 The river of *God* is | full of | water: Thou preparest their corn, for so *Thou* pro- | vid - est | for the | earth.

11 Thou waterest her furrows; Thou sendest rain into the *lit*tle | valleys there- | of: Thou makest it soft with the drops of *rain*, and | blessest the | in - crease | of it.

12 Thou crownest the *year* | with thy | goodness: *and* thy | clouds — | drop — | fatness.

13 They shall drop upon the *dwell*ings | of the | wilderness: and the little hills shall re*joice* | on — | eve-ry | side.

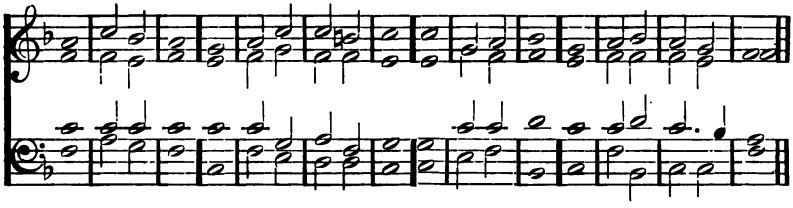
14 The *folds* shall be | full of | sheep: the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn, *that* | they shall | laugh and | sing.

Glory, etc.

THIRD SELECTION.

PSALMS 32 AND 121.

21 *Psalm 32.* FITZHERBERT.



PSALM xxxii.

BLESSED is he whose unrighteous*ness* | is for- | given: *and* whose | sin is | cov - er- | ed.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the *Lord* im- | puteth no | sin: and in whose *spi*rit | there is | no — | guile.

3 For *whilst* I | held my | tongue: my bones consumed a*way* | through my | daily · com- | plaining.

4 For thy hand is heavy upon *me* | day and | night: and my *mois*ture is | like the | drought in | summer.

5 I will acknowledge my *sin* | unto | Thee: and mine unrighteous*ness* | have I | not — | hid.

6 I said, I will confess my *sins* | unto the | Lord: and so Thou for*gav*est the | wicked - ness | of my | sin.

7 For this shall everyone that is godly make his prayer unto Thee, in a time when *Thou* | mayest · be | found: but in the great water*floods* they | shall not | come nigh | him.

8 Thou art a place to hide me in, Thou shalt pre*serve* | me from | trouble: Thou shalt compass me about with *songs* | of · de- | liv-er- | ance.

9 I will inform thee, and teach thee in the way where*in* | thou shalt | go: and *I* will | guide thee | with mine | eye.

10 Be ye not like to horse and mule, which have *no* | un - der - | standing: whose mouths must be held with bit and *bri*dle | lest they | fall up- | on thee.

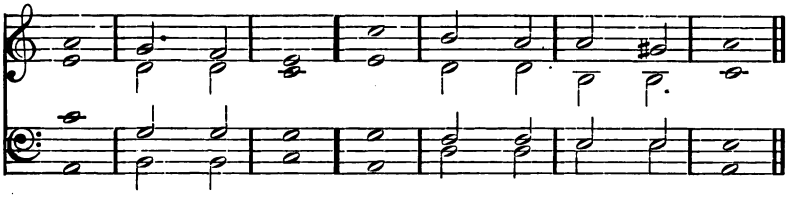
11 Great plagues re*main* | for . the un- | godly: but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, mercy em*brace*th | him on | eve - ry | side.

12 Be glad O ye righteous, and re*joice* | in the | Lord: and be joyful all *ye* | that are | true of | heart.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther, | and · to the | Son: *and* | to the | Ho- ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev - er | shall be: *world* | without | end. *A*- | *men.*

22 *Psalm 130.* CROFT.



PSALM CXXX.

OUT of the deep have I *called* unto | Thee, O | Lord: *Lord* | hear — | my — | voice.

2 O let thine *ears* con- | sid - er | well: *the* | voice of | my com- | plaint.

3 If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to *mark* what is | done a- | miss: O *Lord* who | may a | bide — | it?

4 For there is *mer*cy | with — | Thee: there*fore* shalt | Thou be | fear- — | ed.

5 I look for the Lord; my *soul* doth | wait for | Him: *in* his | word — | is my | trust.

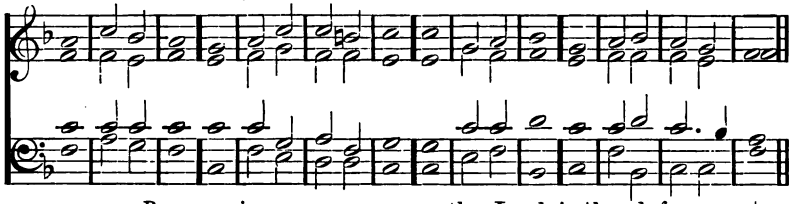
6 My soul *flee*th | unto · the | Lord: before the morning watch, I *say*, be- | fore the | morn - ing | watch.

7 O Israel trust in the Lord; for with the *Lord* | there is | mercy: and with *Him* is | plenteous · re- | demp- — | tion.

8 And *He* shall re- | deem — | Israel: *from* | all — | his — | sins.

Glory, etc.

21 *Psalm 121.* FITZHERBERT.



PSALM CXXI.

I WILL lift up mine *eyes* | unto · the | hills: from *whence* | com - eth | my — | help.

2 My help cometh *even* | from the | Lord: *who* hath | made — | heaven · and | earth.

3 He will not suffer thy *foot* | to be | moved: and *He* that | keepeth · thee | will not | sleep.

Behold He that *keep*eth | Is - ra- | el: shall *nei*ther | slum-ber | nor — | sleep.

5 The Lord him*self* | is thy | keeper: the Lord is thy de*fence* up- | on thy | right — | hand;

6 So that the sun shall not *burn* thee | by — | day: *nei*ther the | moon — | by — | night.

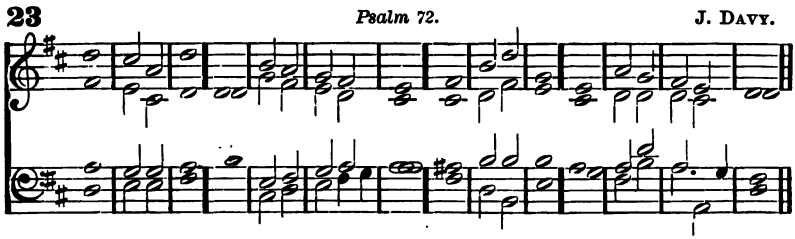
7 The Lord shall preserve *thee* | from all | evil: yea, it is even *He* | that shall | keep thy | soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, *and* thy | com - ing | in: from *this* time | forth for | ev - er- | more.

Glory, etc.

FOURTH SELECTION.

PSALMS 72, 96.



PSALM lxxii.

GIVE the *King* thy | judgments, O | God: and thy righteous*ness* | unto · the | King's — | son.

2 Then shall he judge thy people ac*cord*ing | un - to | right: *and* de- | fend — | the — | poor.

3 The mountains *al*so | shall bring | peace: and the little hills right-eous*ness* | un — | to the | people.

4 He shall keep the simple *folk* | by their | right: defend the children of the *poor* and | punish · the | wrong — | doer.

5 They shall fear Thee, as long as the *sun* and | moon en- | dureth: from *one* gener- | a - tion | to an- | other.

6 He shall come down like the rain *in*to a | fleece of | wool: even *as* the | drops that | water · the | earth.

7 In his time *shall* the | right-eous | flourish: yea, and abundance of peace, so *long* | as the | moon en- | dureth.

8 His dominion shall be also from the one *sea* | to the | other: and from the *flood* | unto · the | world's — | end.

9 They that dwell in the wilder-ness shall *kneel* be- | fore — | Him: his *ene*- | mies shall | lick the | dust.

10 The kings of Tharsis and of the *isles* | shall give | presents: the kings of A*ra*bia and | Sa - ba | shall bring | gifts.

11 All kings shall fall *down* be- | fore — | Him: all *na*tions | shall — | do him | service.

12 For He shall deliver the *poor* | when he | crieth: the needy also *and* | him that | hath no helper.

13 He shall be favourable *to* the | simple · and | needy: and shall pre*serve* the | souls — | of the | poor.

14 He shall deliver their souls from *false*hood | and — | wrong: and dear shall their *blood* | be in | his — | sight.

15 He shall live, and unto Him shall be given of the *gold* | of A- | rabia: prayer shall be made ever unto him, and daily *shall* | He be | prais- — | ed.

mitted to the care and instruction of others). May thy mercy and thy providence lead them through all the dangers and temptations of this evil world, and sanctify them wholly in their bodies, souls, and spirits, and keep them unblameable unto the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

For a Sick Person.

FATHER of mercies and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need, look down from heaven we humbly beseech Thee, behold, visit and relieve Thy sick servant, for whom our prayers are desired. Look upon *him* with the eyes of Thy mercy; comfort *him* with the sense of Thy goodness; preserve *him* from the temptations of the enemy; give *him* patience under his affliction; and in Thy good time, restore *him* to health, and enable *him* to lead the residue of *his* life in thy fear and to thy glory. Or else give *him* grace so to take thy visitation, that, after this painful life, he may dwell with Thee in life everlasting; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A General Intercession.

HAVE mercy, O Lord, upon thy Church, which is spread throughout the world, and strengthen her in Thy great goodness. Defend those whom Thou hast appointed to be shepherds of thy flock, whether Bishops, Priests, or Deacons, and enable them with great power to preach Thy Word: and grant to thy people, that in purity and holiness, in faith and charity, they may persevere in all godly and christian conversation, and set forth thy glory. Prosper the work of those who have gone forth to proclaim the gospel to the heathen. Bless all Kings, Princes, and rulers who honour Thee: look graciously upon the members of of thy Church, and drive far from them war and civil strife, and let them dwell in peace. Have mercy upon such as are suffering persecution, and upon all prisoners and captives: bring those at sea safely to their harbour, and all travellers to their home; be Thou the companion of their way. Visit the sick: strengthen the weak: help the oppressed: and call to the fear and knowledge of Thee those that are dead in trespasses and sins; for Thou art full of of compassion and tender mercy; to Whom with the Father and the Holy Spirit be all honour, glory, and power for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Benediction.

NOW the God of peace, that brought again from the dead the Lord Jesus, that great Shepard of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make us perfect in every good work to do his will, working in us that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Prayers for the Sunday School.

For willingness to learn.

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, who didst sit lowly in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions; grant unto us, thy servants, both aptness to teach and willingness to learn thy blessed will; who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, One God, world without end. *Amen.*

To understand the Scriptures.

BLESSED LORD, who hast caused all Holy Scriptures to be written for our learning; grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn and inwardly digest them, that by patience, and comfort of thy Holy Word, we may embrace, and ever hold fast, the blessed hope of everlasting life, which Thou hast given us in our Savionr Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

For the Holy Spirit's Grace.

ALMIGHTY Father, who hast promised that they who seek early thy heavenly wisdom, shall early find it to be more precious than all the treasures of this world; send down upon these children the grace and blessing of thy Holy Spirit; that they being trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, may choose and love thy way and depart from it no more forever; and that when Thou makest up thy jewels in thy glorious kingdom, they may be there, and may be Thine; all which we ask for the sake of thy Holy Child Jesus, our only Saviour and Redeemer. *Amen.*

For Confirmation of Faith.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, heavenly Father, we give Thee humble thanks that Thou hast vouchsafed to call us to the knowledge of thy grace and faith in Thee. Increase this knowledge, and confirm this faith in us evermore. Give thy Holy Spirit to these children; that they, being born again, and being made heirs of everlasting salvation, through our Lord Jesus Christ, may continue thy servants, and attain thy promises; through the same our Lord Jesus Christ thy Son, who liveth and reigneth, with Thee and the Holy Spirit, now and for ever. *Amen.*

For God's Protection.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God who makest us both to will and to do those things that are good and acceptable unto thy divine Majesty; we make our humble supplications unto Thee for these thy children. Let thy fatherly hand, we beseech Thee, ever be over them; let thy

Holy Spirit ever be with them, and so lead them in the knowledge and obedience of thy Word, thah in the end they may obtain everlasting life; through our Lord Jesus Christ, who, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth, ever One God, world without end. *Amen.*

For Increase of Grace.

DEFEND, O Lord, these Thy children with Thy heavenly grace, that they may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until they come unto Thy everlasting kingdom. *Amen.*

For Growth in Grace.

O LORD God, giver of heavenly increase, who by thy Spirit's might dost confirm the first efforts of feeble souls; encourage in the hearts of these thy children every good intent, and carry them from strength to strength. Cleanse their consciences, and stir their wills gladly to serve Thee, the living God. Leave no room in them for spiritual wickedness, no lurking place for secret sins; but so establish and sanctify them by the power of thy holy Word, that, evermore taking heed unto the thing that is right, and speaking and doing the truth, they may find godliness their gain both in the life which now is, and in that which is to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For Godliness of Life.

O GOD of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, bless these thy children, and sow the seed of eternal life in their hearts; that whatsoever in thy holy word they shall profitable learn, they may in deed fulfil the same. Look, O Lord, mercifully upon them from heaven, and bless them, that they, obeying thy will, and always being in safety under thy protection, may abide in thy love unto their lives' end; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For the Work of the School.

O LORD, bless, we beseech Thee, the work of this school, that it may be to thy glory, and that whatsoever we do, we may do it heartily as unto Thee. Give thy blessing to those who teach, that they may be wise and patient, ever concerned for the salvation of their scholars; and to those who learn, give thy grace that they may increase in the knowledge of all good things, and in the love of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and glory now and forever. *Amen.*

Benediction.

UNTO God's gracious mercy and protection we commit you. The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace, both now and evermore. *Amen.*

No. 1.

A - MEN.

No. 2. (*After "The Grace," etc.*)

A - - - - - - - - - - MEN.

No. 1. ***SEVENFOLD AMEN, AFTER BLESSING.***

A - - - - - - - - - MEN. A - - - - - - - - - MEN.

p *f*

A - - - - MEN. A - - - - MEN. A - MEN.

cres.

p

dim. A - MEN. *p* *pp*

A - - MEN. A - MEN. A - - MEN. A - - MEN.

No. 2.

pp *Slow and sustained.* *cres.* STAINER.

A - MEN. A - MEN. A - - - - - - - - - - - - -

f *ppp* *Slower.*

MEN. A - - - - - MEN. A - - - - MEN, A - - MEN.

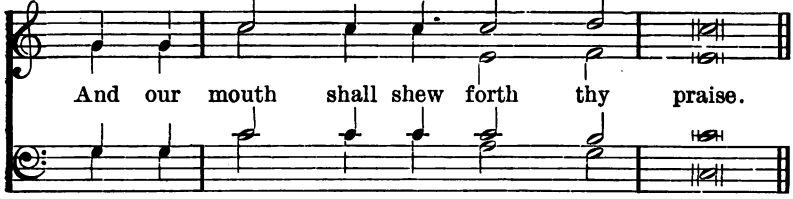
f

MEN. A - - - - MEN. A - - - - - - MEN. A - - MEN.

Versicles which may be Used in the Sunday School.

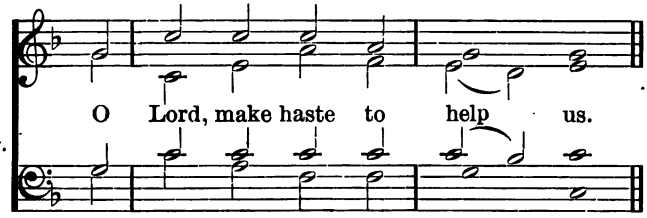
MINISTER—O Lord, open Thou our lips.

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION. GOWER.



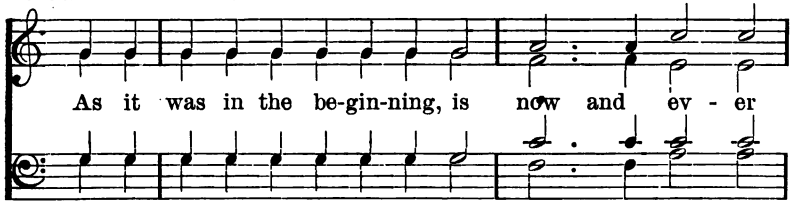
MINISTER—O God, make speed to save us.

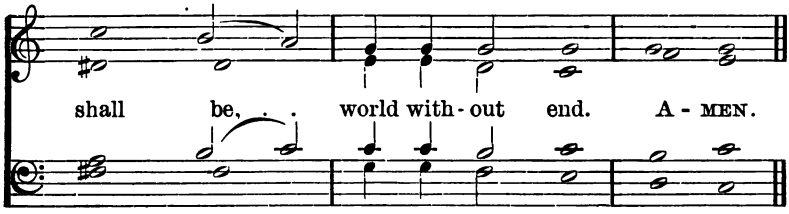
CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.



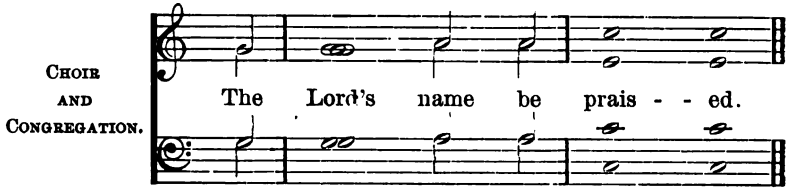
MINISTER—Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

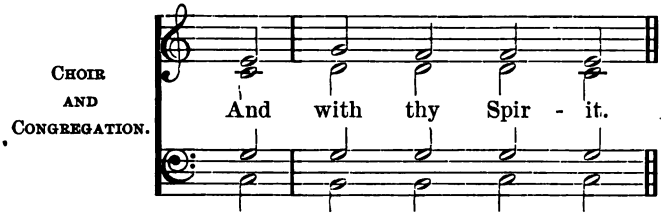




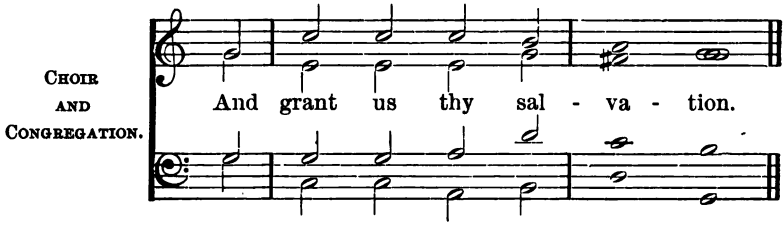
MINISTER—Praise ye the Lord.



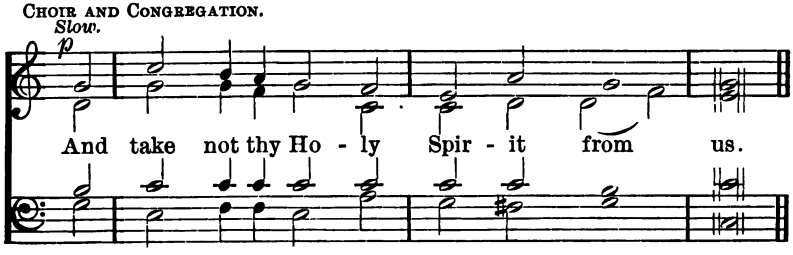
MINISTER—The Lord be with you.



MINISTER—Let us pray. O Lord, show thy mercy upon us.



MINISTER—O God, make clean our hearts within us.



Evening Prayers.

For Forgiveness and Safety.

O MOST gracious Lord and merciful Father, we Thine unworthy servants most humbly beseech Thee for thy mercy and forgiveness of all the sins we have this day committed. Vouchsafe also of Thine abundant bounty, if it be thy will, to refresh our bodies with rest, that we may the more readily, zealously and promptly, with all diligence, serve Thee on the morrow, so that our lives may please Thee, and through Thy assistance be so ordered and governed, that after this life ended we may attain unto the life everlasting; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Absolution.

O LORD, we beseech Thee, absolve thy people from their offences; that through thy bountiful goodness we may all be delivered from the bands of those sins which by our frailty we have committed. Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our blessed Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

For the Night's Peace.

O GOD, who hast given unto us the night for rest, grant that the sleep which we hope to enjoy may be consecrated to thy service, by refreshing our wearied bodies, and enabling us to do thy will more faithfully when we wake. Help us to keep in mind the sleep of death, and give us grace so to follow Christ in life that we may pass through death to a joyful resurrection. Spread about our sleeping household the wings of thy divine providence. Keep us all in safety, that no evil may approach our souls, no harm our bodies; and grant that should we awake in the night our thoughts may rise to Thee, and feeling the darkness filled with thy gracious presence, we may have peace. Accept this our prayer, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

General Evening Prayer.

O LORD Jesus Christ, to whose unwearying goodness we owe all things that we enjoy; who dost make the sun to shine alike on the evil and the good, that they may do their daily work; and hast given the silence of night, that men may rest their weary limbs in peace: we pray Thee of thy wonted mercy to forgive whatever we have done amiss in thy sight this day; and grant that to-night we may be blessed with thy favor, pure through thy keeping, and safe beneath thy protection from the snares of the Devil, that so sleep may make us both in body and in soul more vigorous

for thy service on the morrow. And, furthermore, as we know not what a day may bring forth, nor when that night cometh wherein we shall sleep till we are roused by the last trumpet, we pray Thee to lighten the eyes of our soul, lest faith die, and we sleep in everlasting death; but may we rather rest in Thee, to whom even the dead live. Hear us, O blessed Saviour, and have mercy upon us ever, world without end. *Amen.*

For a Quiet Night.

O LORD GOD, the Life of mortals, the Light of the faithful, the Strength of those that labor, and the Repose of the dead; grant us a tranquil night, free from all disturbance, that after an interval of quiet sleep we may, by thy bounty, at the return of light be endued with activity by the Holy Spirit, and enabled in security to render thanks to Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord *Amen.*

For Rest.

O LORD, who art the Author of every good gift, both to body and soul, we pray Thee, if it please Thee, to grant us the blessing of refreshing rest, that when we wake up in the morning we may be better fitted to serve Thee, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. *Amen.*

For Rest in the Lord.

O ALMIGHTY Father, who, in thy divine mercy, dost cover the earth with the curtain of night that all the weary may rest, grant to us and to all men, rest in Thee, this night. Let thy grace, we beseech Thee, comfort and support all that are to spend it in sorrow, in affliction, or in fear. Let no shadow from the sins of this day darken our souls but let the light of thy countenance make a perpetual day within us, that so, when the night is past, and the light of day returned, we may rise up with cheerful strength and gladness, to serve Thee in all good works; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Commendatory.

BEHOLD, O God, we commend into thy hands this night ourselves, (our children,) our relations, our friends, especially any that may be in sorrow; strengthen and confirm thy faithful people, convert the wicked, arouse the careless, recover the fallen, relieve the sick, give peace to the dying, and remove all hindrances to the advancement of thy truth, in us and in the world, that thy name may be glorified; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For the Children.

O ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father, bless, we humbly beseech Thee, the children of this family with healthful bodies and good understandings, with the graces and gifts of thy Holy Spirit, and with sweet dispositions and holy habits. (Especially watch over those now far from us, and com

mitted to the care and instruction of others). May thy mercy and thy providence lead them through all the dangers and temptations of this evil world, and sanctify them wholly in their bodies, souls, and spirits, and keep them unblameable unto the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

For a Sick Person.

FATHER of mercies and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need, look down from heaven we humbly beseech Thee, behold, visit and relieve Thy sick servant, for whom our prayers are desired. Look upon *him* with the eyes of Thy mercy; comfort *him* with the sense of Thy goodness; preserve *him* from the temptations of the enemy; give *him* patience under his affliction; and in Thy good time, restore *him* to health, and enable *him* to lead the residue of *his* life in thy fear and to thy glory. Or else give *him* grace so to take thy visitation, that, after this painful life, he may dwell with Thee in life everlasting; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

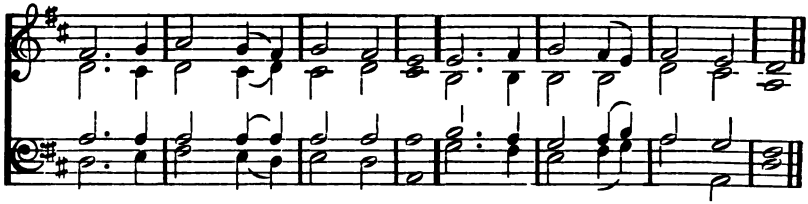
A General Intercession.

HAVE mercy, O Lord, upon thy Church, which is spread throughout the world, and strengthen her in Thy great goodness. Defend those whom Thou hast appointed to be shepherds of thy flock, whether Bishops, Priests, or Deacons, and enable them with great power to preach Thy Word: and grant to thy people, that in purity and holiness, in faith and charity, they may persevere in all godly and christian conversation, and set forth thy glory. Prosper the work of those who have gone forth to proclaim the gospel to the heathen. Bless all Kings, Princes, and rulers who honour Thee: look graciously upon the members of of thy Church, and drive far from them war and civil strife, and let them dwell in peace. Have mercy upon such as are suffering persecution, and upon all prisoners and captives: bring those at sea safely to their harbour, and all travellers to their home; be Thou the companion of their way. Visit the sick: strengthen the weak: help the oppressed: and call to the fear and knowledge of Thee those that are dead in trespasses and sins; for Thou art full of of compassion and tender mercy; to Whom with the Father and the Holy Spirit be all honour, glory, and power for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Benediction.

NOW the God of peace, that brought again from the dead the Lord Jesus, that great Shepard of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make us perfect in every good work to do his will, working in us that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*

34 *Psalm 51.* ANCIENT CHANT.



10 Make me a *clean* | heart, — | O — | God : and renew a *right* | spirit . with- | in — | me.

11 Cast me not *away* | from thy | pres- — | ence: and take not thy *Ho*-ly | Spir - it | from — | me.

12 O give me the *com*fort | of thy | help a- | gain : and stablish *me* | with thy | free — | Spirit.

13 Then shall I *teach* thy | ways un- | to the | wicked : and sinners shall *be* con- | vert - ed | un - to | Thee.

14 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou that *art* the | God — | of my | health : and my tongue shall *sing* | of thy | right - eous- | ness.

15 *Thou* shalt | open · my | lips, O | Lord : *and* my | mouth shall | show thy | praise.

16 For Thou desirest no sacrifice, *else* | would I | give it | Thee : but Thou de*light*est | not in | burnt — | offering.

17 The sacrifice of *God* | is a | trou - bled | spirit : a broken and contrite heart, O *God*, | shalt Thou | not de- | spise.

18 O be favourable and *gra*cious | un - to | Si- — | on : build Thou the *walls* | of Je- | ru - sa- | lem.

19 Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with the burnt-*off*erings | and ob- | la — | tions : then shall they *off*er young | bullocks · up- | on thine | altar.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and — | to the | Son : *and* | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev - er | shall — | be : *world* | with - out | end. A- | men.

Holy Spirit ever be with them, and so lead them in the knowledge and obedience of thy Word, thah in the end they may obtain everlasting life; through our Lord Jesus Christ, who, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth, ever One God, world without end. *Amen.*

For Increase of Grace.

DEFEND, O Lord, these Thy children with Thy heavenly grace, that they may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until they come unto Thy everlasting kingdom. *Amen.*

For Growth in Grace.

O LORD God, giver of heavenly increase, who by thy Spirit's might dost confirm the first efforts of feeble souls; encourage in the hearts of these thy children every good intent, and carry them from strength to strength. Cleanse their consciences, and stir their wills gladly to serve Thee, the living God. Leave no room in them for spiritual wickedness, no lurking place for secret sins; but so establish and sanctify them by the power of thy holy Word, that, evermore taking heed unto the thing that is right, and speaking and doing the truth, they may find godliness their gain both in the life which now is, and in that which is to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For Godliness of Life.

O GOD of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, bless these thy children, and sow the seed of eternal life in their hearts; that whatsoever in thy holy word they shall profitable learn, they may in deed fulfil the same. Look, O Lord, mercifully upon them from heaven, and bless them, that they, obeying thy will, and always being in safety under thy protection, may abide in thy love unto their lives' end; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

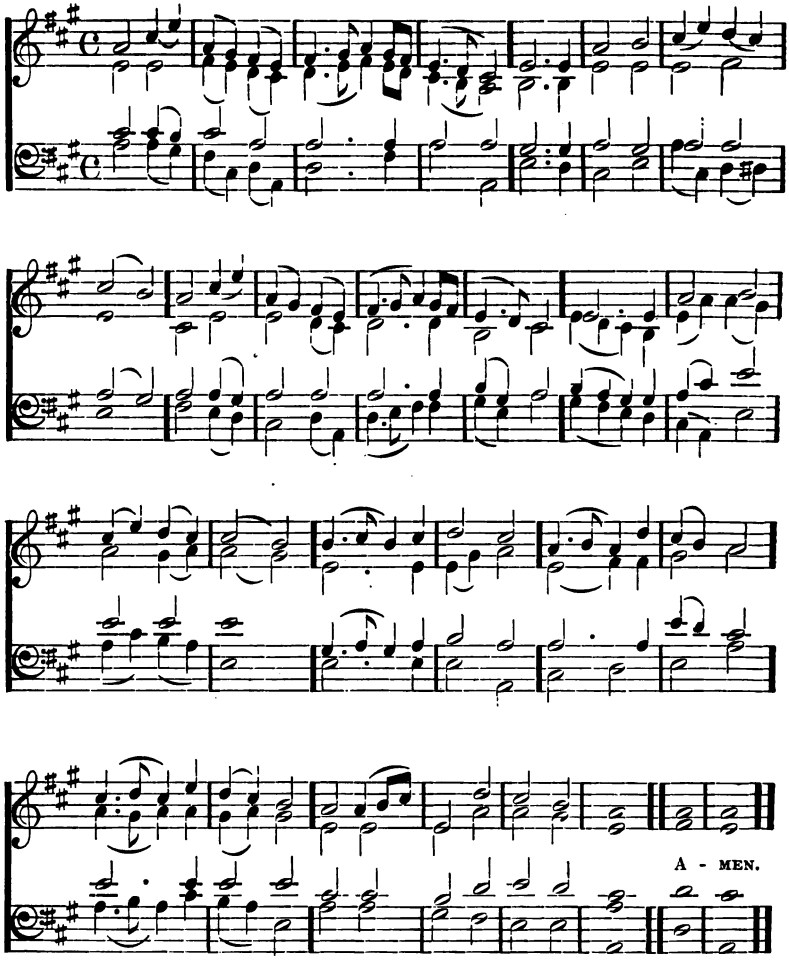
For the Work of the School.

O LORD, bless, we beseech Thee, the work of this school, that it may be to thy glory, and that whatsoever we do, we may do it heartily as unto Thee. Give thy blessing to those who teach, that they may be wise and patient, ever concerned for the salvation of their scholars; and to those who learn, give thy grace that they may increase in the knowledge of all good things, and in the love of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and glory now and forever. *Amen.*

Benediction.

UNTO God's gracious mercy and protection we commit you. The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace, both now and evermore. *Amen.*

1 Helmsley. *SECOND TUNE.* 8. 7. 4. HELMSLEY.



Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train;
Alleluia!
Christ, the Lord, returns to reign.

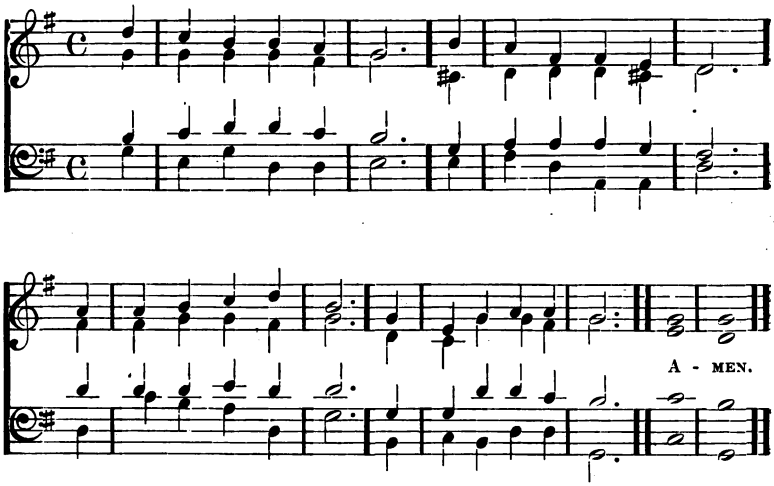
Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away:
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away.

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All his saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air.
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own.
O come quickly,
Alleluia! Come, Lord, come

2 St. Cecilia. 6s. REV. DR. HAYNE.



THY kingdom come, O God,
Thy reign, O Christ, begin;
Break with thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

Where is thy rule of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

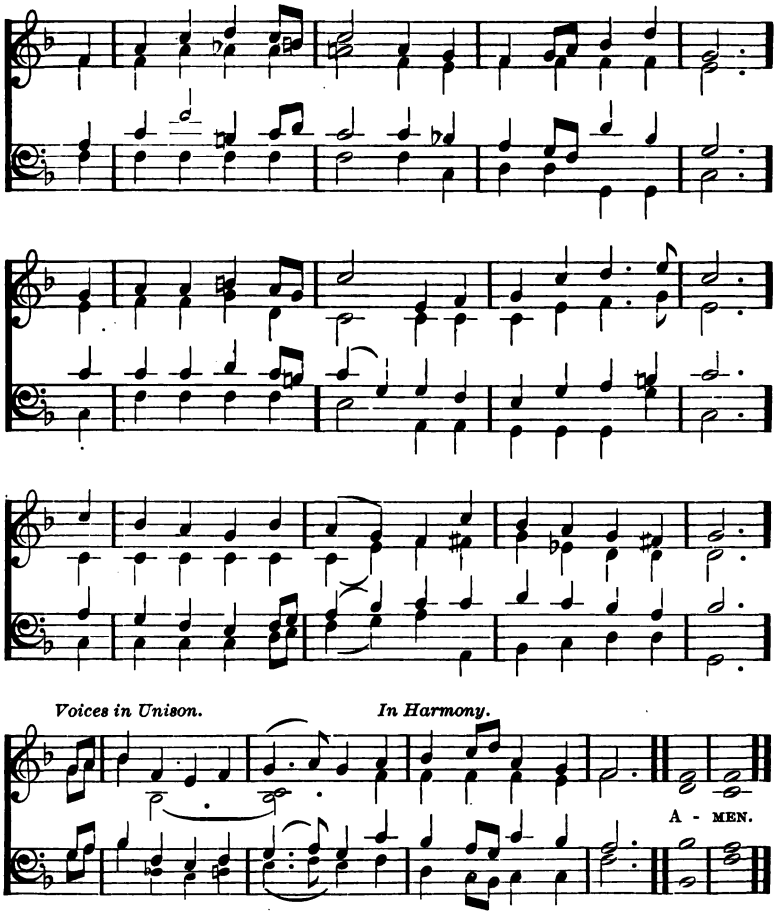
When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee thy face before?

We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for thy sight.

Men scorn thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star!
Arise, and never set!

3 Day of Rest. 7. 6. J. W. Elliott.

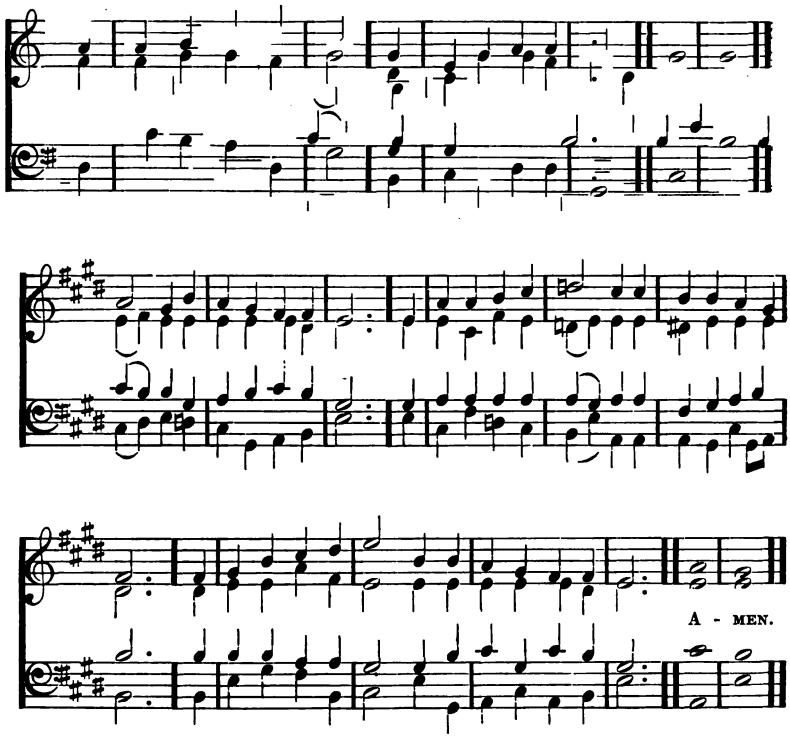


O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

4 Wordsworth. 7. 6. D. W. H. Monk.



Rejoice, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He will draw nigh;
Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.

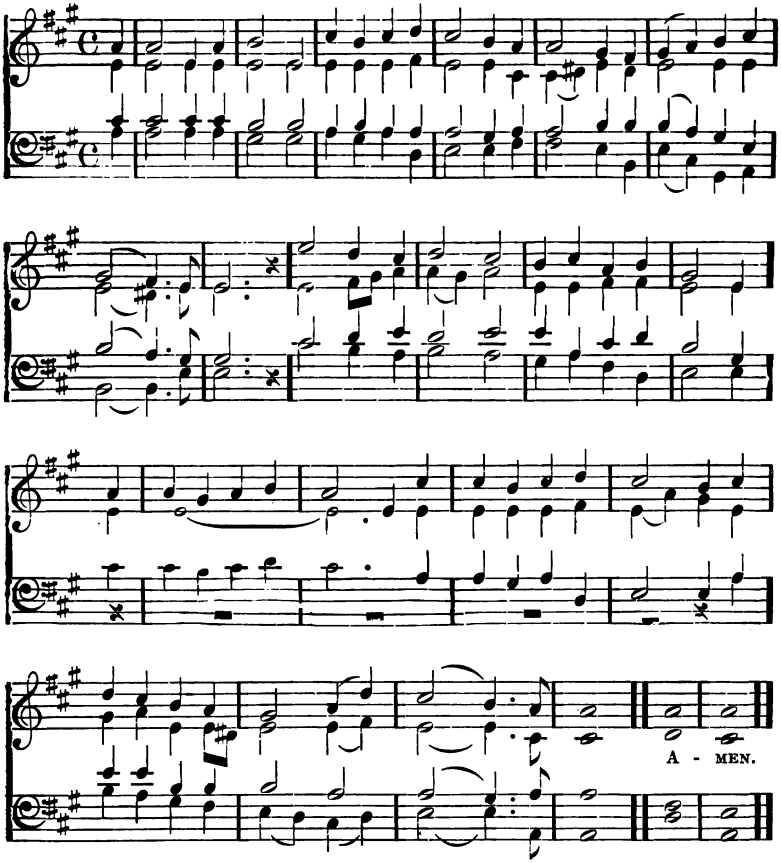
O wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till, in your jubilations,
Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee!

Christmas.

5 Adeste Fideles.

J. READING.



O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant:
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of angels:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

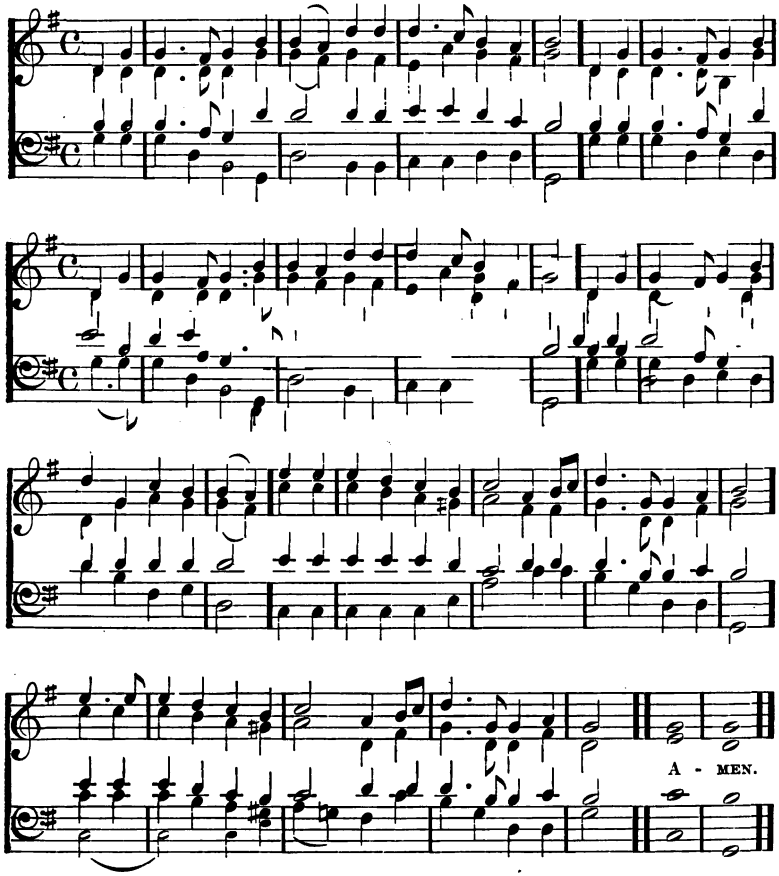
God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb:
Very God,
Begotten, not created;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing, in exultation.
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest:
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

6 Mendelssohn. 7s. D.

MENDELSSOHN.



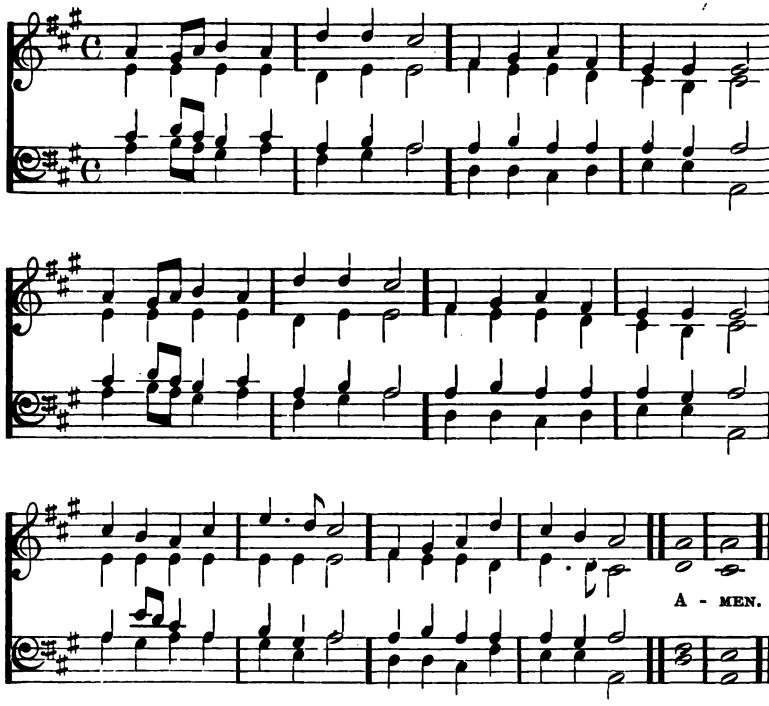
HARK, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies:
With the angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord.
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all He brings.
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness:
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be!
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Epiphany.

7 Dix. **77.77.77.** CONRAD KOCHER.



As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

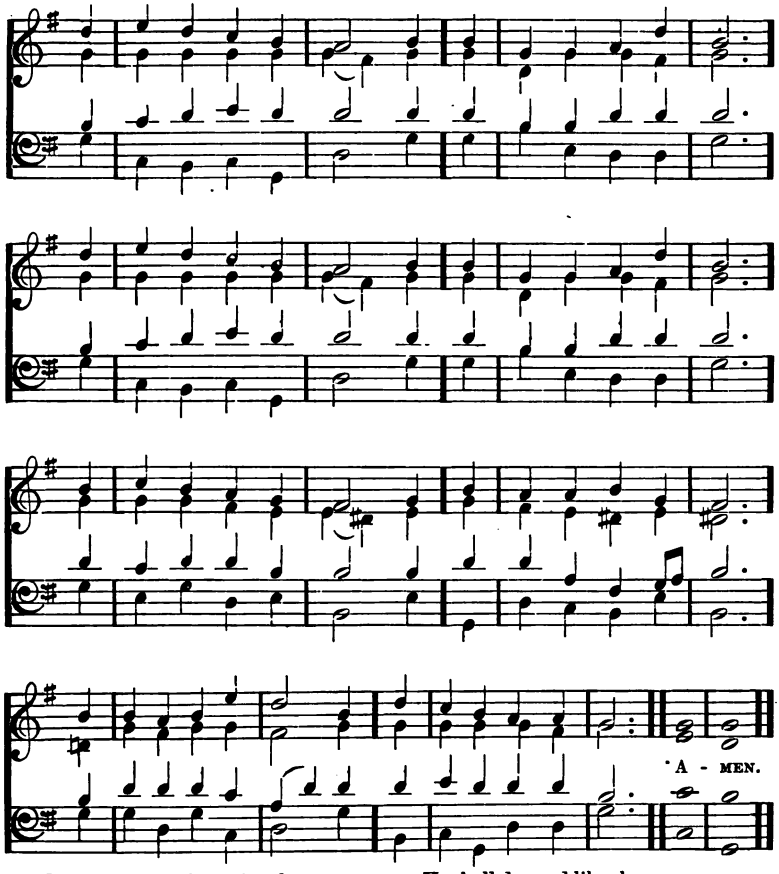
As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

8 **Cruger.** **7. 6. D.** German Choral.



HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

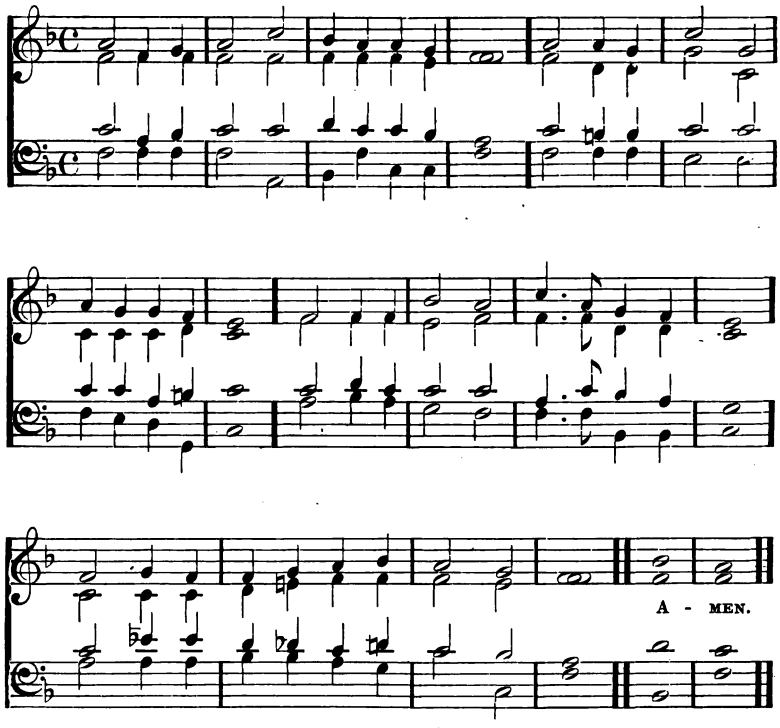
He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove,
His name shall stand for ever:
That Name to us is Love.

Lent.

9 Langran. **10s.** JAMES LANGRAN.



WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heav'n and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.

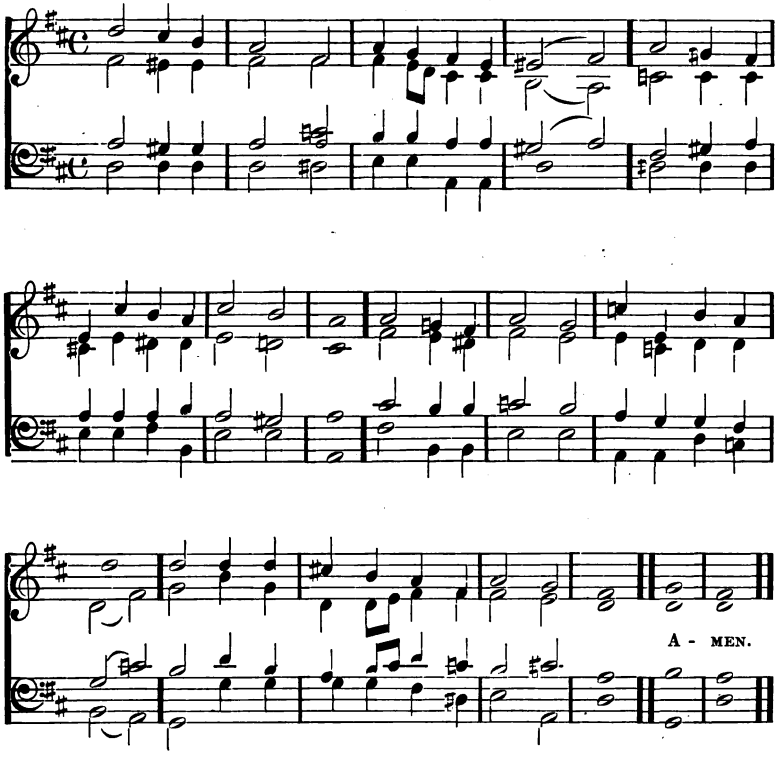
The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me, day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

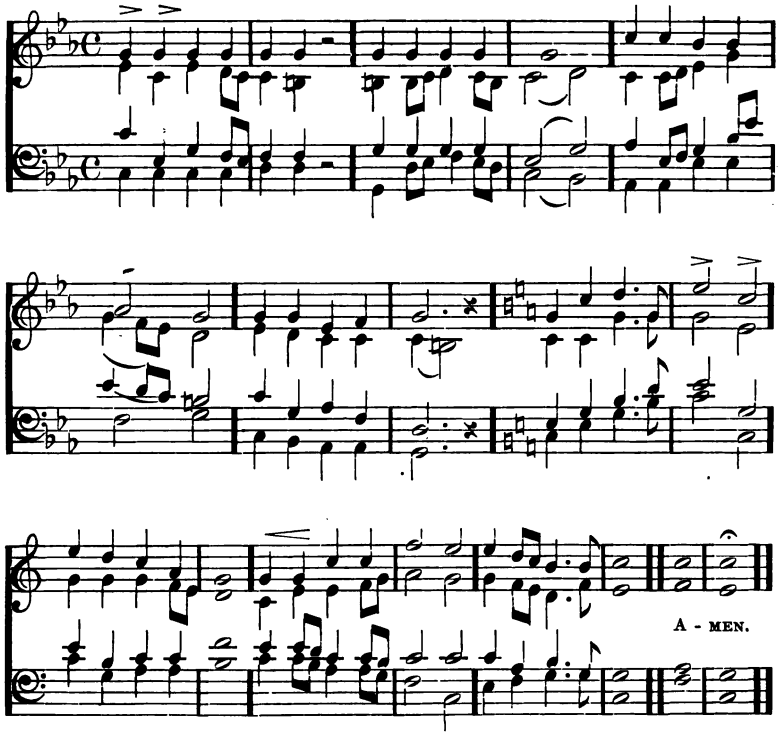
'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

Godstone. *SECOND TUNE.* JOHN H. GOWER, Mus. Doc., Oxon.



10 St. Andrew of Crete. 6. 5. D. DYKES.



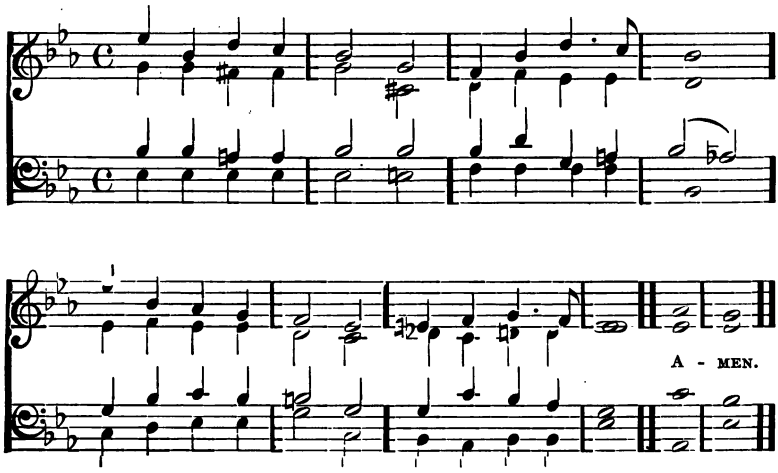
CHRISTIAN! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
In the strength that cometh
By the holy cross.

Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be down-cast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

"Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too:
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

11 Franklin. 6. 5. JOHN H. GOWER, Mus. Doc., Oxon.



GLORY be to Jesus,
  Who in bitter pains,
Pour'd for me the life-blood
  From his sacred veins!

Grace and life eternal
  In that blood I find,
Blest be his compassion,
  Infinitely kind!

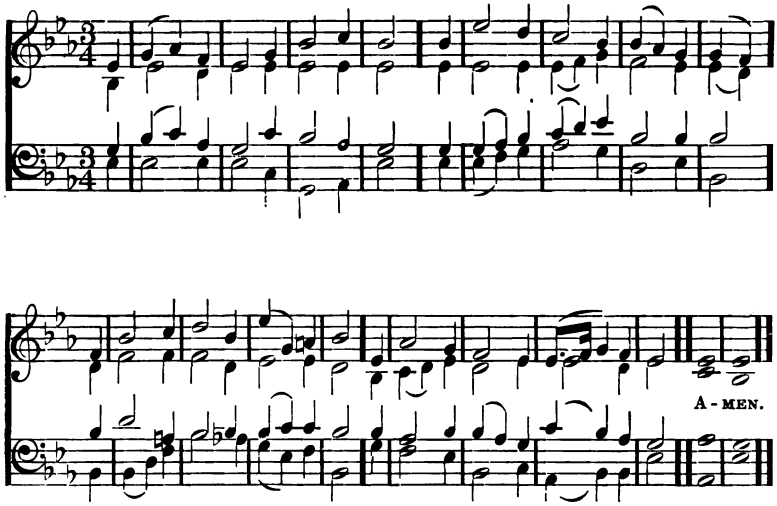
Blest through endless ages
  Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
  Did the world redeem!

Abel's blood for vengeance
  Pleaded to the skies,
But the Blood of Jesus
  For our pardon cries.

Oft as earth exulting
  Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
  Make their glad reply.

Lift ye then your voices;
  Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
  Praise the precious Blood.

12 Rockingham. L. M. Dr. Edward Miller [1790].



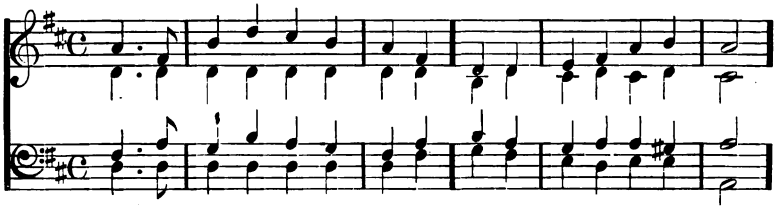
When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

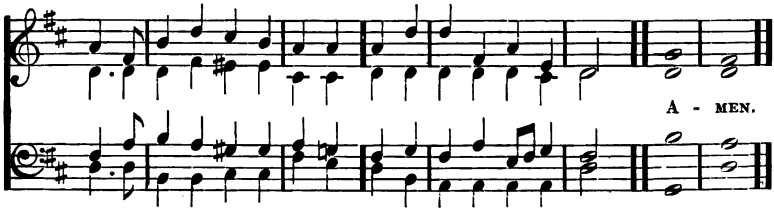
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy Blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

13 St. Oswald. 8. 7. Dykes.





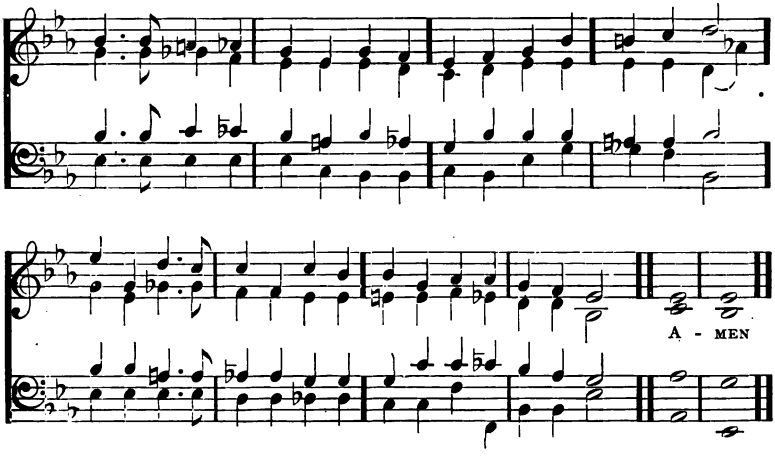
SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I'll rest forever viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blesséd is the station,
Low before his Cross to lie:
Whilst I see divine compassion
Beaming in his languid eye.

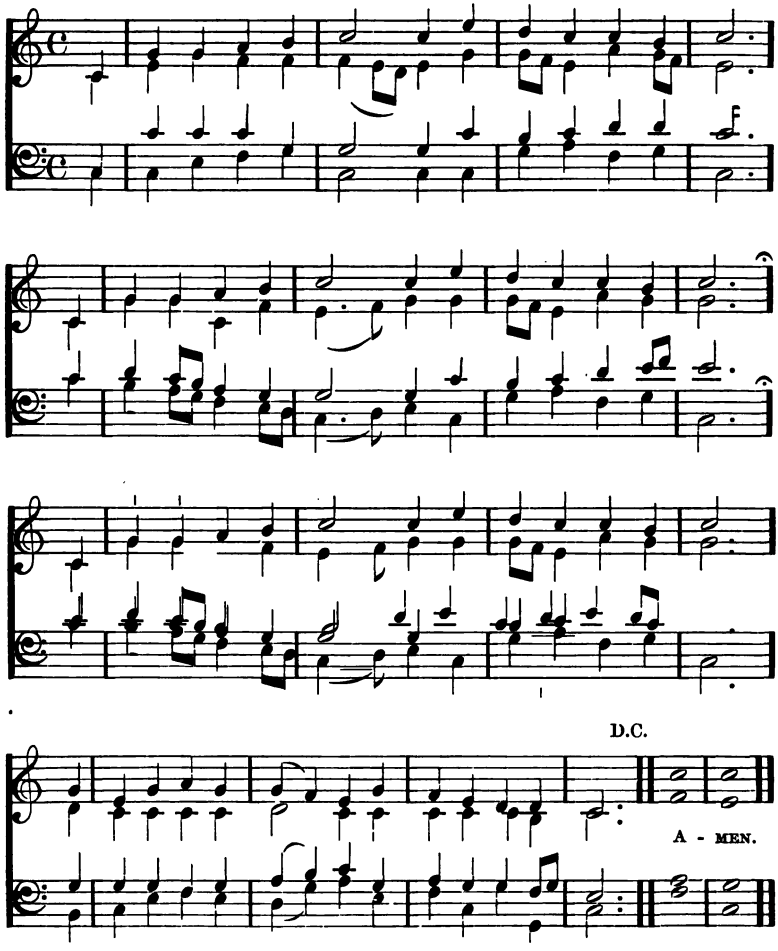
Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I taste thy full salvation,
And thine unveil'd glory see.

Hillside. *SECOND TUNE.* GOWER.



Palm Sunday.

14 St. Theodulph. 7. 6. D. MELCHIOR TESCHNER [1615].



ALL glory, laud, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children,
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessed One.
All glory, etc.

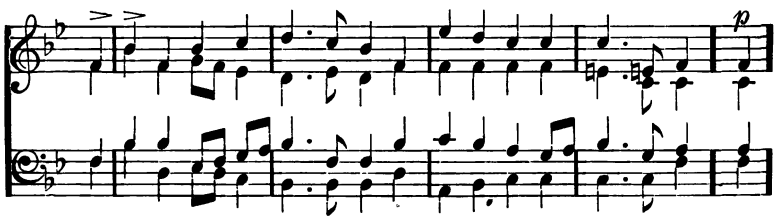
The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

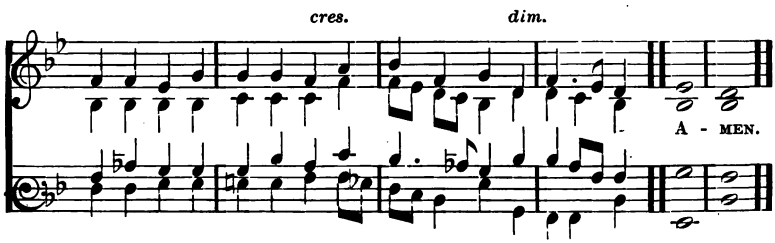
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

To Thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To Thee, now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

15 S. Drostane. L. M. DYKES.





RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

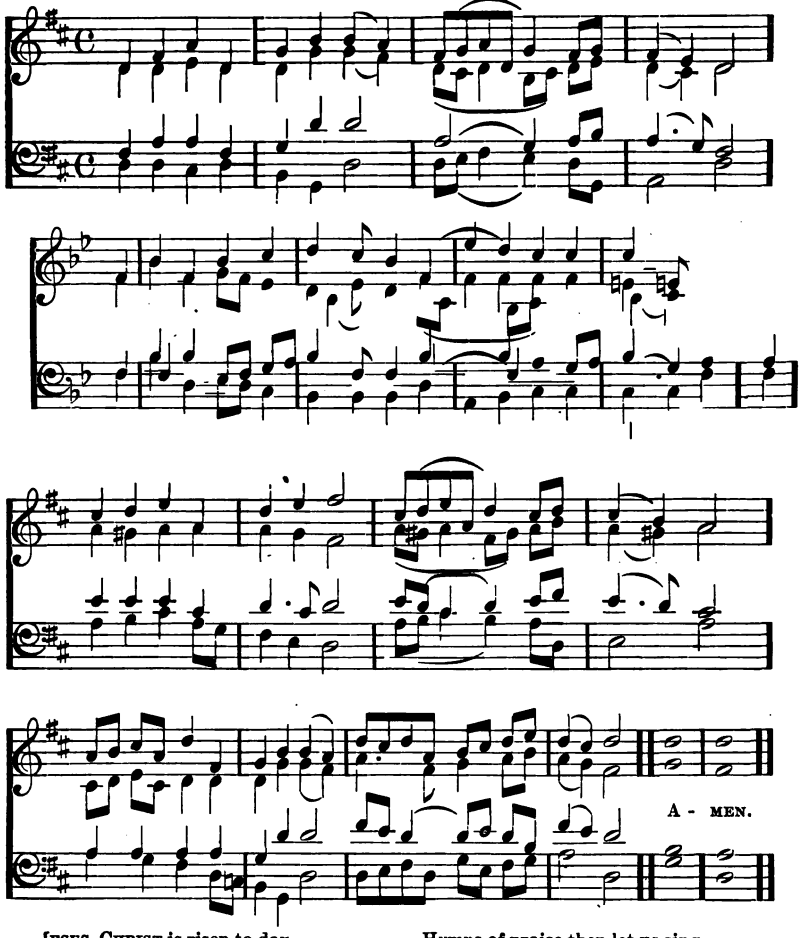
Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingéd armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

Easter.

16 **Worgan.** **7.7.7.7.** *with Alleluias.* HENRY CAREY (?).

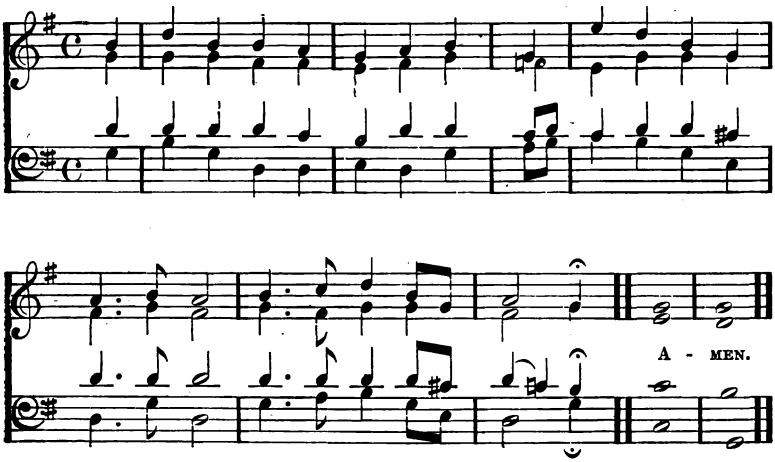


JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing,
Alleluia!

17 **S. Botolf.** **8. 8. 6.** GOWER.



To Him who for our sins was slain,
To Him for all his dying pain,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him the Lamb our Sacrifice,
Who gave his blood our ransom-price,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

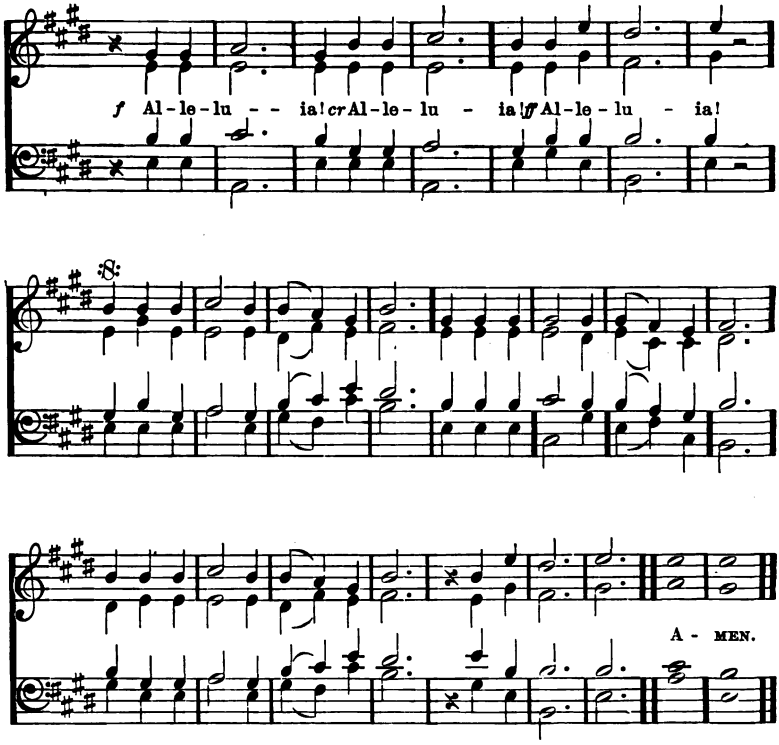
To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him be glory evermore:
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing we Alleluia!

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,
Sing we Alleluia!

18 Victory. P. M. From Palestrina.



THE strife is o'er, the battle done!
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun,
Alleluia!

The powers of Death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shout of holy joy outburst,
Alleluia!

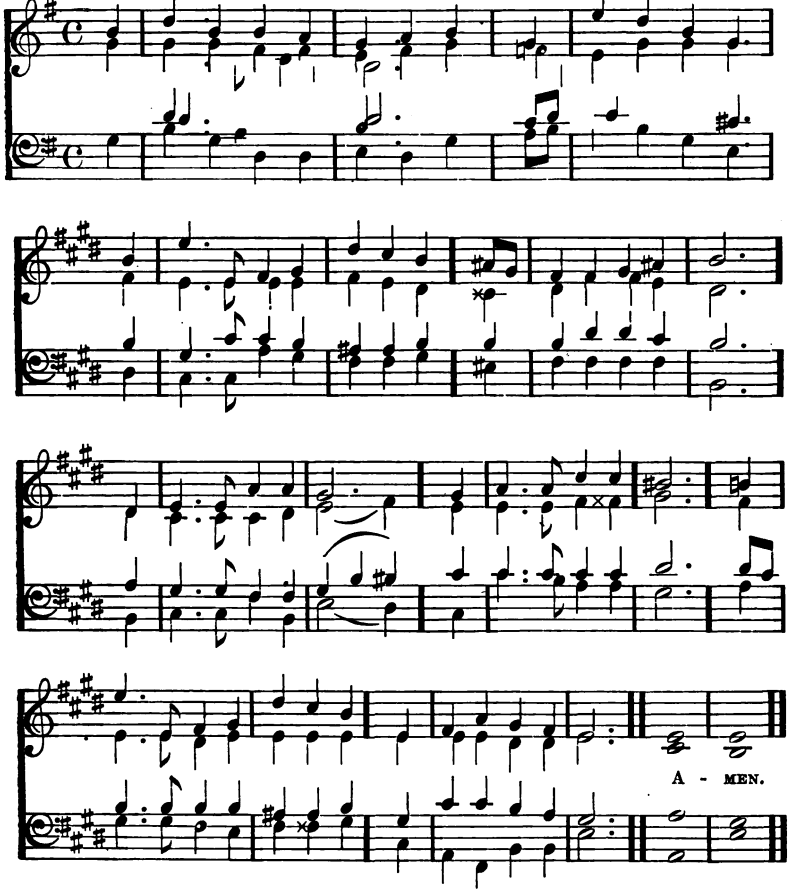
The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise his triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From Death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia!

Ascensiontide.

19 **Trent.** **D. S. M.** GOWER.

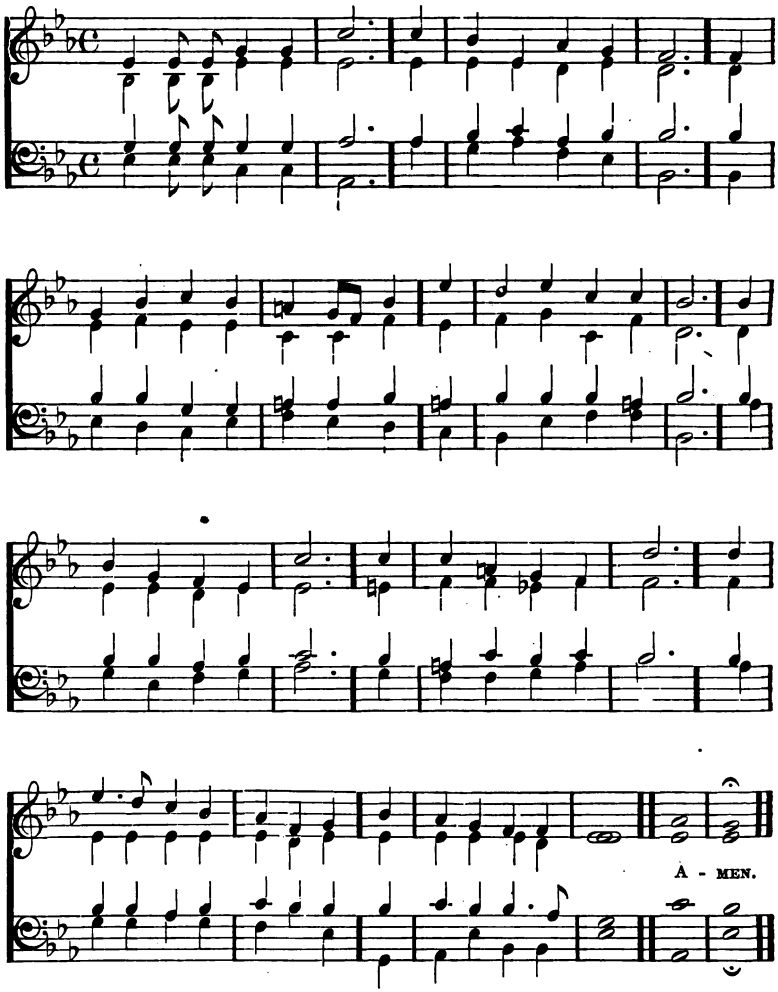


THOU art gone up on high
  To mansions in the skies;
And round thy throne unceasingly
  The songs of praise arise:
But we are lingering here,
  With sin and care oppress'd;
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
  And lead us to thy rest.

Thou art gone up on high;
  But Thou didst first come down;
Through earth's most bitter misery,
  To pass unto thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
  Our onward course must be,
But only let that path of tears
  Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high;
  But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
  Attendant in thy train.
O by thy saving power,
  So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
  At thy right hand on high.

20 Diademata. D. S. M. SIR GEORGE ELVEY.



CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Virgin's Son!
The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now his brow adorn.
Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
True Branch of Jesse's stem,
The Root whence mercy ever flows,—
The Babe of Bethlehem!

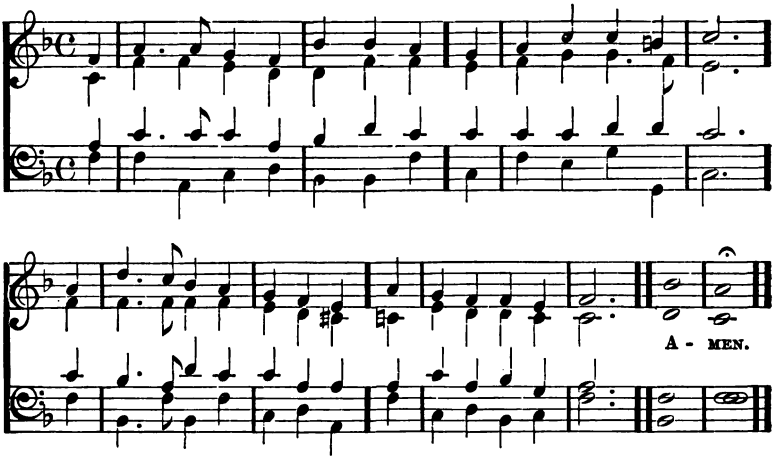
Crown Him the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,—
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified;
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
In heaven and earth, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round his piercéd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of heaven!
One with the Father known,—
And the blest Spirit, through Him given
From yonder Triune throne!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

Whitsuntide.

21 Winchester Old. C. M.



When God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame;

But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered his holy Dove.

The fires that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

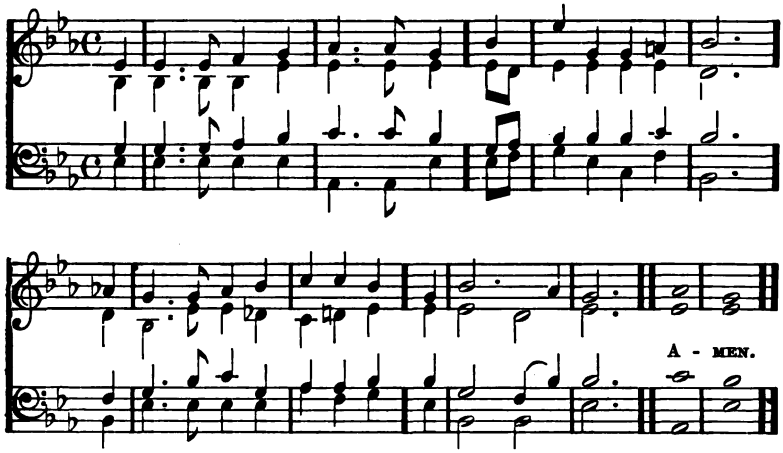
And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud;

So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

22 **St. Cuthbert.** **8. 6. 8. 4.** DYKES.



OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came in semblance of a dove
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

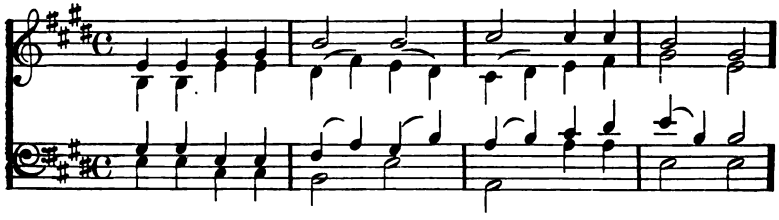
And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

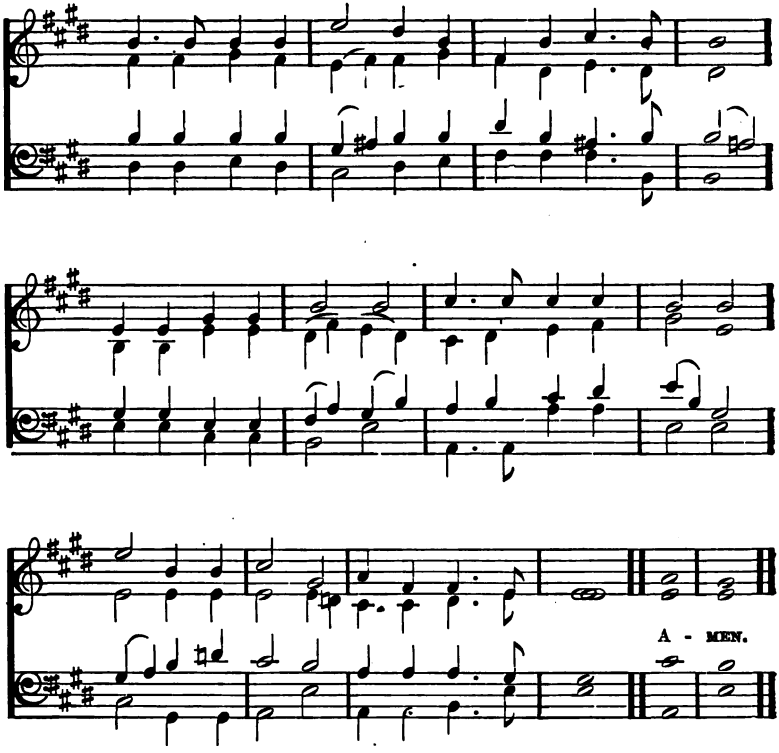
Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee.

O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three.

Trinity.

23 **Nicæa.** **11. 12. 12. 10.** DYKES.





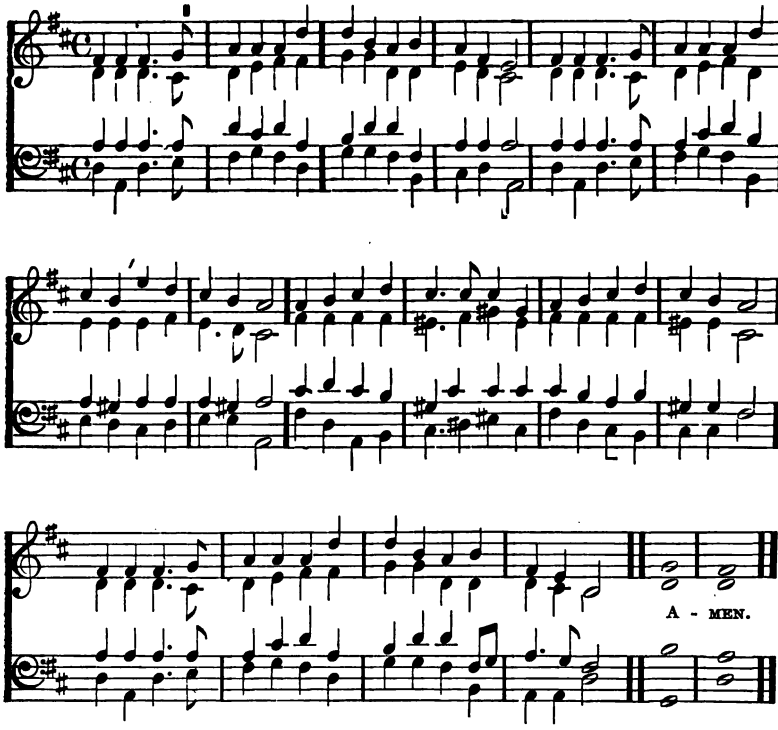
HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee.
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim snd seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

24 S. Asaph. 8s. 7s. D. W. S. Bambridge.



Hark! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting o'er the crystal sea,
Alleluia, alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord to Thee:
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

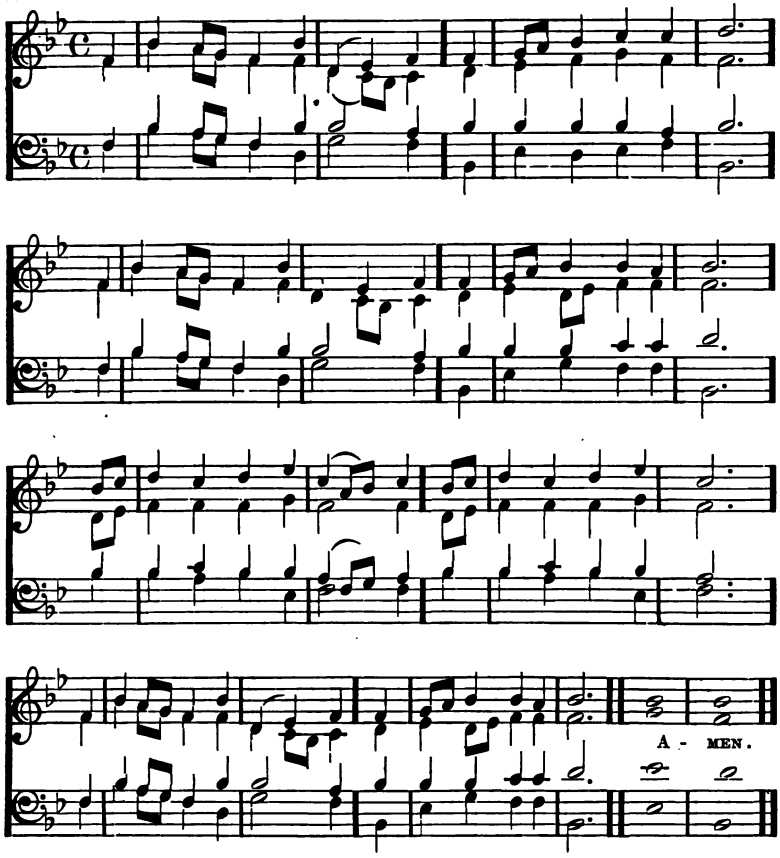
Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr and Evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with thy cross their banner,
They have triumph'd, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died.
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

25 Ellacombe. 7. 6. D. German.



THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar!
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

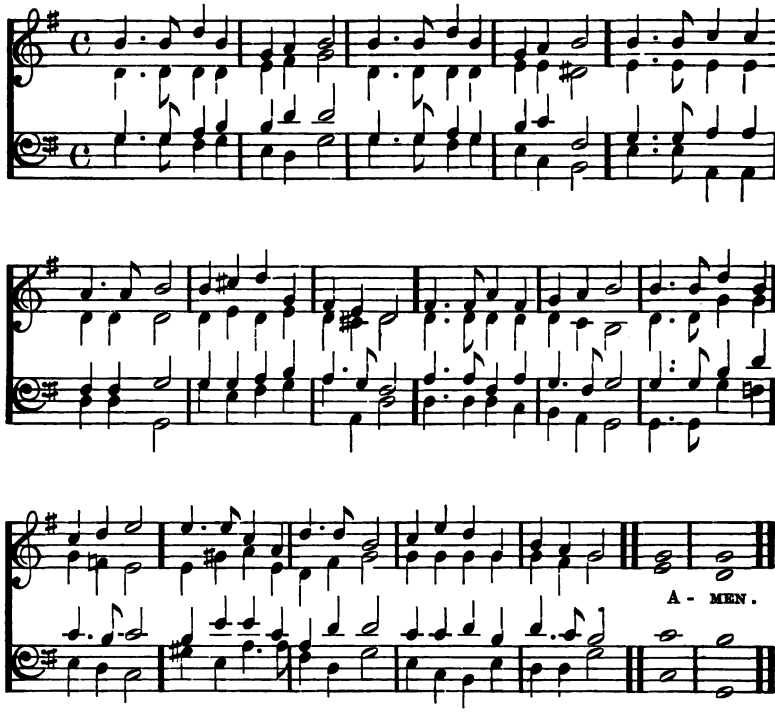
The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd:
They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

Thanksgiving.

26 **St. George.** **7s. D.** SIR GEORGE ELVEY.



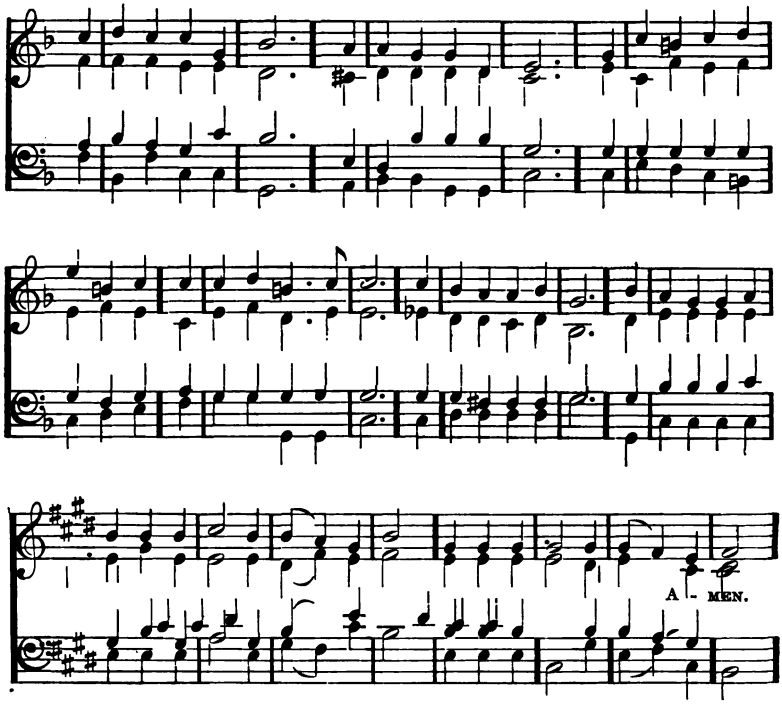
COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home:
All is safely gather'd in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his Harvest-home:
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final Harvest-home:
Gather Thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

27 Chalvey. D. S. M. Rev. L. G. Hayne.



A few more years shall roll,
  A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
  Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
  My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
  And take my sins away.

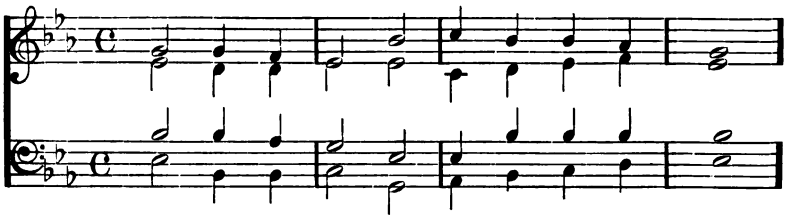
A few more suns shall set
  O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
  A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
  My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
  And take my sins away.

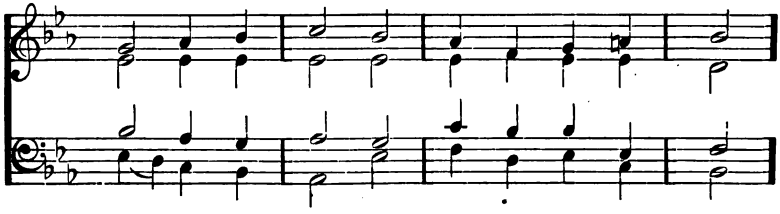
A few more storms shall beat
  On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
  And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
  My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
  And take my sins away.

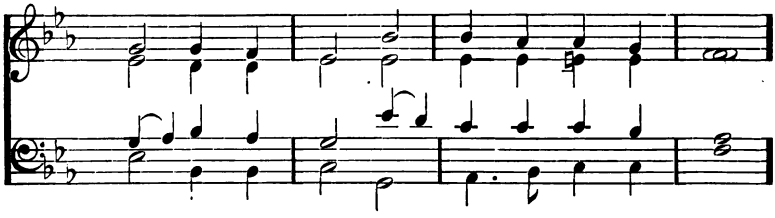
A few more struggles here,
  A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
  And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
  My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
  And take my sins away.

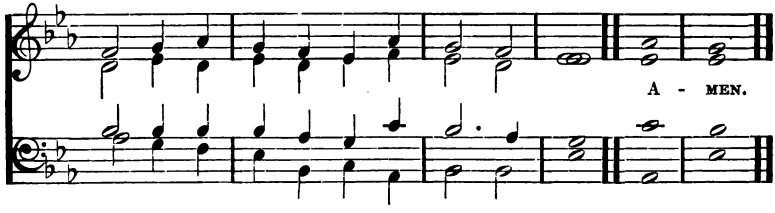
'Tis but a little while
  And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live who lives
  That we with him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
  My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
  And take my sins away.

28 **Eventide.** 10.10.10.10. MONK.









ABIDE with me : fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide :
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

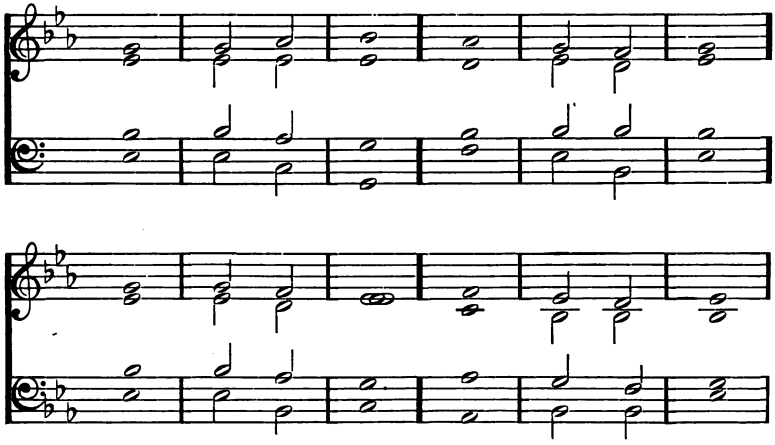
I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting ? Where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

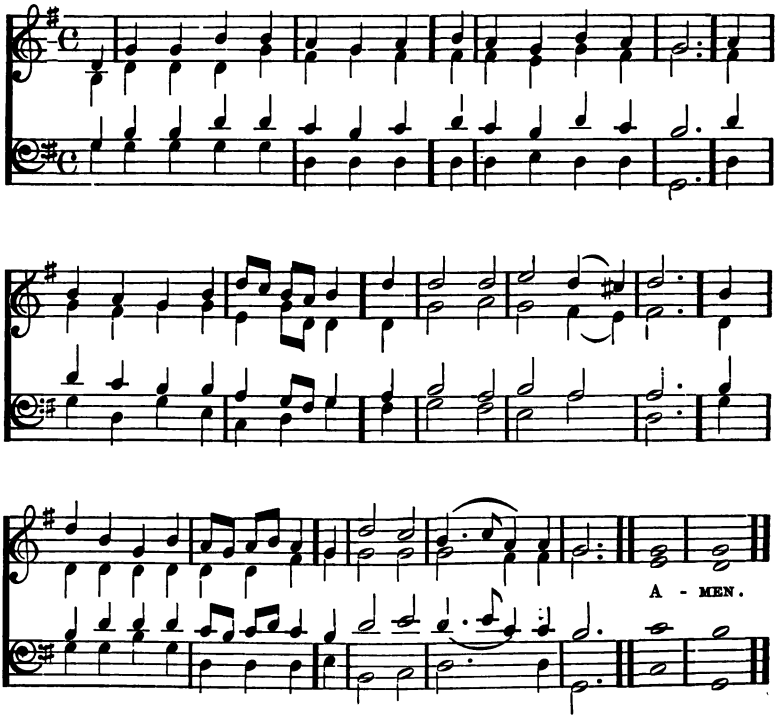
OR THIS CHANT.

Troyte No. 1.

A. H. D. TROYTE.



29 Coronation. C. M. MASON.



ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
  Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
  And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
  Who from his altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
  And crown Him Lord of all.

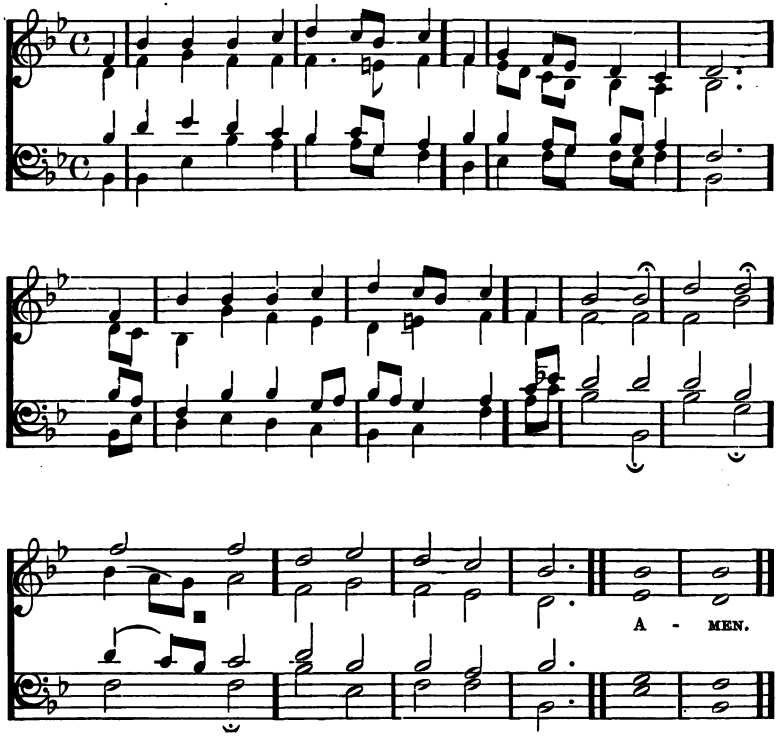
Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
  Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
  And crown Him Lord of all!

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
  Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
  And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
  The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
  And crown Him Lord of all.

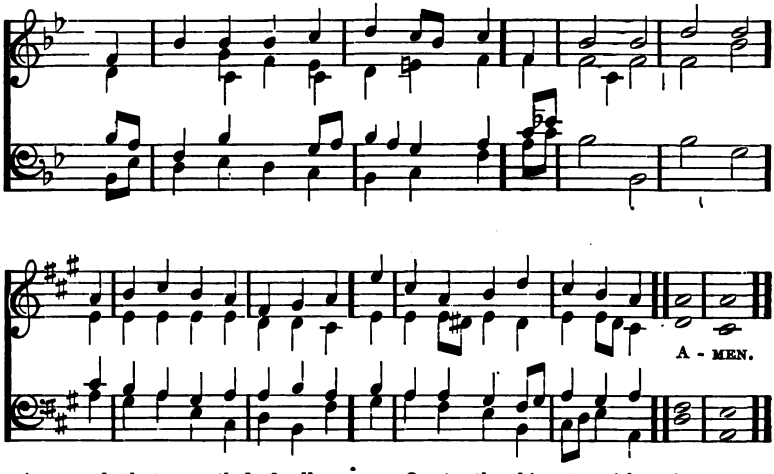
Let every kindred, every tribe,
  On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
  And crown Him Lord of all.

Miles Lane. *SECOND TUNE.* **C. M.** SHRUBSOLE.



30 Old Hundred. L. M.

GOUDIMEL.



ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

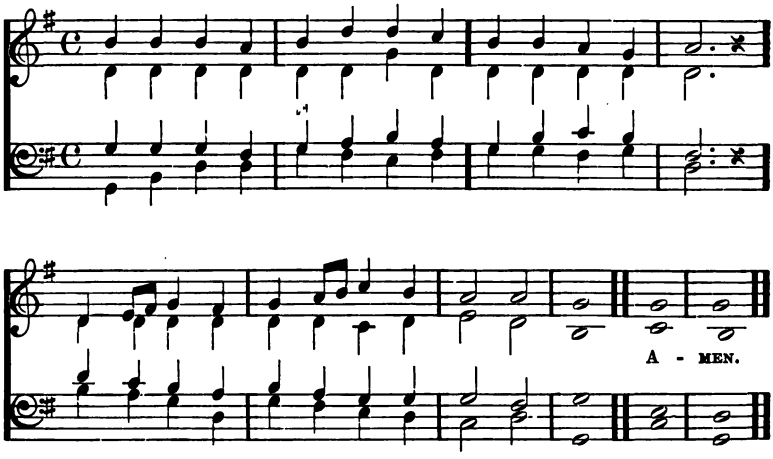
Know that the Lord, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are his flock, He doth us feed,
And for his sheep He doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

31 Stephanos. 8. 5. 8. 3.

REV. SIR H. BAKER, Bart.



ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress'd?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

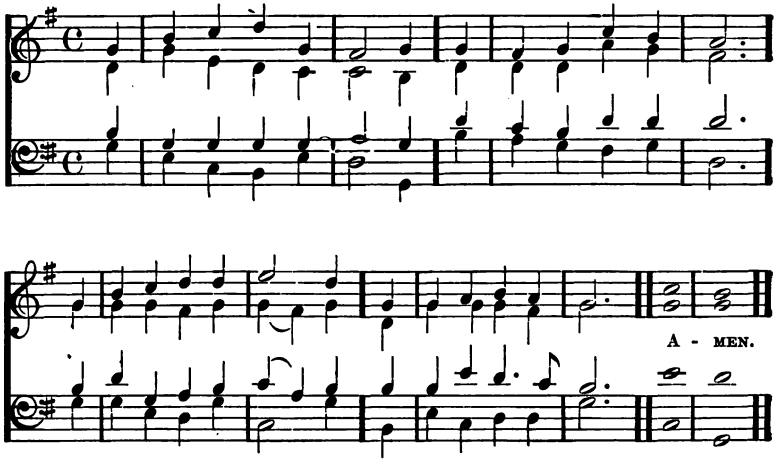
If I find Him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordon pass'd."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, yes."

32 **7. 6. 7. 6.** GAUNTLETT.



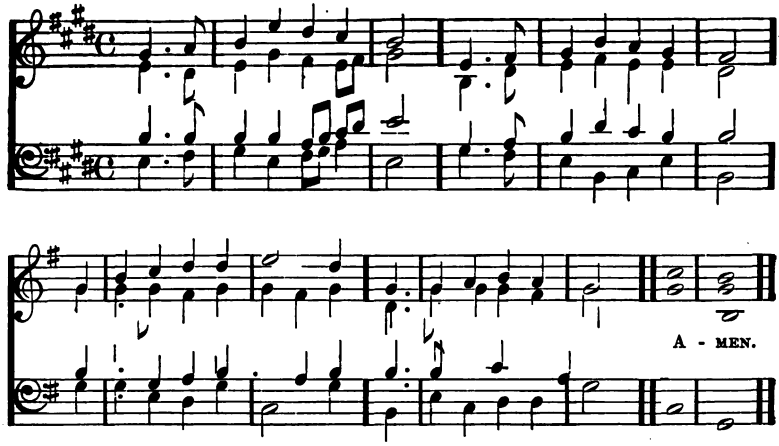
BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

33 Innocents. 7s.



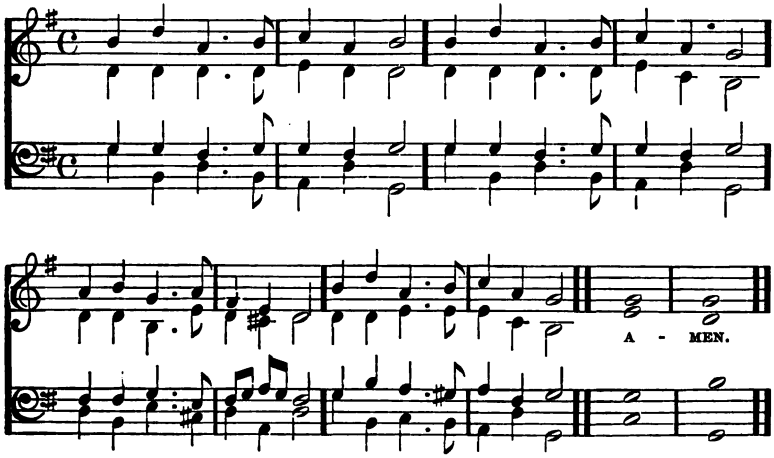
CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey, sweetly sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Banish'd once, by sin betrayed,
Christ our advocate was made;
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
Christ conducts us to our home.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

34 German Hymn. 7s.



COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King.—
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

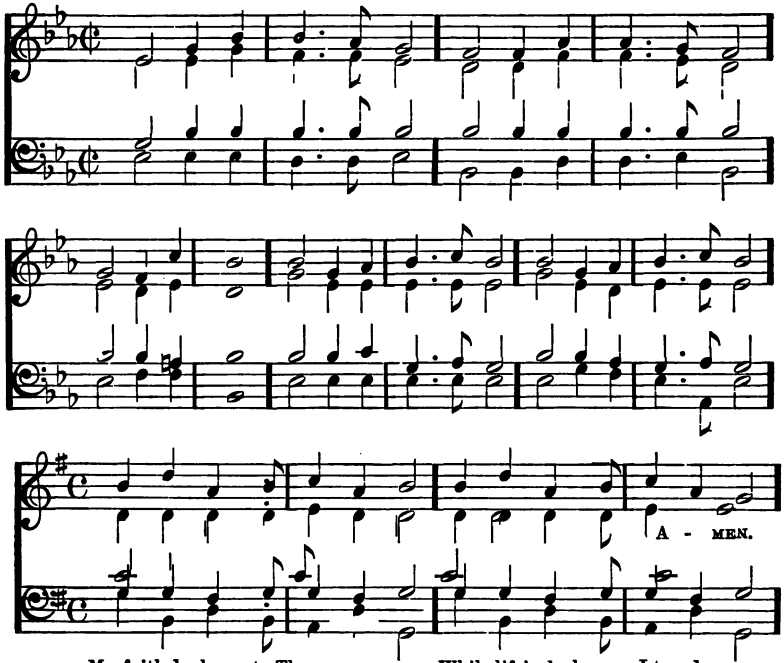
With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer,
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

35 **Olivet.** 6.6.4.6.6.6.5.



MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray:
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

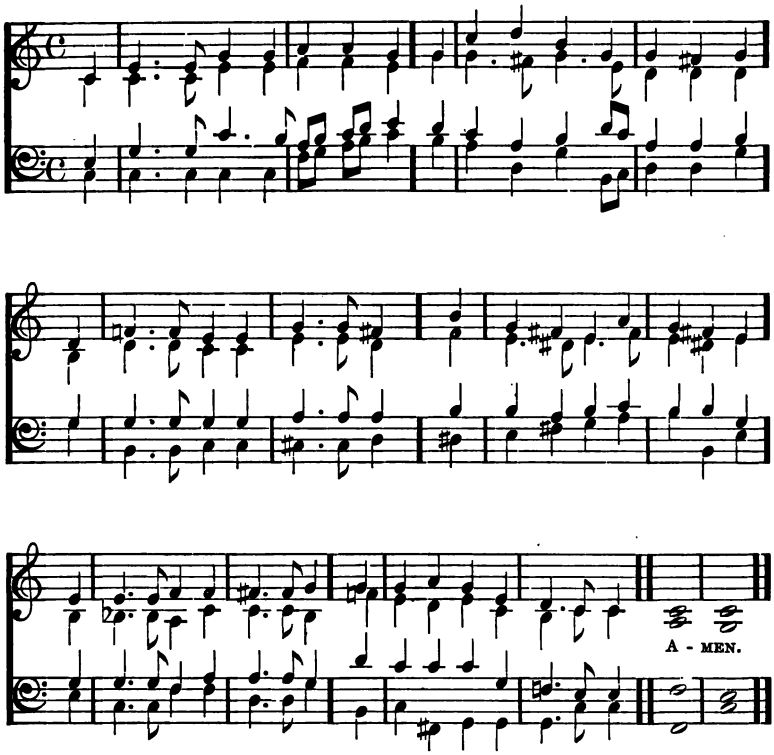
While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transcient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul.

Melita.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

DYKES.



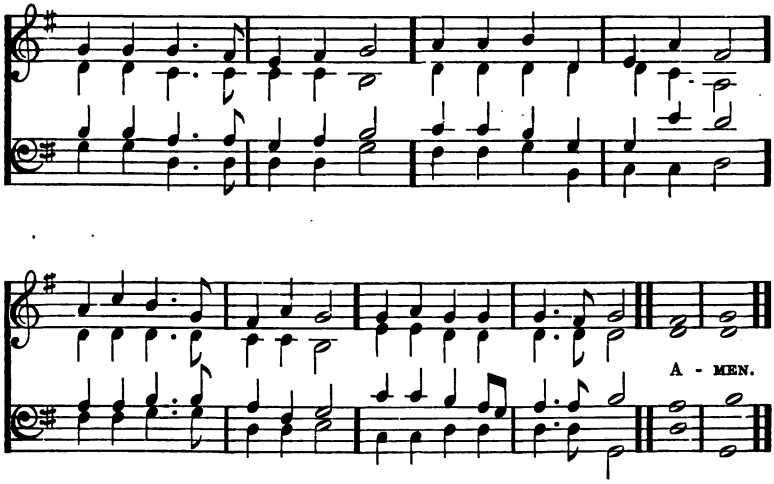
ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ! whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

Most Holy Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

37 **S. Bees.** 7s. DYKES.



HARK! my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?

I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

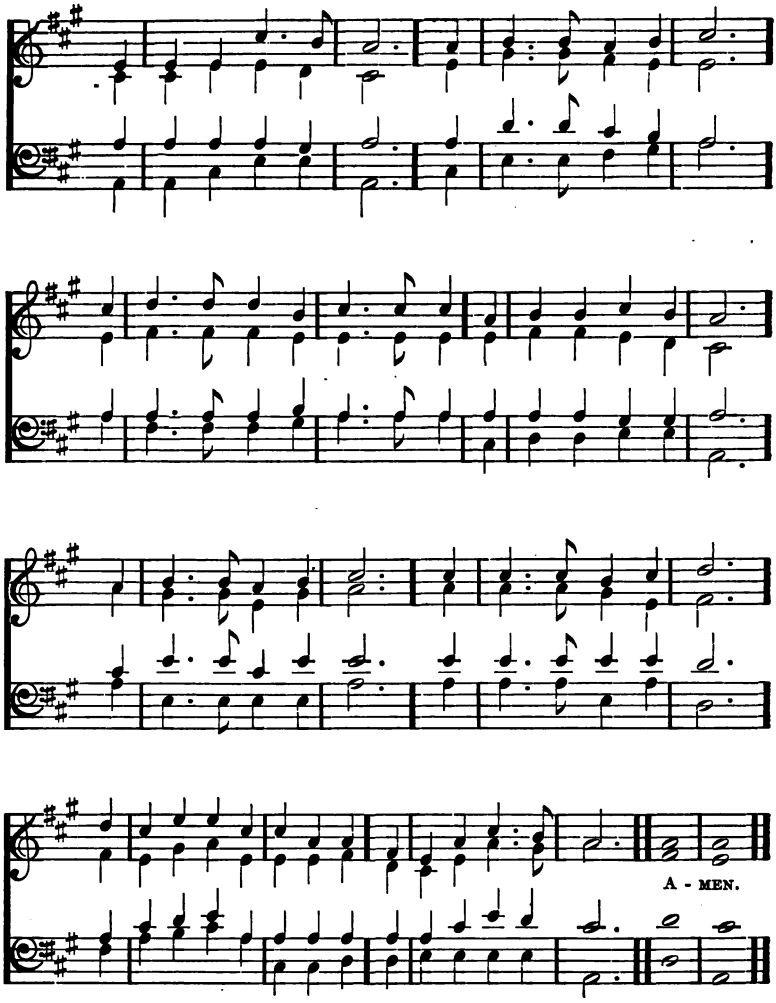
Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shall be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

38 Nearer Home.

Arranged by SULLIVAN.



FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.

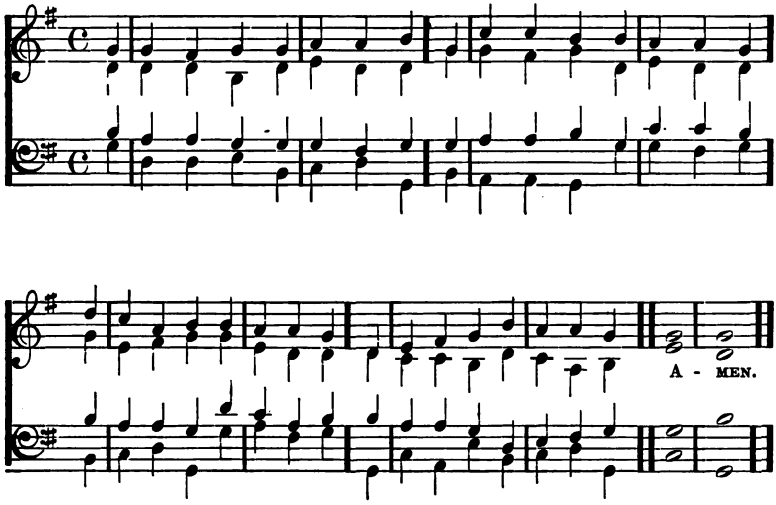
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith s far-seeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

39 Tallis's Canon. L. M.

THOMAS TALLIS.



GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, king of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

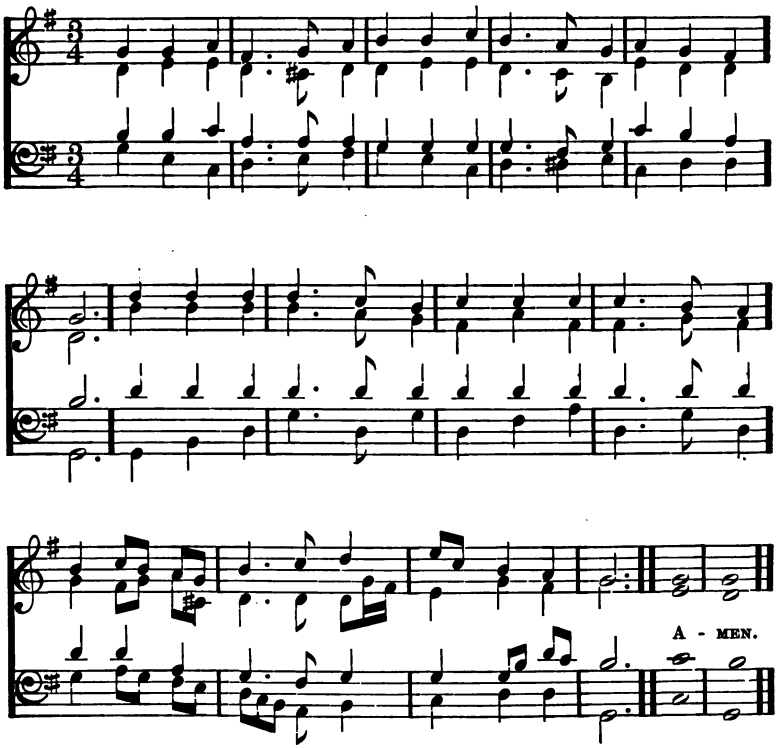
Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

O when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to Thee, eternal King.

40 America. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

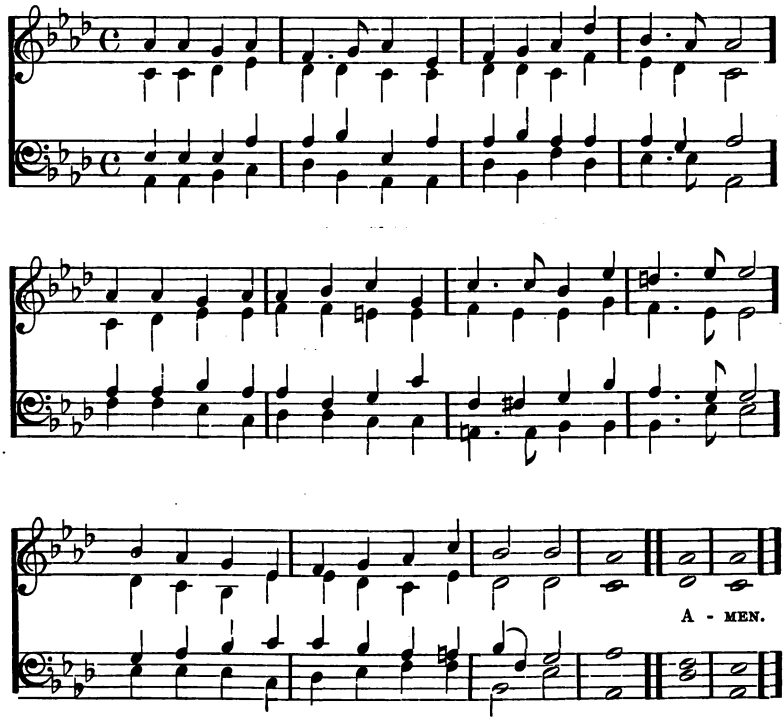


God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
  Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save
  By thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
  On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
  God save the state!

41 S. Raphael.

E. J. Hopkins.

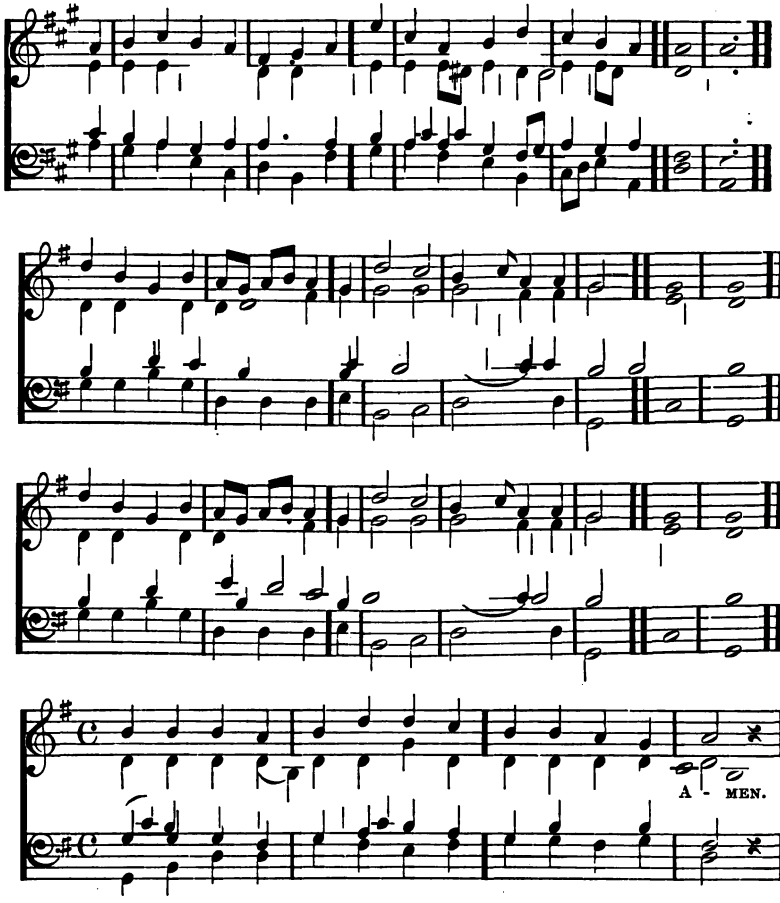


Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Death of death and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

42 **Pilgrims.** 11.10.11.10.9.11. HENRY SMART.



HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

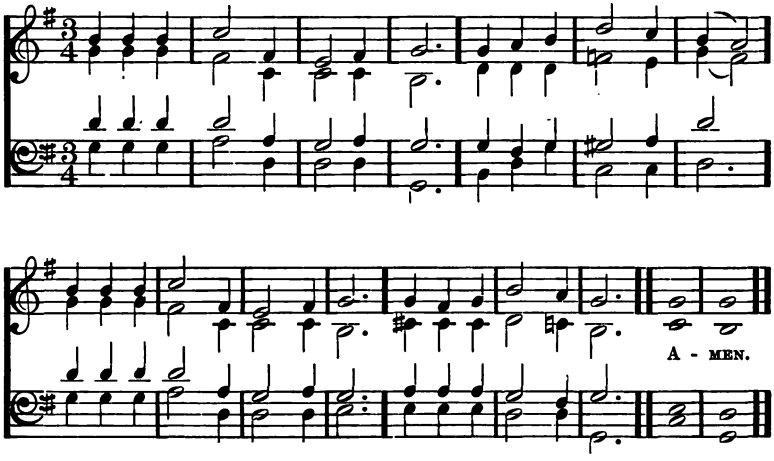
Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc,

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

43 Lambeth. C. M.

LAMBETH.



How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

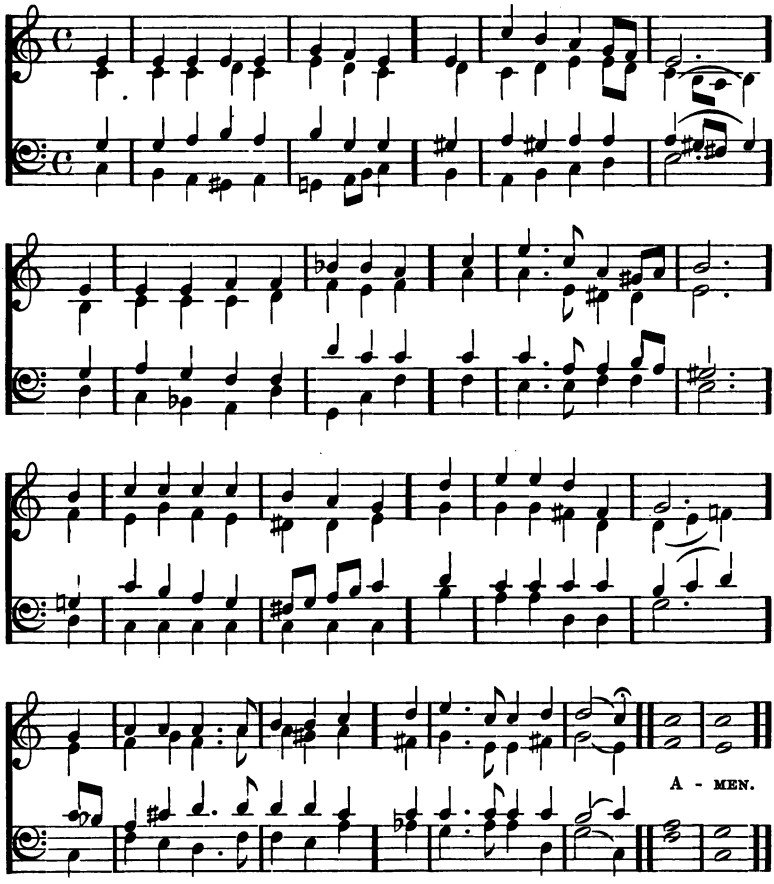
Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

44 Judea. C. M. D. GOWER.

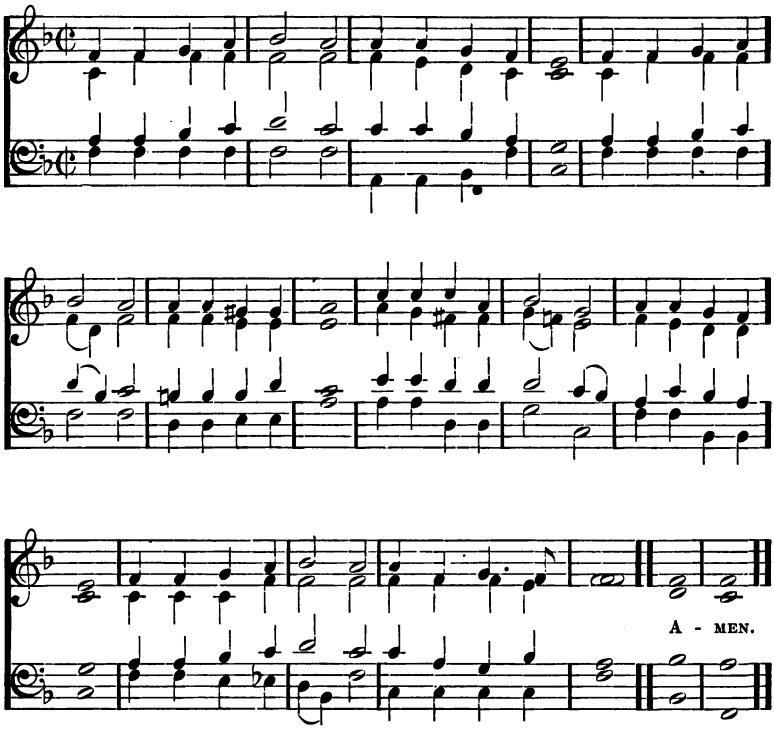


I HEARD the voice of Jusus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast:"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live:"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

45 Magdalena. DYKES.

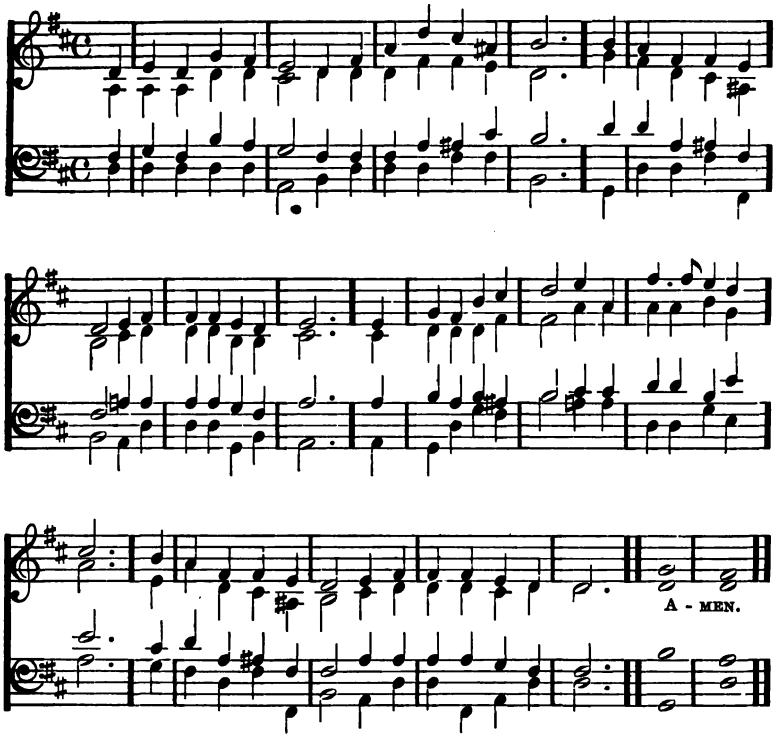


IN the hour of trial,
  Jesus, plead for me;
Lest by base denial
  I depart from Thee;
When Thou see'st me waver,
  With a look recall,
Not for fear or favour
  Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures
  Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
  Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
  Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
  Cross-crown'd Calvary.

Should thy mercy send me
  Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
  On my path below;
Grant that I may never
  Fail thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
  Cast my care on Thee,

When my last hour cometh,
  Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
  To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
  Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
  To eternal life.



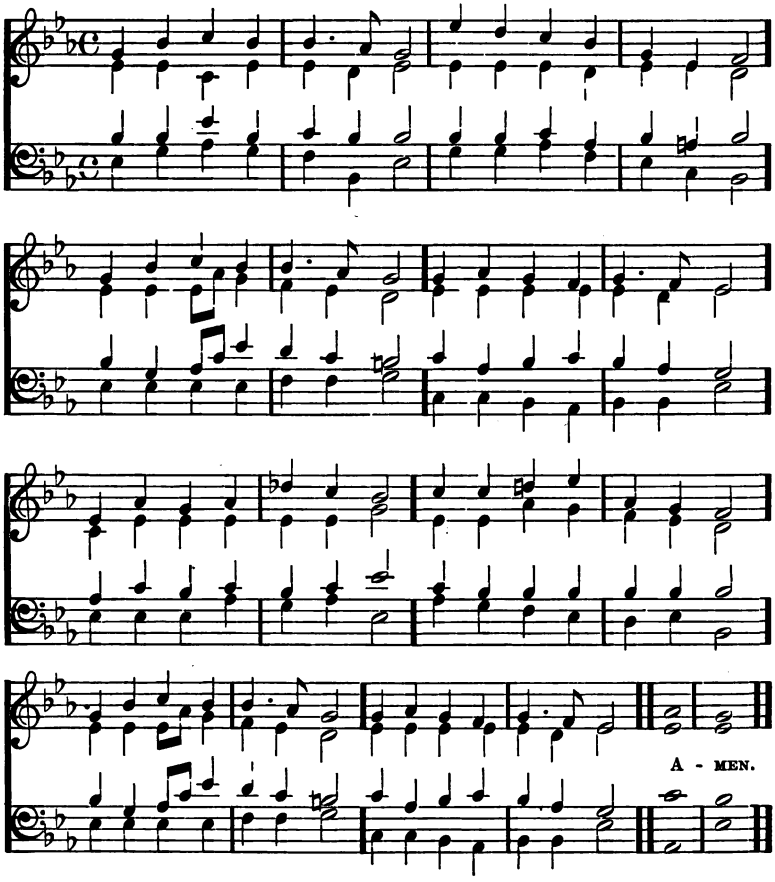
JERUSALEM, the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprést.
I know not, O, I know not
What joys await me there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blesséd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blesséd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blesséd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

47 Hollingside. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7. DYKES.



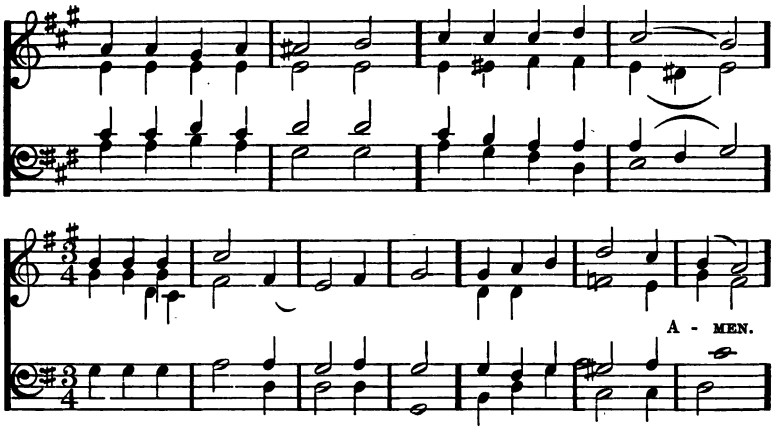
JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

48 Livermore.

JEAN MILNE TAYLOR.



JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

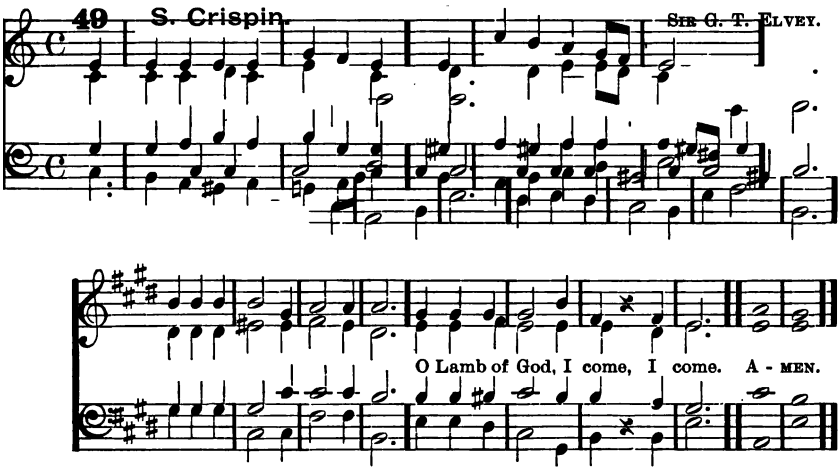
Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Here thy children's cry.

49 S. Crispin.

SIR G. T. ELVEY.



JUST as I am,—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidds't me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

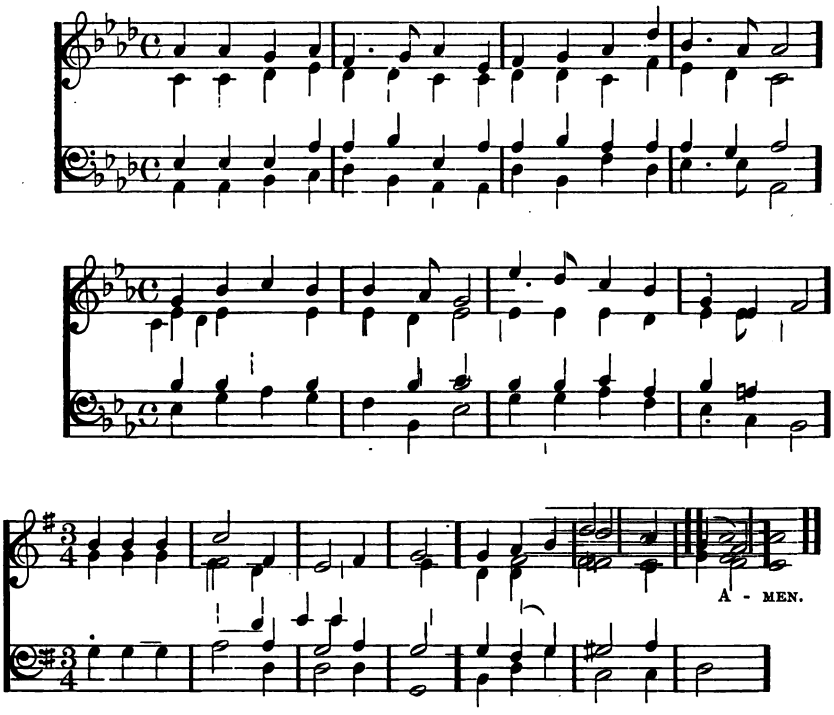
Just as I am,—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

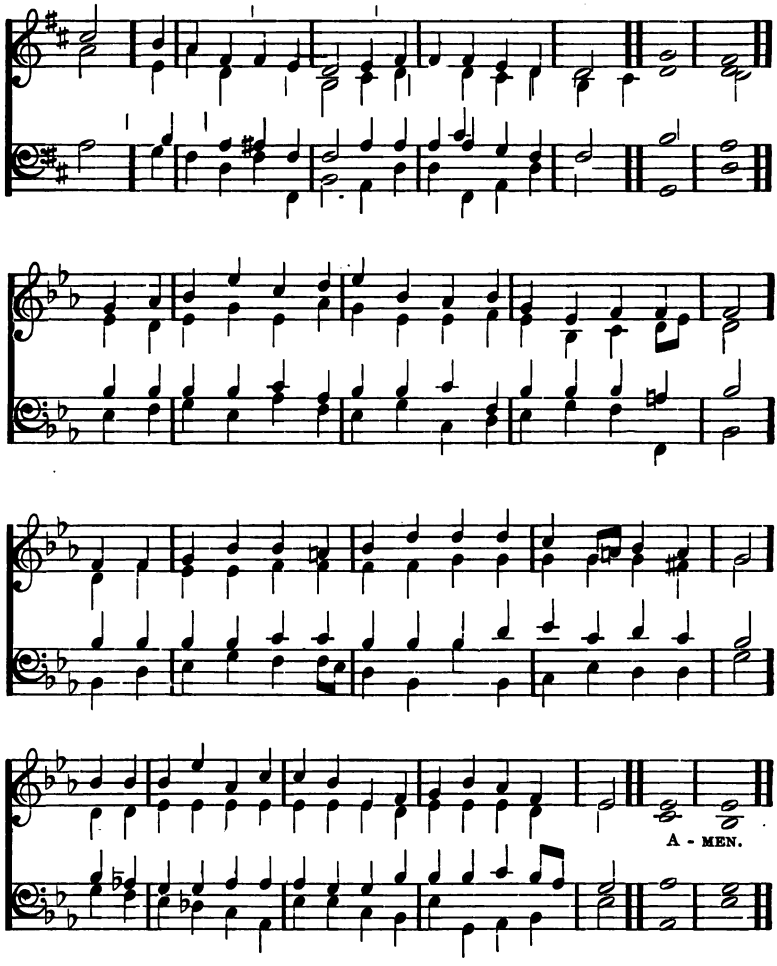
50 St. Raphael. 8.7.8.7.4.7. E. J. HOPKINS.



LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

51 Everton. 8. 7. 8. 7. D. HENRY SMART.



LOVE divine, all love excelling,
  Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
  All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
  Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
  Enter every trembling heart.

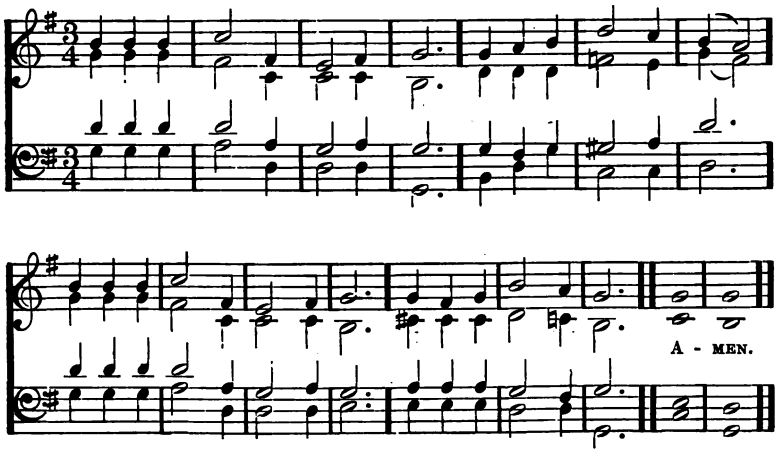
Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
  Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
  Let us find thy promised rest!
Take away the love of sinning,
  Alpha and Omega be,—
End of faith, as its beginning,
  Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as thy hosts above!
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing!
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

52 Lambeth. C. M.

LAMBETH.



MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

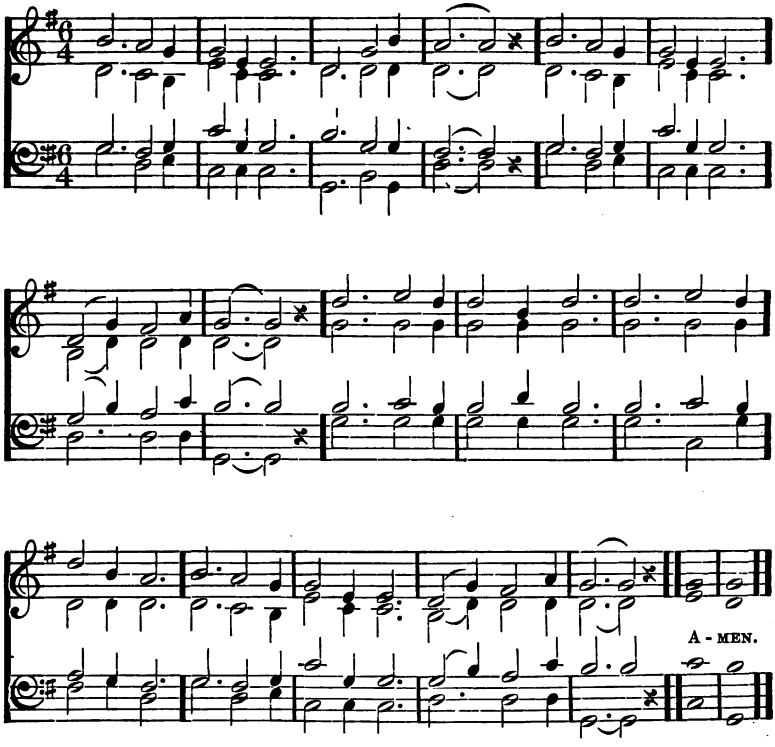
How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

How wonderful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be.
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope.
And penitential tears!

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

53 **Bethany.** 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. MASON.



NEARER, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
  That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

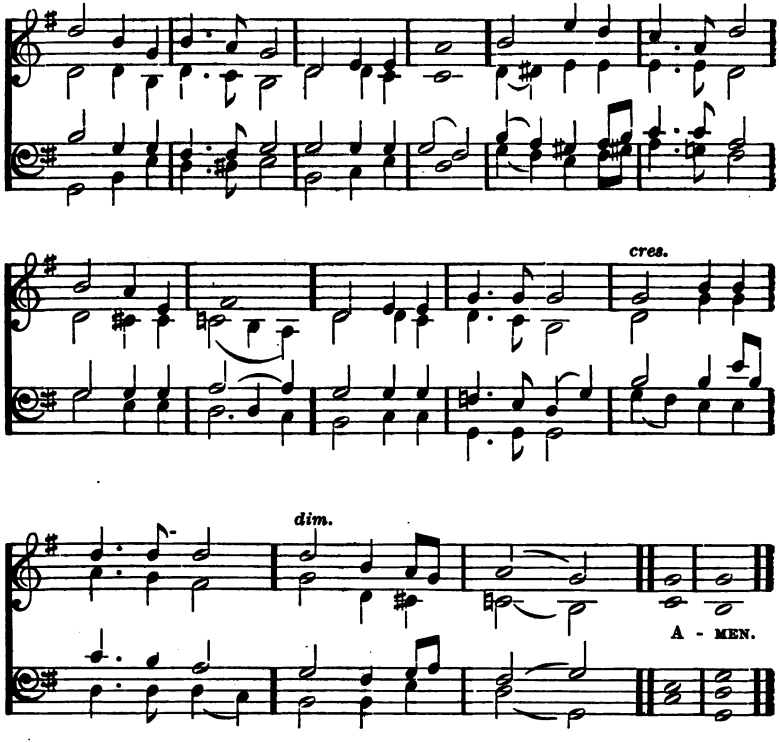
Though like a wanderer,
  Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
  My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

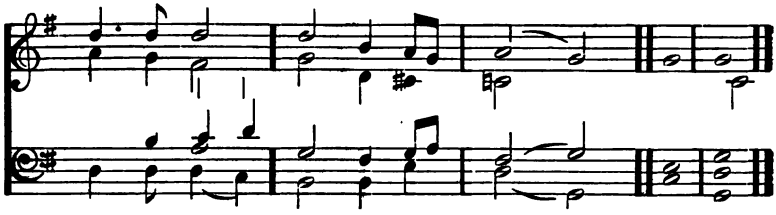
Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

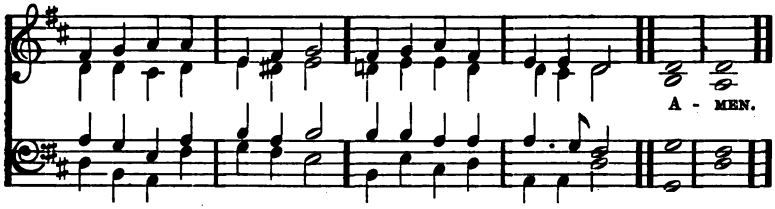
Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Spondon. *SECOND TUNE.* GOWER.



54 Lubeck. 7.7.7.7. German.



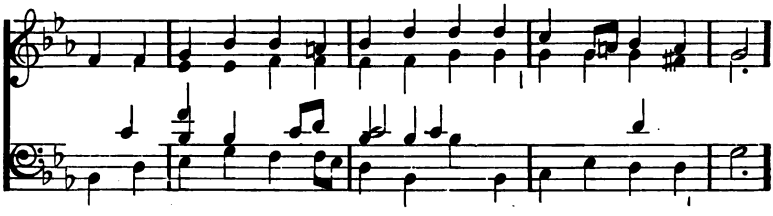


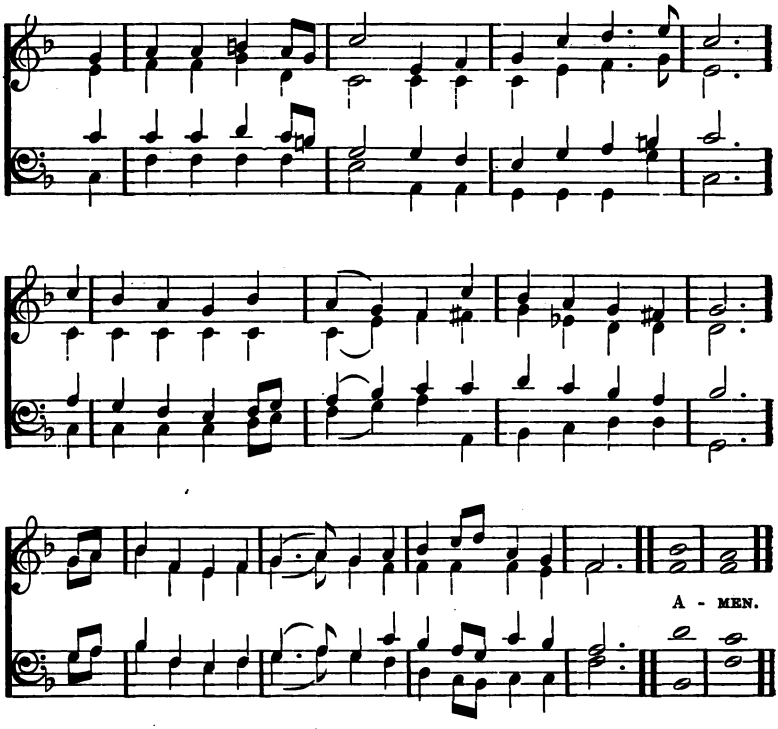
Now may He who from the dead
  Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
  All our souls in safety keep.

May he teach us to fulfil
  What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
  And preserve us day and night.

To that dear Redeemer's praise,
  Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
  Loud thanksgivings to our God.

55 The Day of Rest. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6 J. W. Elliott.





O DAY of rest and gladness,
  O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
  Most beautiful, most bright;
On Thee, the high and lowly,
  Through ages join'd in tune,
Sing, Holy, holy, holy,
  To the great God Triune.

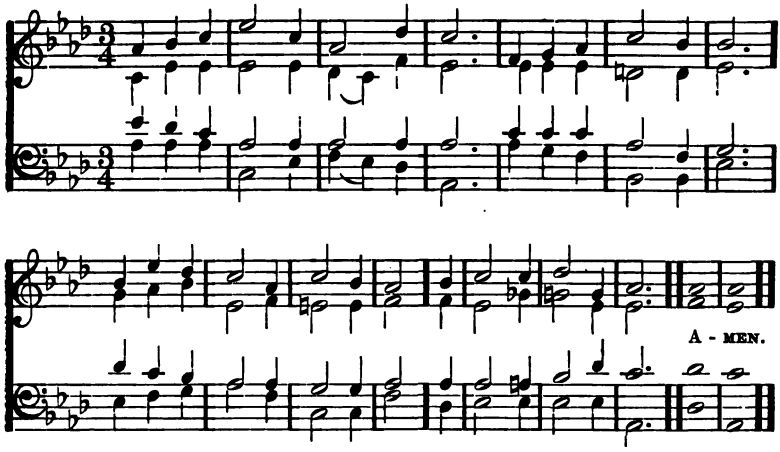
On Thee, at the creation,
  The light first had its birth;
On Thee, for our salvation,
  Christ rose from depths of earth;
On Thee, our Lord victorious,
  The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on Thee, most glorious,
  A triple light was given.

Thou art a port protected
  From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
  With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
  In life's dry, dreary sand;
From Thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
  We view our promised land.

To-day on weary nations
  The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
  The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
  With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
  With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
  From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
  To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
  To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
  To thee, blest Three in One.

56 Beatitude. C. M. DYKES.



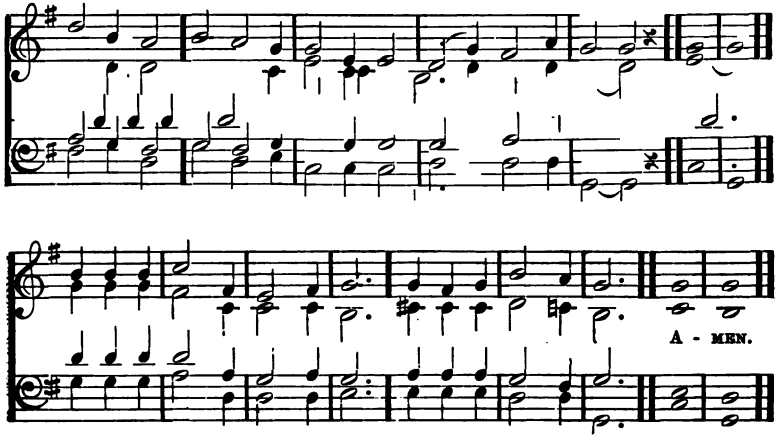
O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame:
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

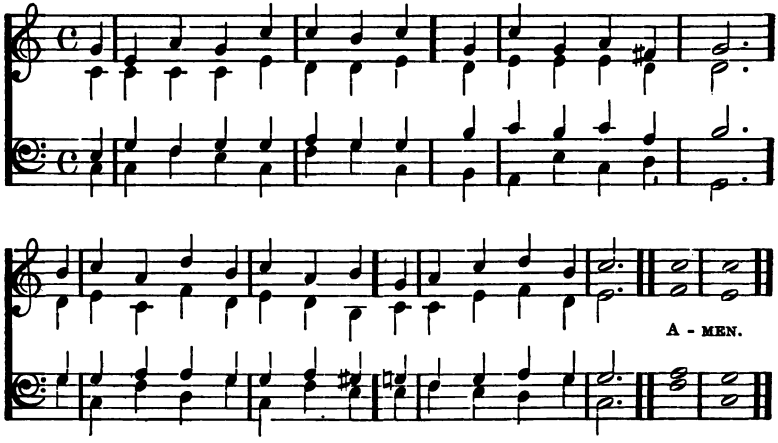
The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Lambeth. *SECOND TUNE.* C. M. LAMBETH.



57 **St. Ann's.** **C. M.** DENBY, 1686.



O God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
  And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of thy throne
  Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
  And our defence is sure,

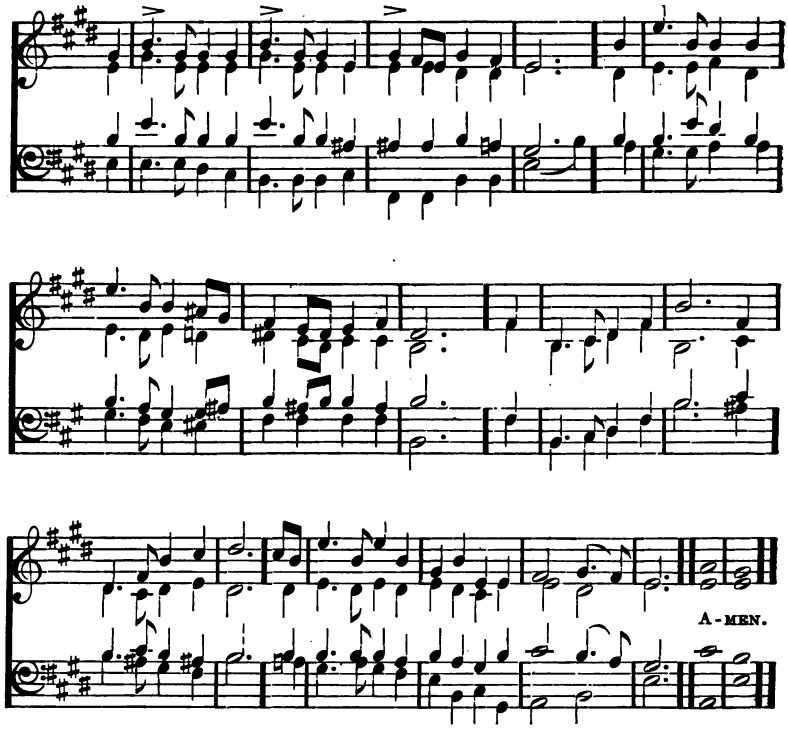
Before the hills in order stood,
  Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
  To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
  Are like an evening gone:
Short as the watch that ends the night
  Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
  Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
  Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
  And our eternal home.

58 Golden. P. M. GOWER.



O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest,
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

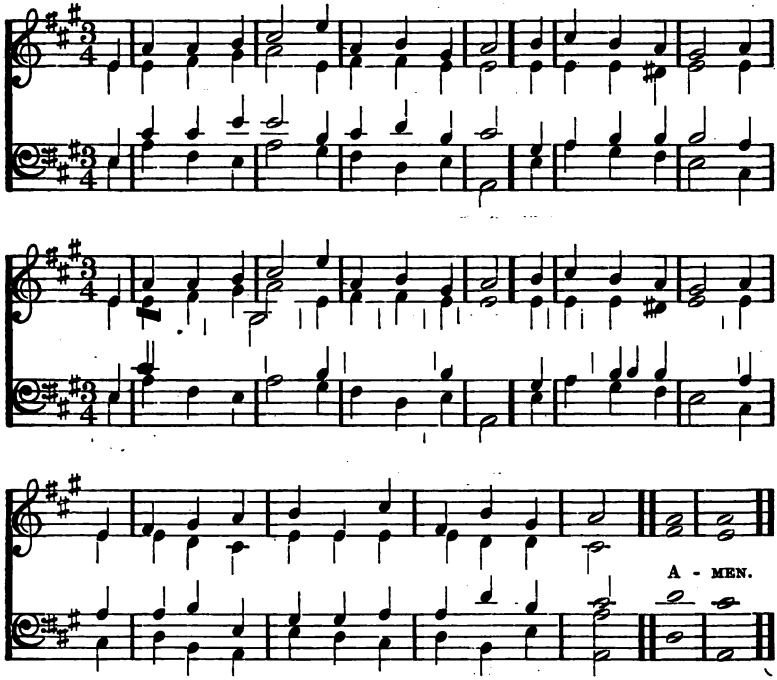
O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here:
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

59 Hanover. 10.10.11.11. HANDEL.



O WORSHIP the king,
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and his love;
Our shield and defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour,
And girded with praise.

O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light;
Whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

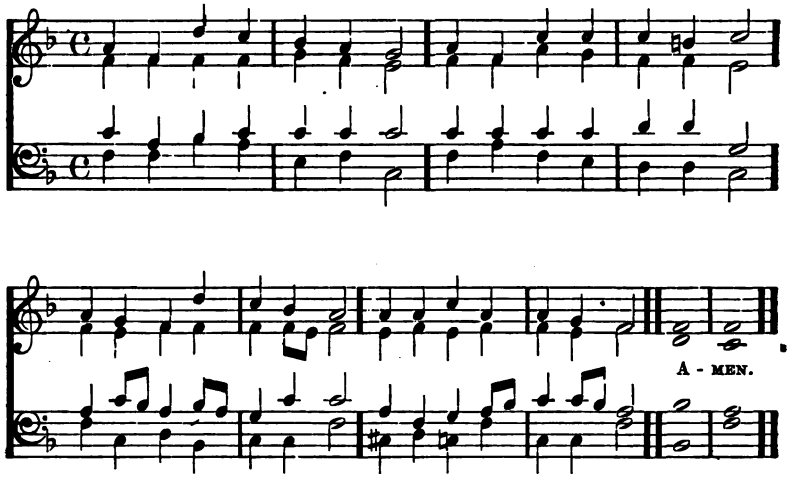
The earth, with its store,
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old—
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills;
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills
In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and friend!

O measureless might,
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The ransomed creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to thy praise.

60 University College. 7.7.7.7. H. J. Gauntlett.



Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go :
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

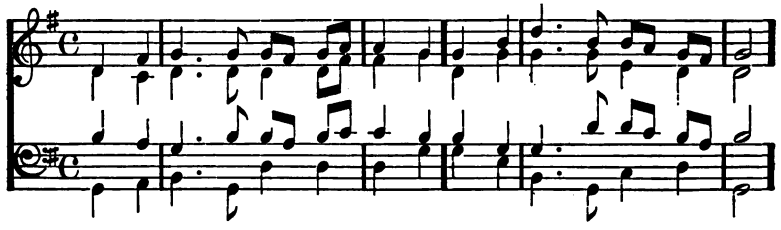
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe :
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?

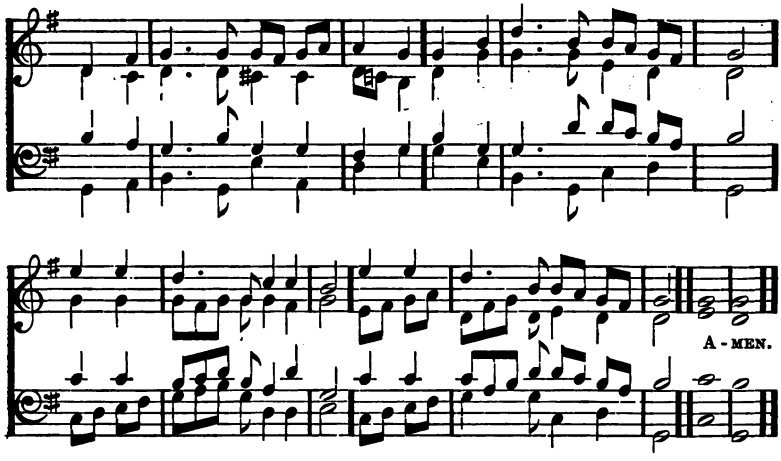
Let your drooping hearts be glad :
March, in heavenly armour clad :
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impeed,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward, then, in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

61 The Holy Child. 8.7.8.7.7.7. H. J. Gauntlett.





ONCE in royal David's city
  Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby,
  In a manger for his bed;
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven
  Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
  And his cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

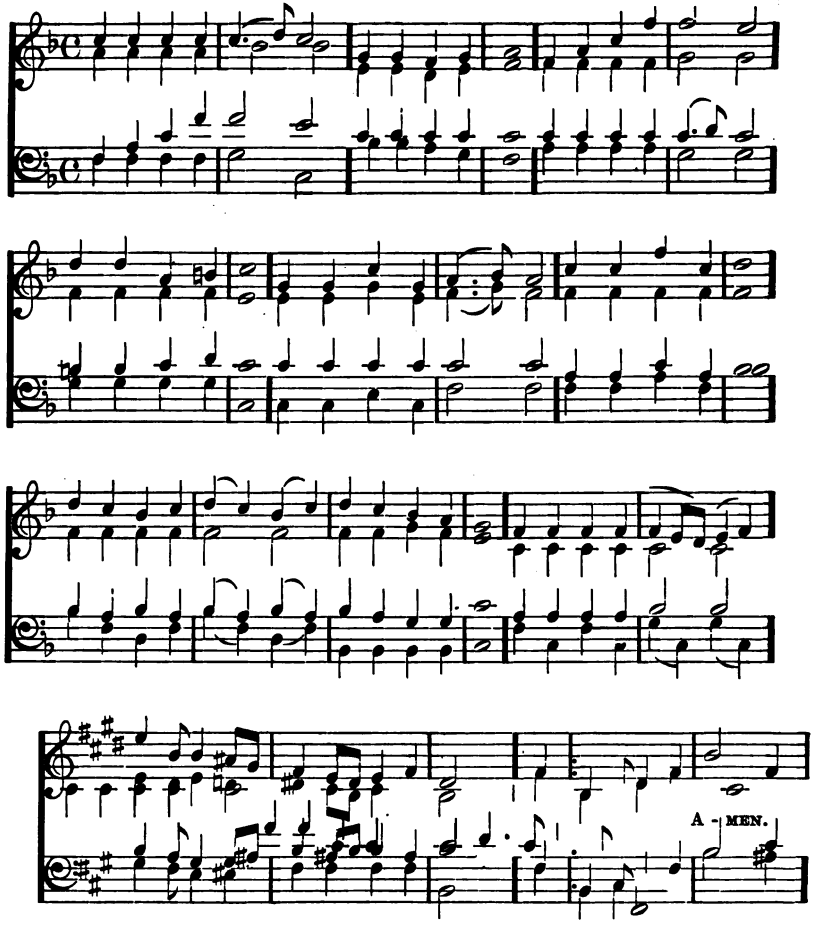
And, through all his wondrous childhood,
  He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
  In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
  Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
  Tears and smiles like us He knew:
And He feeleth for our sadness,
  And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
  Through his own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle,
  Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads his children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
  With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
  Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

62 S. Gertrude. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. SULLIVAN.



ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

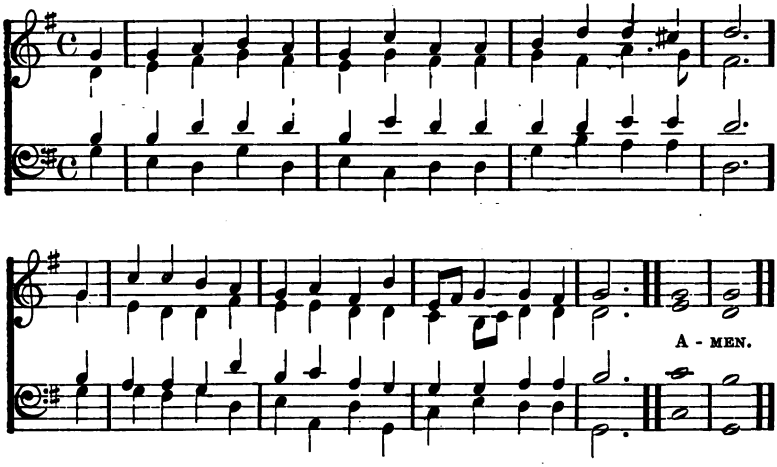
At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, Christian soldiers.
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity:
Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

63 Farrant. C. M. ADAPTED.



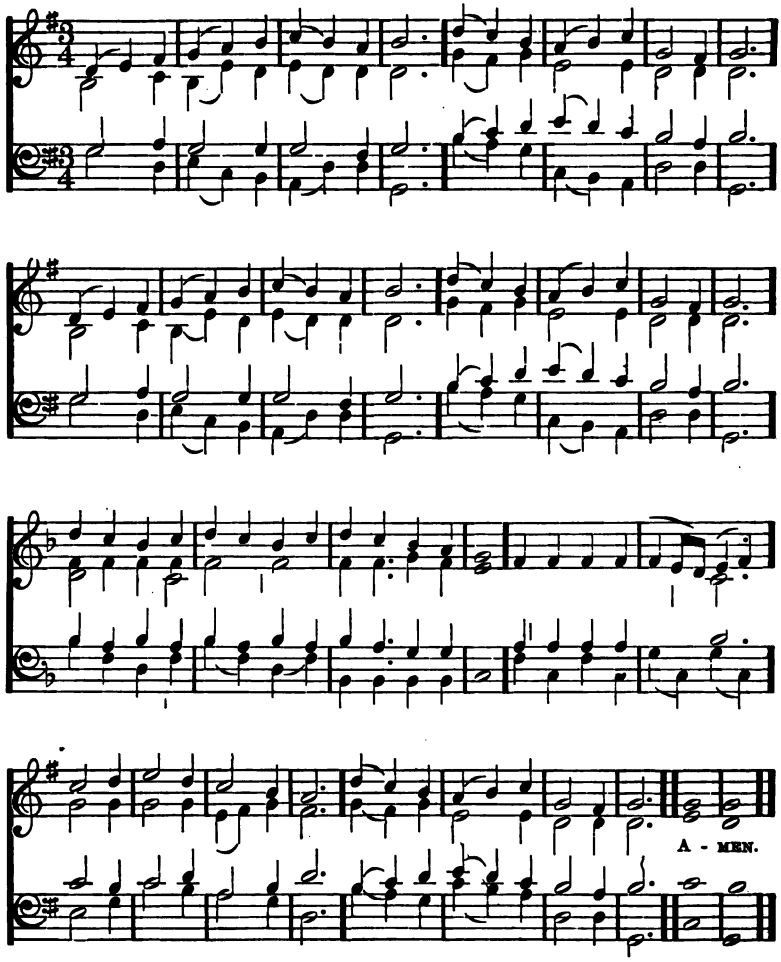
Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give:
Help us in thought, in word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

Oh, help us when our spirits cry
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dry,
Oh, help us, Lord, the more!

Oh, help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe!
For still the more the servant hath
The more shall he receive.

Oh, help us, Jesu, from on high:
We know no help but Thee.
Oh, help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

64 Maidstone. 7s. W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Doc., Oxon.



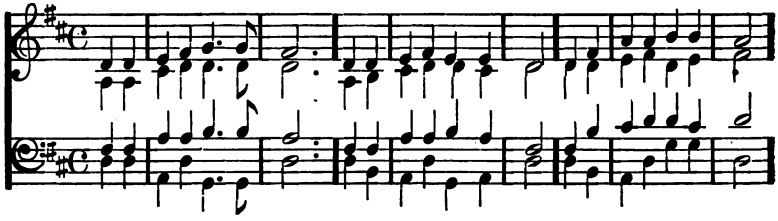
Pleasant are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

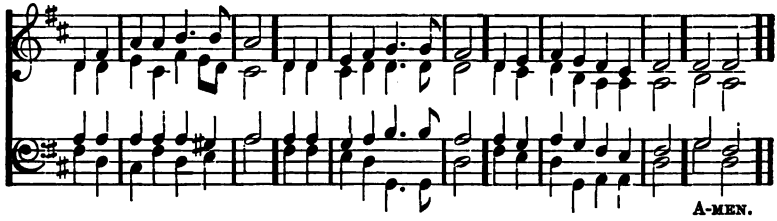
Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls, that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls! their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

65 Redhead. 7.7.7.7.7.7. REDHEAD.





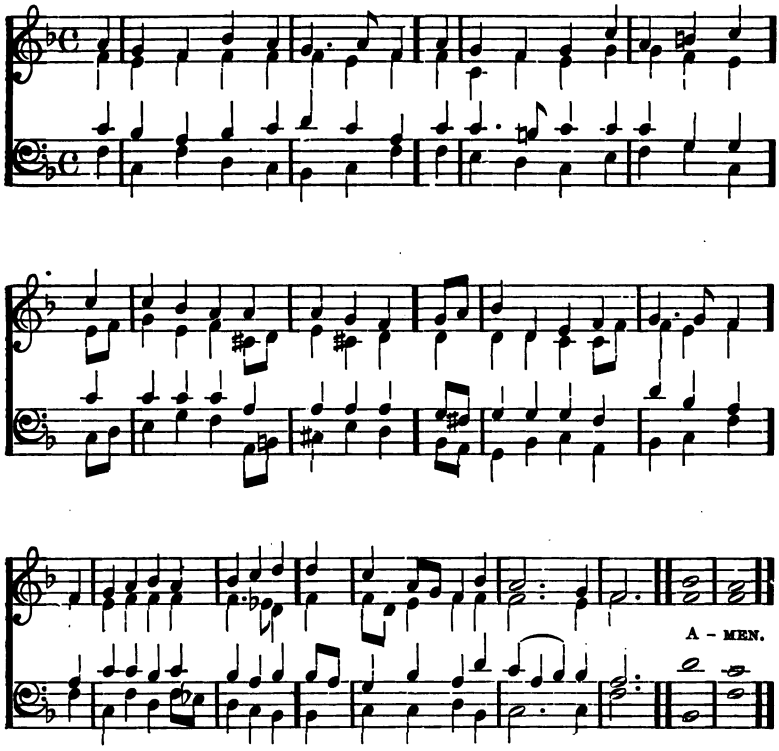
ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure.
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

66 S. Matthias. Six 8s. W. H. Monk.



Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go:
  Thy word into our minds instil:
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow
  With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
  O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day has gone, its hours have run,
  And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
  The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
  O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
  True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
  With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
  O gentle Jesus, be our light.

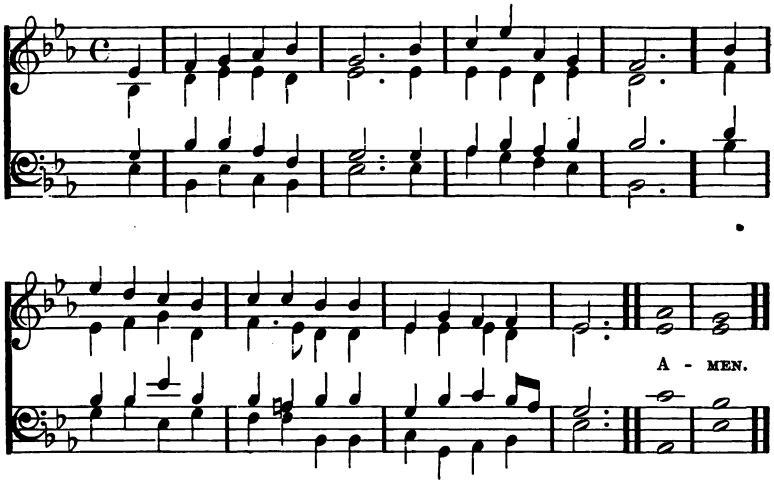
Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never! let our works be soil'd
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be.
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

67 Franconia. S. M.

J. G. EBELING, 1666.



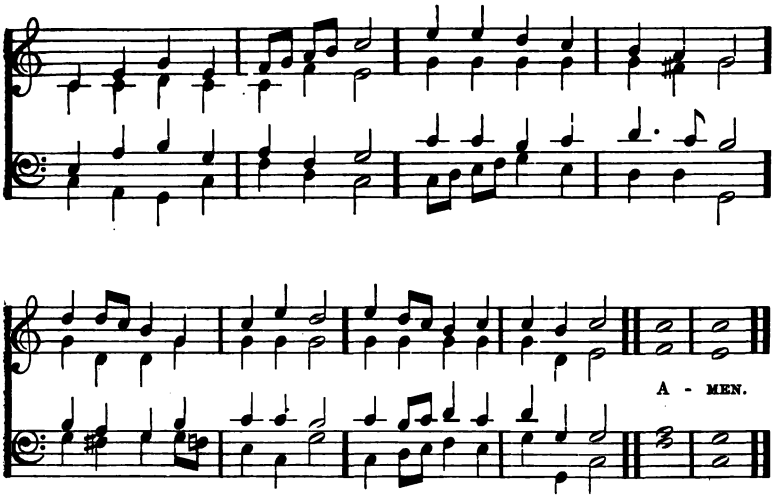
SOLDIERS of Christ arise,
And put your armor on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.

68 Monkland. 7s. J. B. Wilkes.



Songs of praise the angels sang;
Heaven with alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awake the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

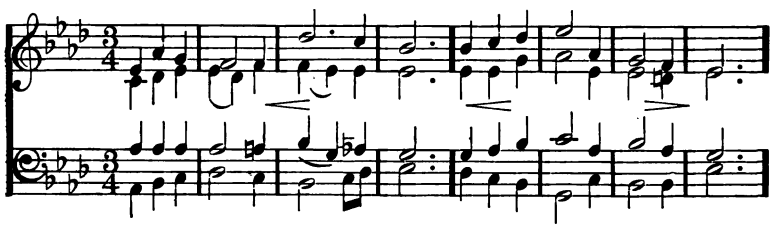
Heaven and earth must pass away
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

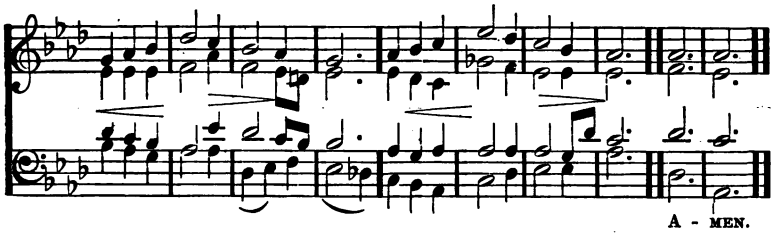
And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

69 Abends. L. M. Sir Herbert Oakeley.





SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

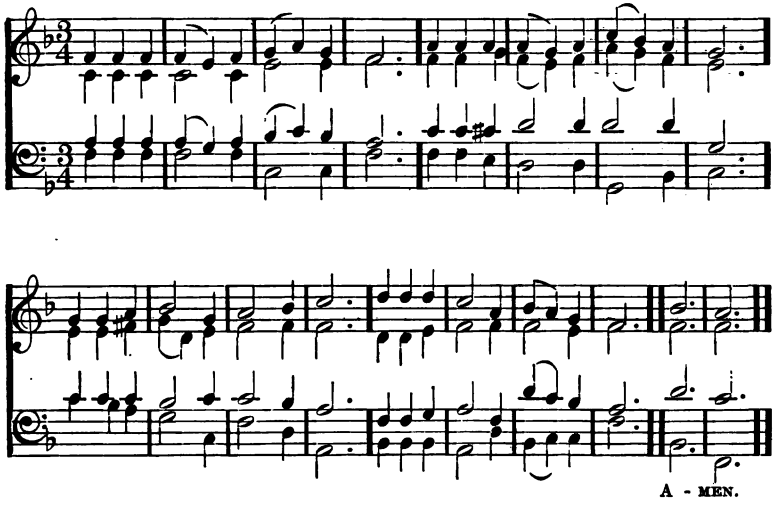
Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

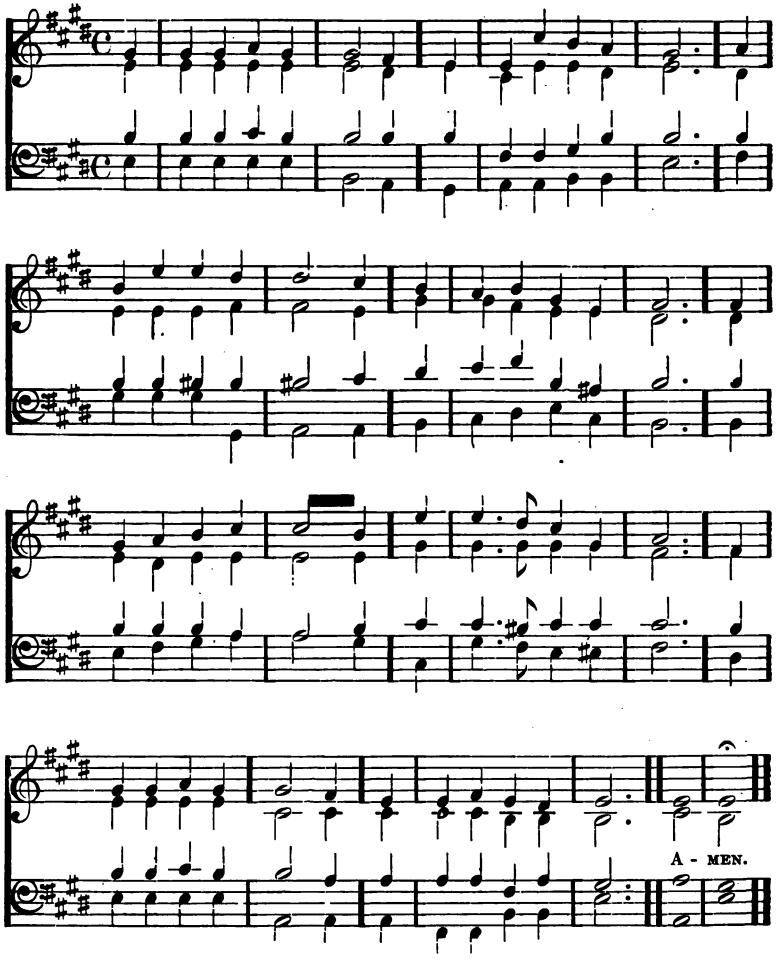
Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

SECOND TUNE. **Hursley.** German.



70 **Aurelia.** **7. 6. D.** S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc., Oxon.



The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From Heaven he came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood he bought her,
And for her life He died.

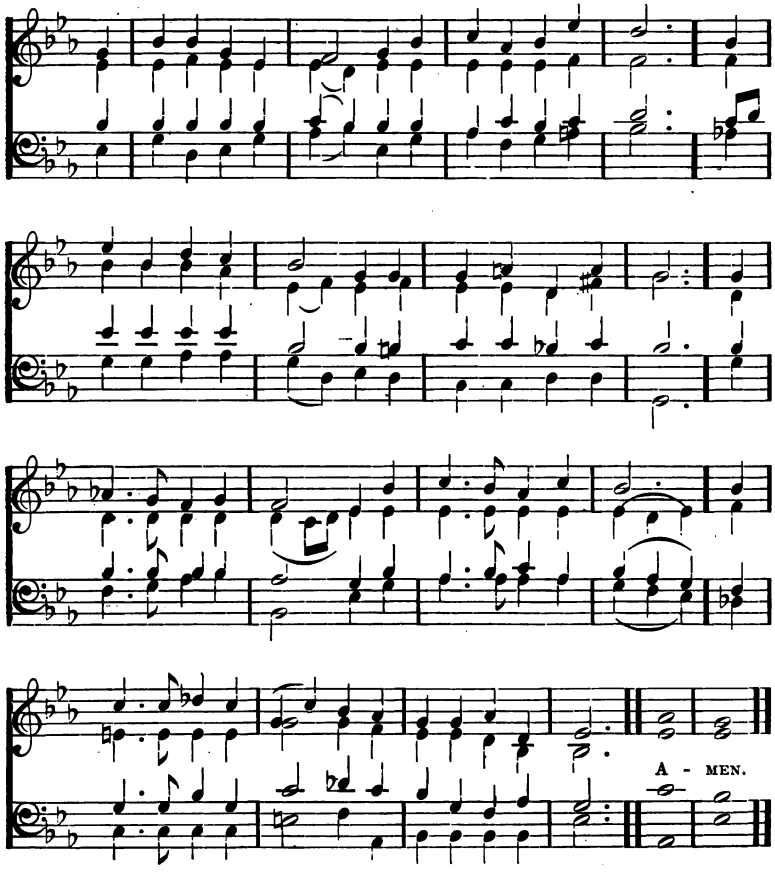
Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder,
  Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
  By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
  Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
  Shall be the morn of song.

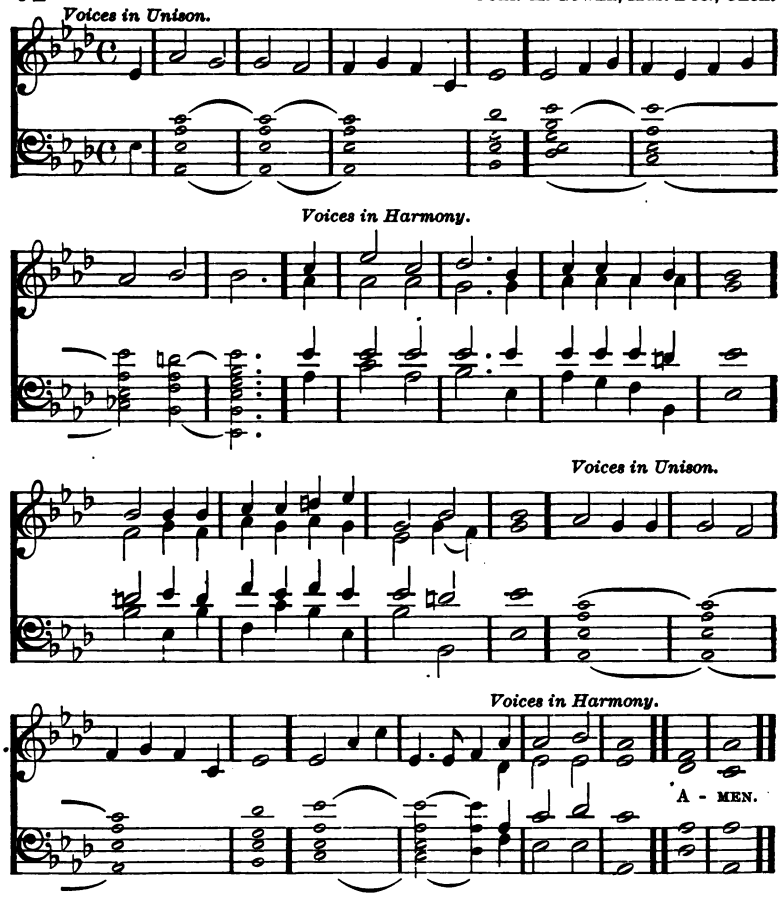
'Mid toil and tribulation,
  And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
  Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
  Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
  Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
  With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
  With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
  Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
  On high may dwell with Thee.

SECOND TUNE. **Lincoln.** HENRY HOUSELEY, F.C.O.



71 Sundown. 10s. JOHN H. GOWER, MUS. DOC., OXON.



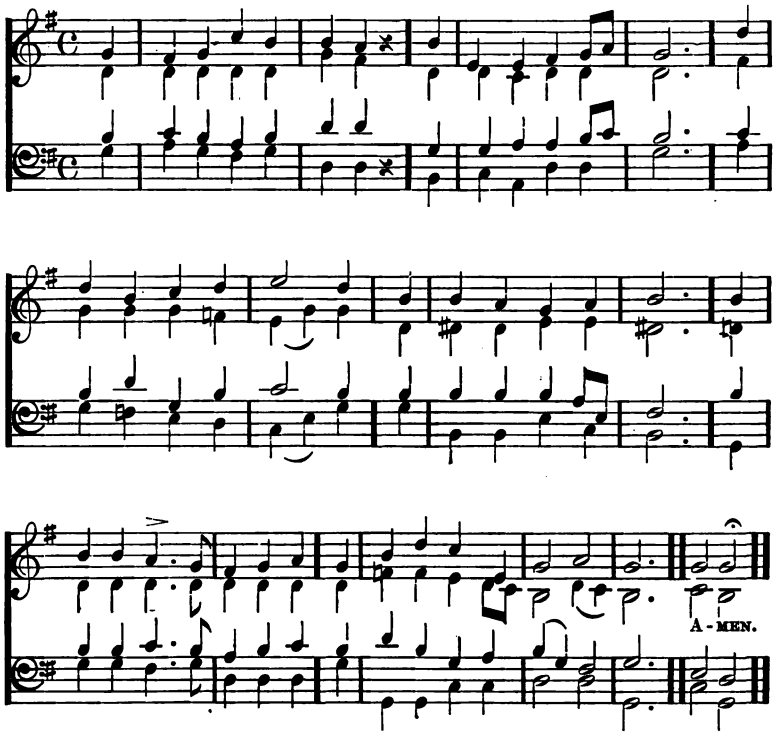
THE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows;
O brightness of thy Father's glory, Thou
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now;
Where Thou art present darkness cannot be;
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear thy voice—"Fear not, for it is I."

The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

72 St. Anatolius. 7.6.7.6.8.8. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



The day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

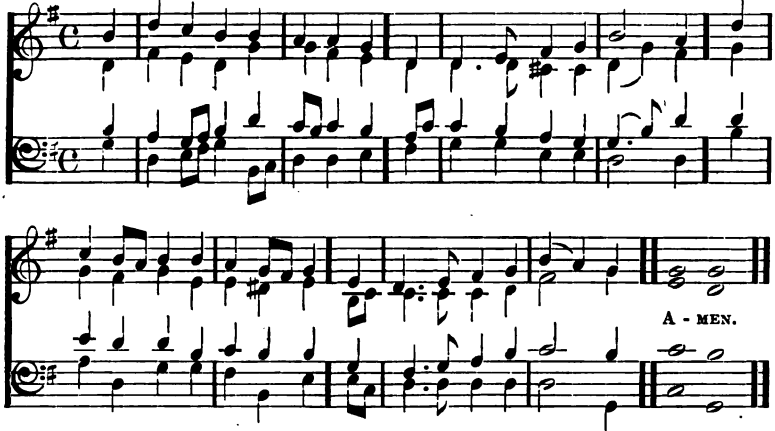
The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be,
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry—
"Against him I have now prevailed;
Rejoice! the child of God has failed."

Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
O loving Jesus, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

73 Dominus regit me. 8.7.8.7.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



THE King of love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransom'd soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish, oft I stray'd,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

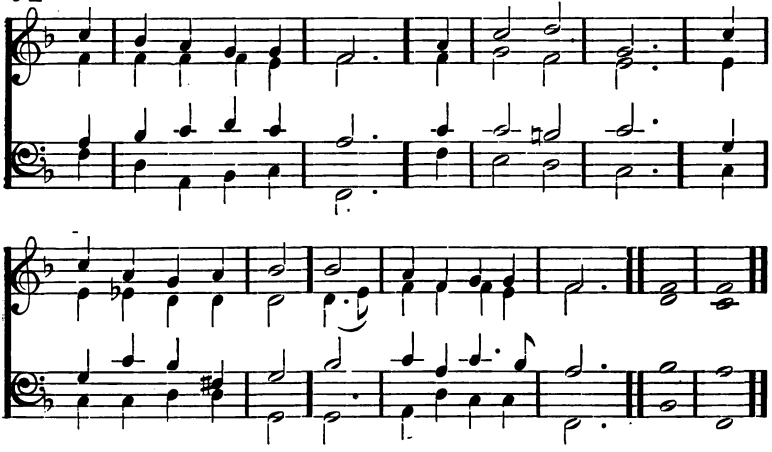
In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spreadst a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O the transport of delight
With which my cup o'erfloweth.

And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

74 S. Columba. 6.4.6.6.

H. S. IRONS.



THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

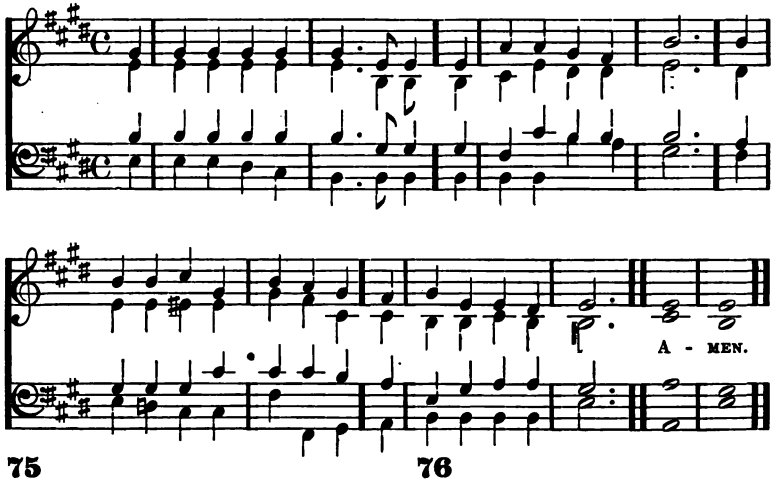
Save that his will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all his power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

One Sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

75 & 76 Meditation. C. M.

JOHN H. GOWER, Mus. Doc., Oxon.



75

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw that stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

76

THERE is a green hill far away
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

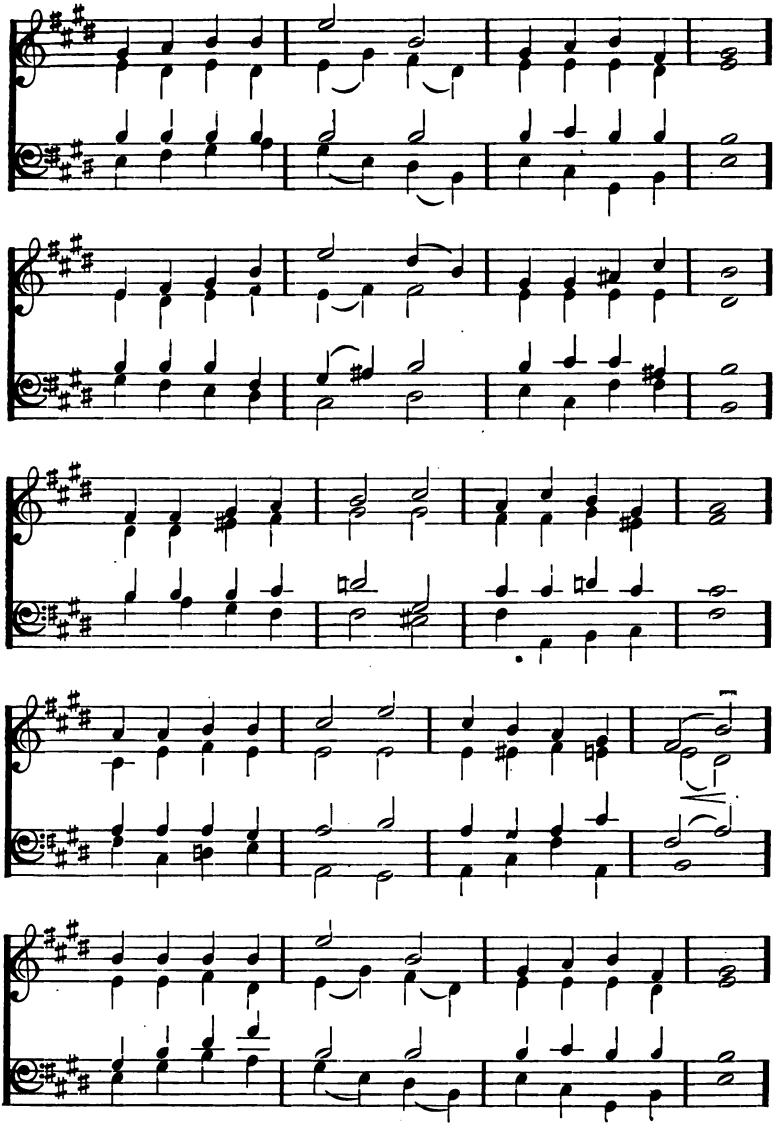
We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

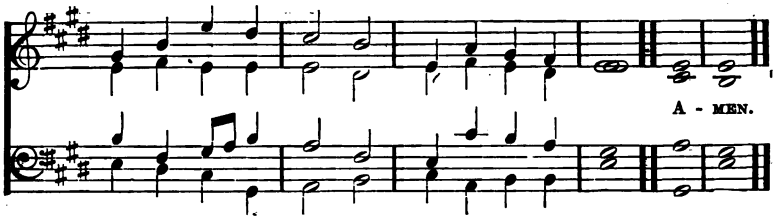
He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven
Saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

77 **Vexillum.** *FIRST TUNE.* **6. 5. D.** SMART.





BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
  Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
  To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
  Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
  Take our heavenward way.
    Brightly gleams our banner,
      Pointing to the sky,
    Waving wanderers onward
      To their home on high.

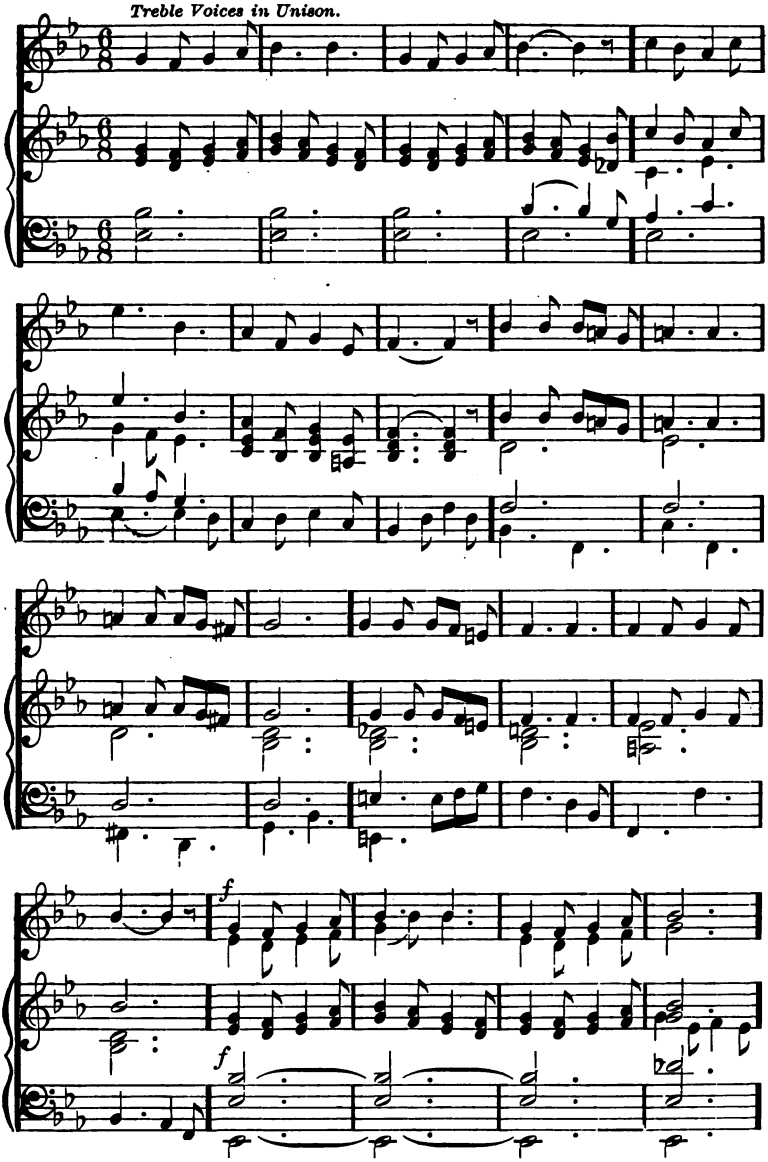
Jesus, Lord and Master,
  At thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
  See thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
  Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
  In the narrow way.
    Brightly gleams, etc.

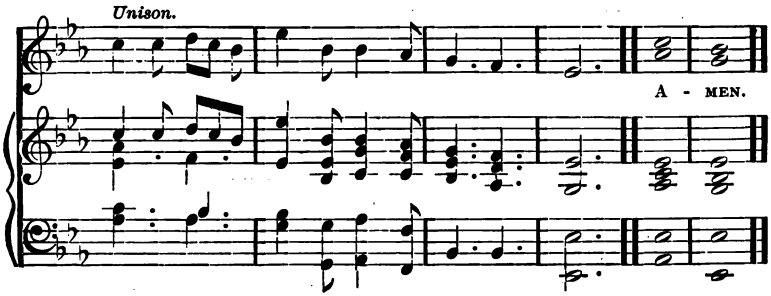
All our days direct us
  In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
  Over every foe;
Bid thine angels shield us
  When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
  In the last dread hour.
    Brightly gleams, etc.

Then with saints and angels
  May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
  At thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
  Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
  Songs that never cease.
    Brightly gleams, etc.

77 **St. Theresa.** *SECOND TUNE.* ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Treble Voices in Unison.





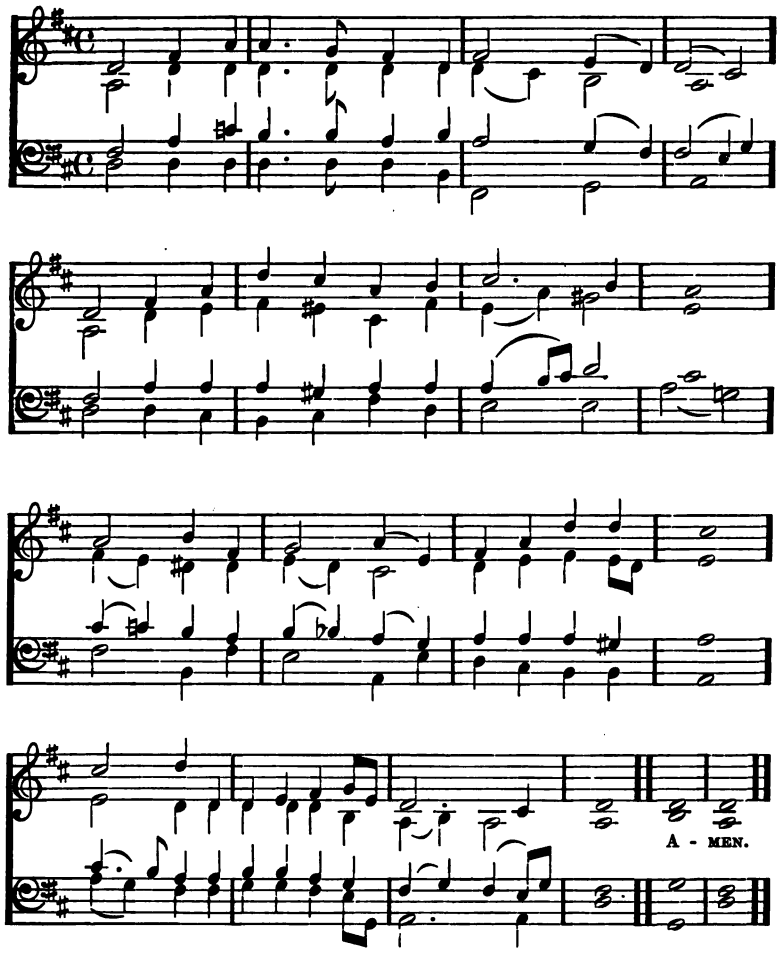
BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
  Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
  To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
  Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
  Take our heavenward way.
    Brightly gleams our banner,
      Pointing to the sky,
      Waving wanderers onward
        To their home on high.

Jesus, Lord and Master,
  At thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
  See thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
  Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
  In the narrow way.
    Brightly gleams, etc.

All our days direct us
  In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
  Over every foe;
Bid thine angels shield us
  When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
  In the last dread hour.
    Brightly gleams, etc.

Then with saints and angels
  May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
  At thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
  Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
  Songs that never cease.
    Brightly gleams, etc.

78 Pax Dei. 10.10.10.10. DYKES.



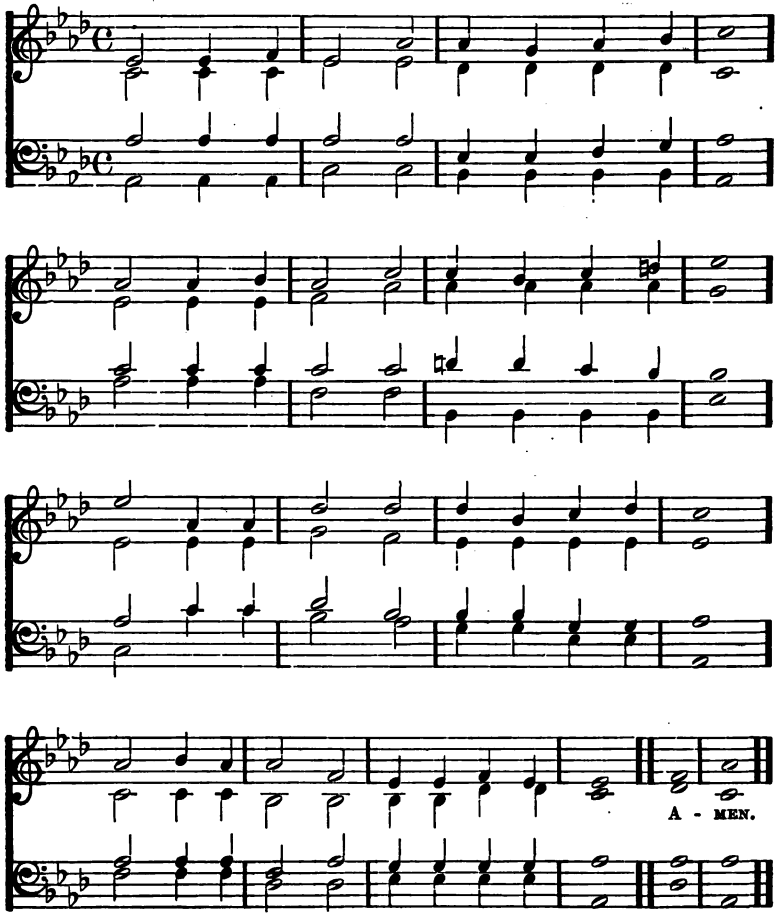
SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

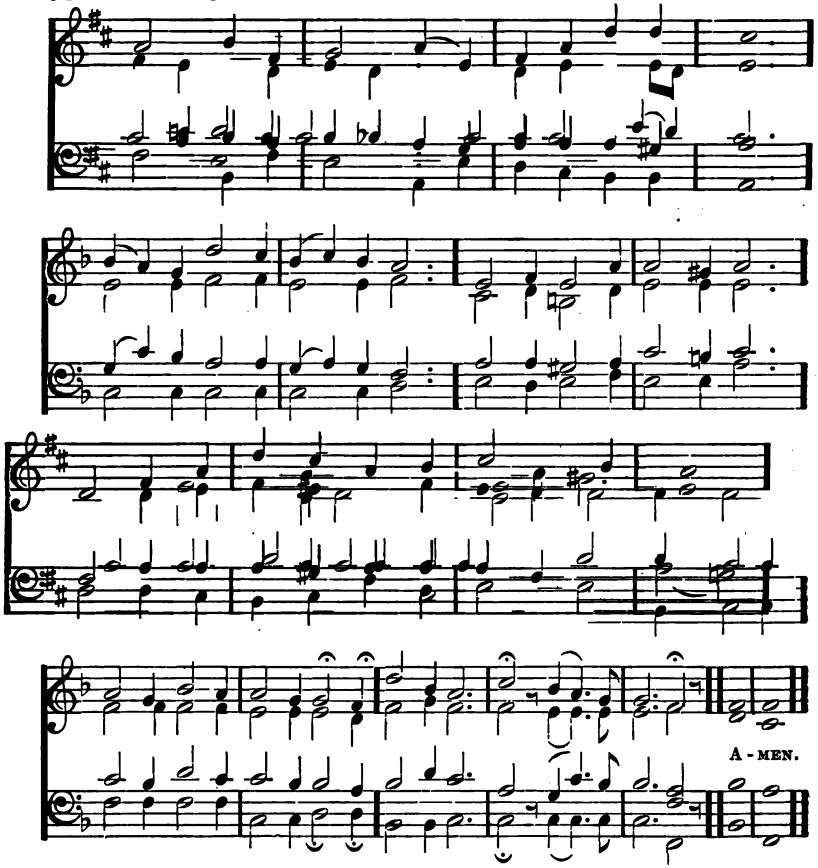
***Ellers.** *SECOND TUNE.* E. J. HOPKINS.



** This tune may be sung in unison.*

79 Offertory.

REDHEAD.



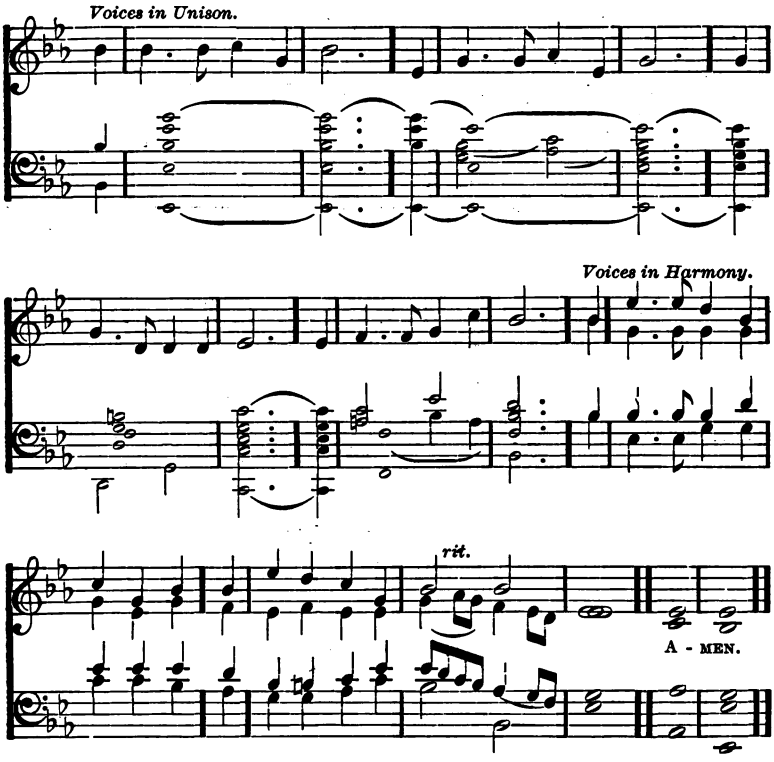
HOLY offerings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration;
To the God of our salvation;
On his altar laid we leave them;
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to Thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help thy grace in its prevailings—
On thine altar laid we leave them;
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

Homage of each humble heart,
Ere we from thy house depart:
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender;
On thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On thine altar laid we leave them!
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

Temple. 6.6.6.6.8.8. GOWER.



JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see thy face?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.
O happy place, etc.

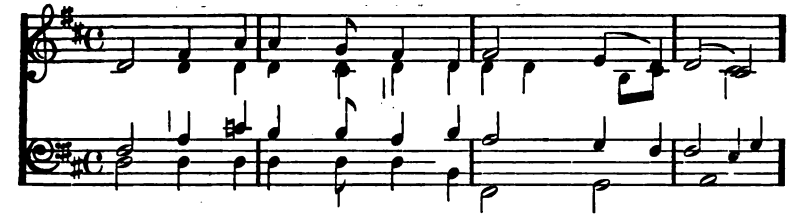
The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace;
O happy place, etc,

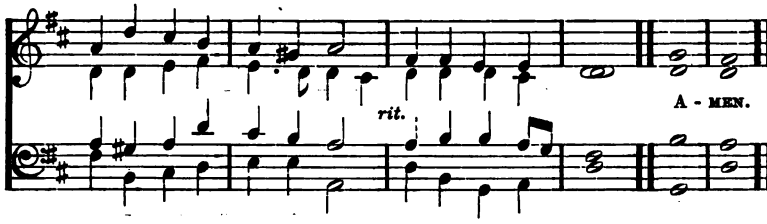
The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
O happy place, etc.

The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
Clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned;
O happy place, etc.

Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay;
No place like that on high;
Lord, thither guide my way;
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see thy face?

81 Capetown. 7.7.7.5. German.





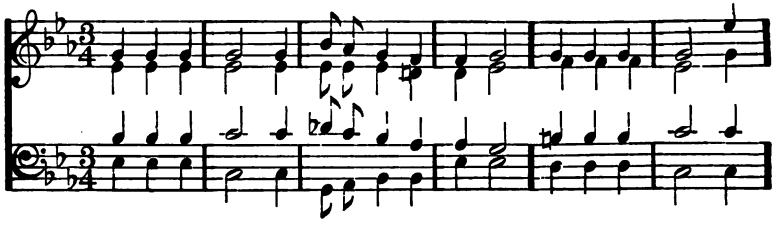
HOLY Father, cheer our way
With thy everlasting ray:
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

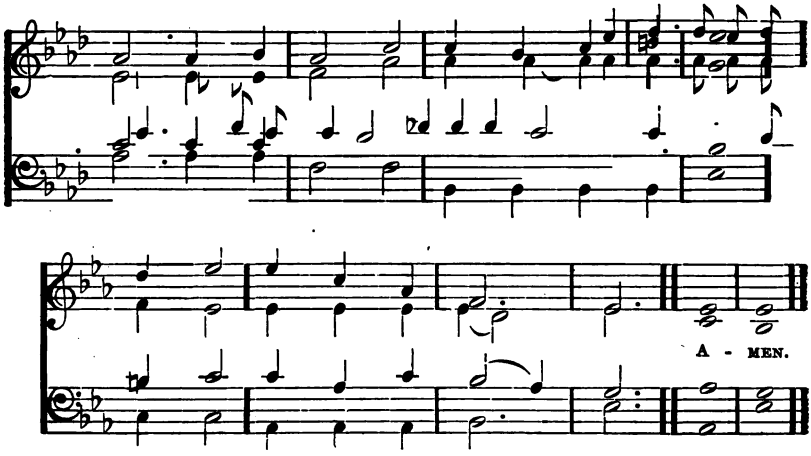
Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time.

Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

Holy, blesséd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee:
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

82 Cloisters. 11.11.11.5. BARNBY.





LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

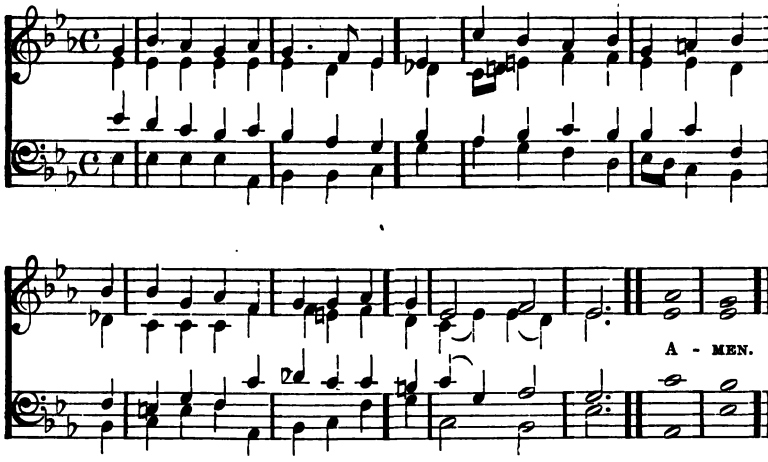
See round thine Ark the hungry billows curling!
See how thy foes their banners are unfurling!
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preservs us.

Lord, Thou canst help when eartly armor faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us thy peace, Lord!

Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm thy foes raging;

Grant us thy help till backward they are driven;
Grant them thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in thy heaven.

83 St. Gabriel. *FIRST TUNE.* 8.8.8.4. OUSELEY.



O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits thy love declare,
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all!

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays.
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all!

Thou didst not spare thine only Son,
But gav'st for Him a world undone,
And freely with that blessed One
Thou givest all.

Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost his seven-fold graces shower
Upon us all.

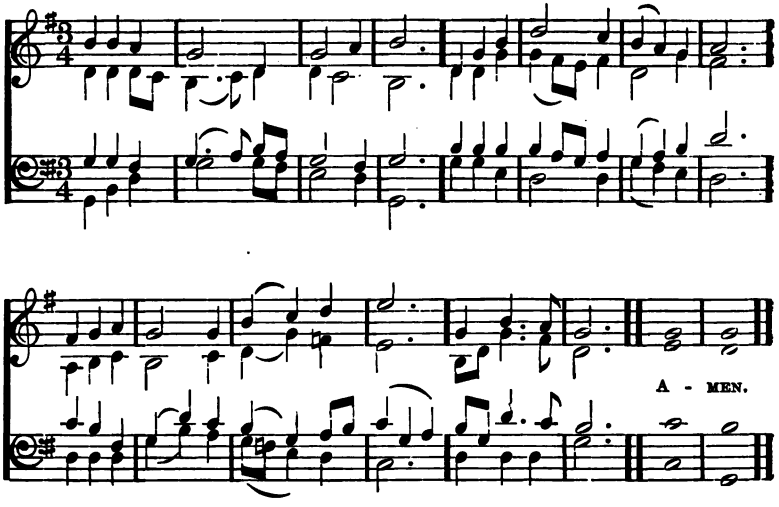
For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all ?

We lose what on ourselves we spend ;
We have as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

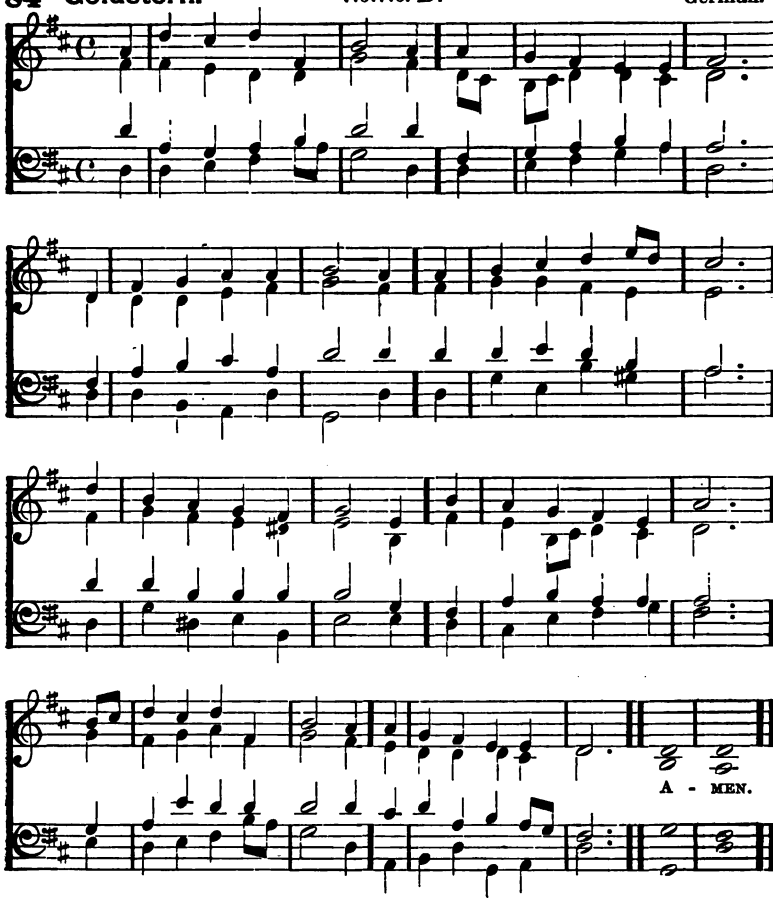
Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be ;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all ;

To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give ;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all !

Almsgiving. *SECOND TUNE.* 8.8.8.4. DYKES.



84 Goldstern. 7.6.7.6. D. German.



O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour
Whom yet unseen we love!
O Name of might and favor,
All other names above!

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King.

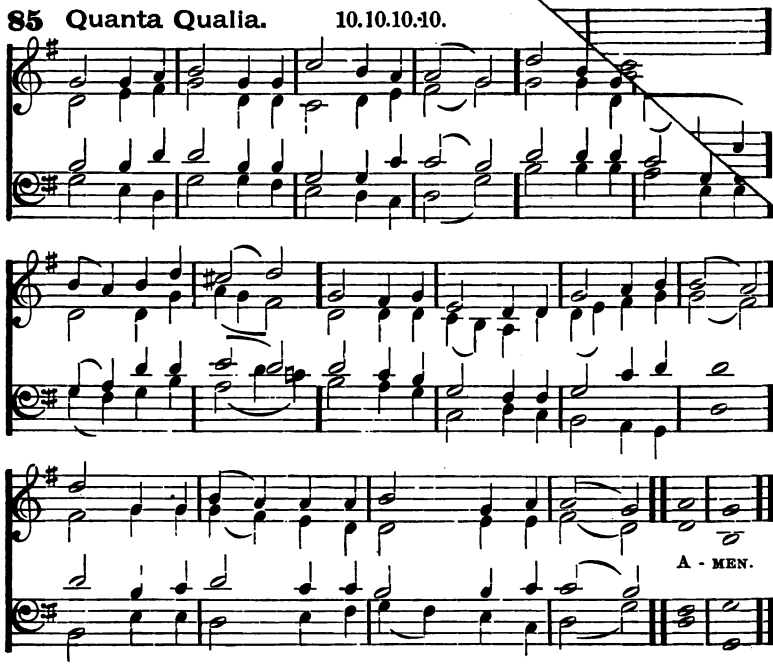
O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship Thee, etc.

In Thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
We worship Thee, etc.

Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our songs above
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love!

Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

85 Quanta Qualia. 10.10.10.10.



OH, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blesséd ones see!
Crowns for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest!

What are the Monarch, his court, his throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

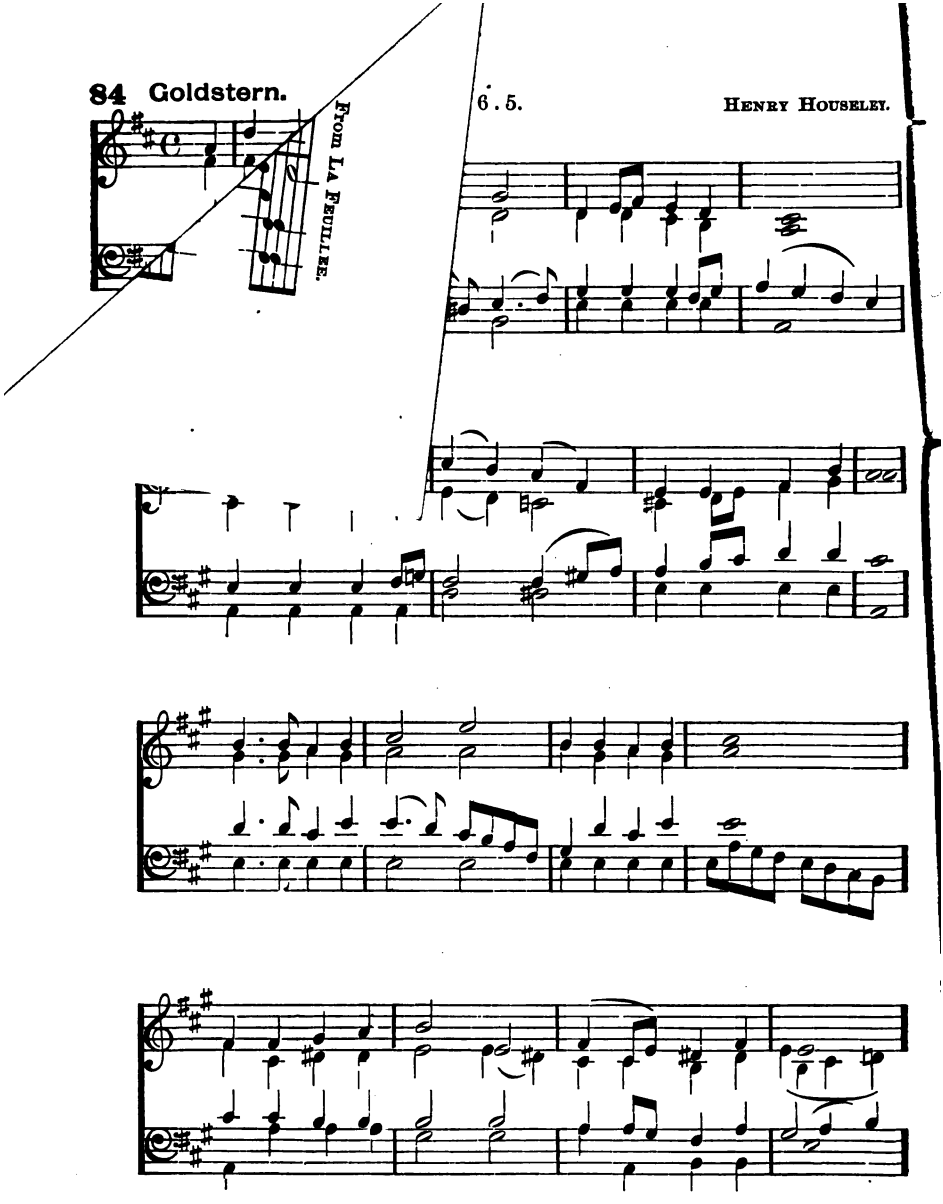
Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore!
Wish and fulfillment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing.
While for thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise,
Thy blesséd people eternally raise.

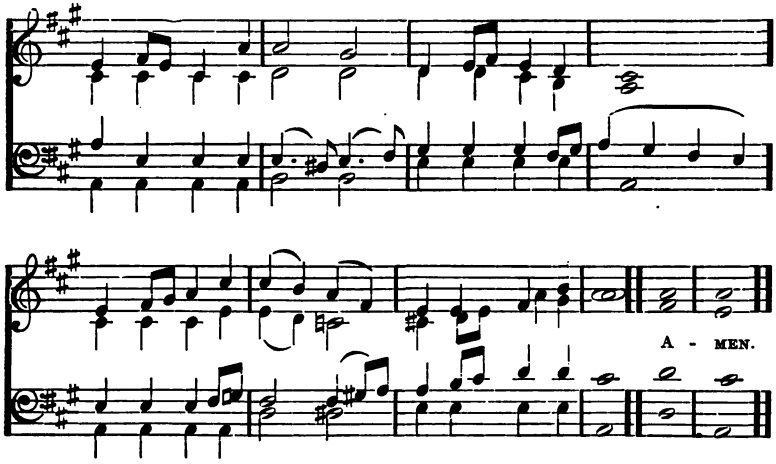
There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the Angels and us shall belong.

Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;
Of whom, the Father; and in whom, the Son;
Through whom, the Spirit, with them ever One. AMEN.



NOTE.—This Hymn may be sung to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers."



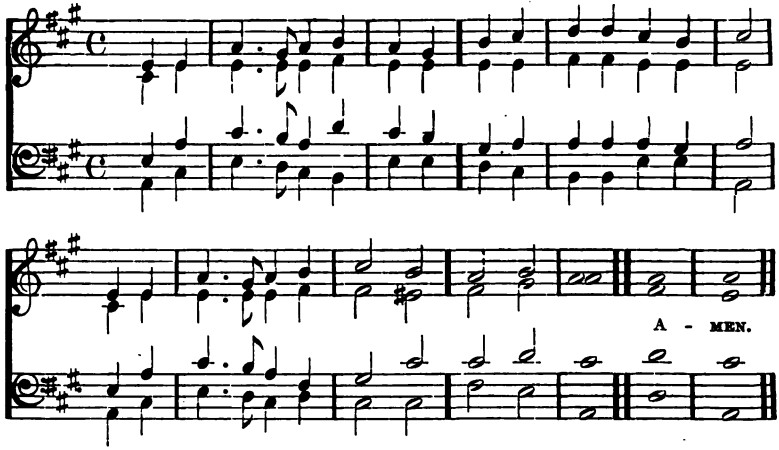
On our way rejoicing
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness?
Thine it cannot be!
Is our sky beclouded?
Clouds are not from Thee!
On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love!

If with honest hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.
On our way rejoicing, etc.

On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go,
Conquering hath our leader,
Vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety,
Christ within, our joy,
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?
On our way rejoicing, etc.

Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore!
On our way rejoicing, etc.

87 Melton. 8.7.8.3. WILLING.



ON the resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain!

Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

For a space the tired body
Lies with feet toward the dawn;
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.

But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayers and strong:
Breaking at the resurrection
Into song.

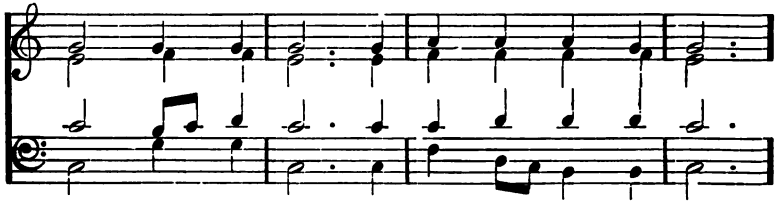
Soul and body reunited,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide.
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied.

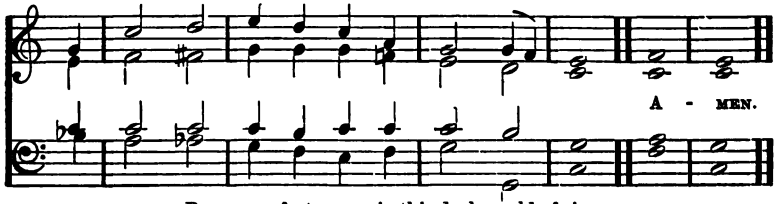
Oh, the beauty, oh, the gladness
Of that resurrection day!
Which shall not, through endless ages,
Pass away!

On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child and mother,
Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesus Christ at last:
To thy cross, through death and judgment
Holding fast.

88 Pax Tecum. 10s. CALDBECK.





PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

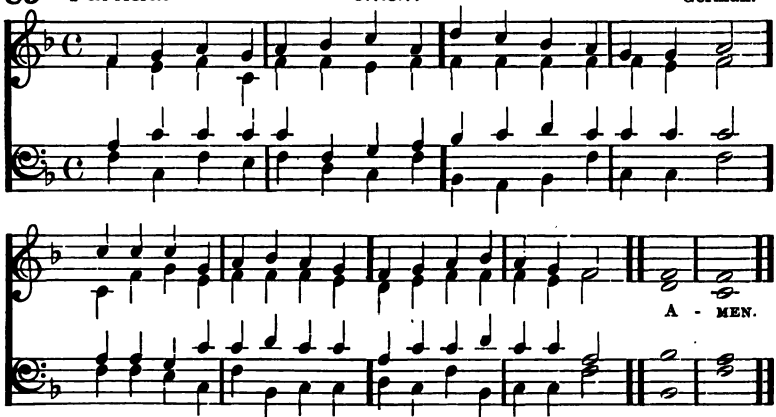
Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace, with our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the Throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death and shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.

89 Turnau. 8.7.8.7. German.



SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

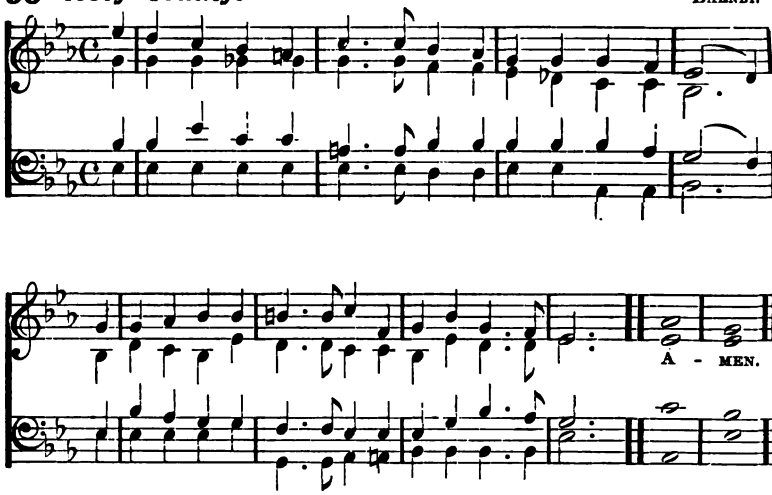
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

Father, to thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, Who hast blest our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine:

Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

90 Holy Trinity.

BARNBY.



SPIRIT divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
Oh, come, great Spirit, come!

Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe:
And lead us in those paths of life
Whereon the righteous go.

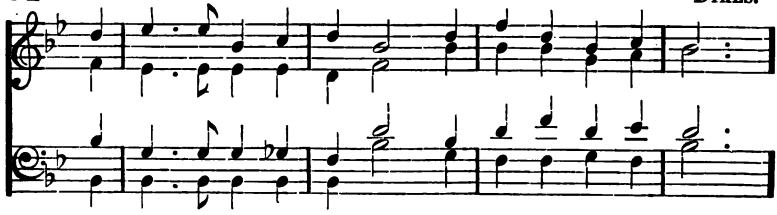
Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

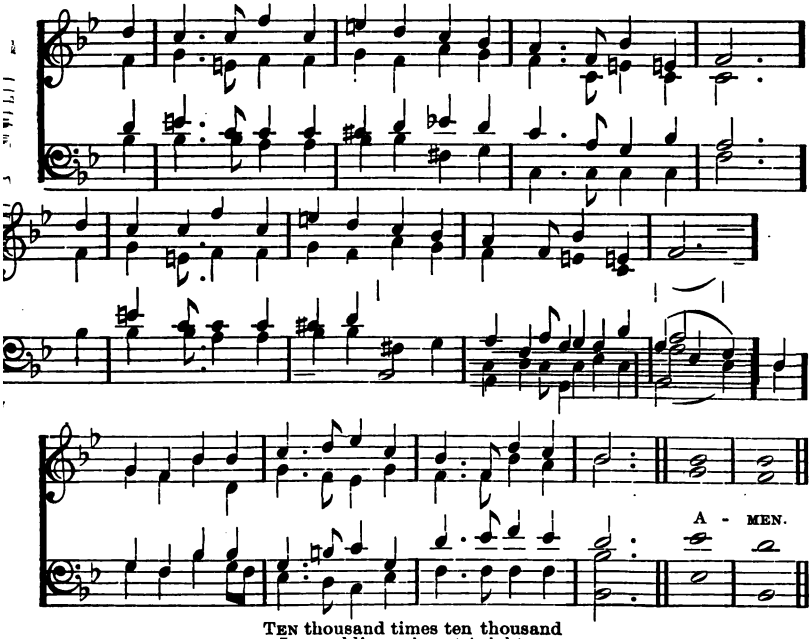
Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

Spirit divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
Oh, come, great Spirit, come!

91 Alford.

DYKES.





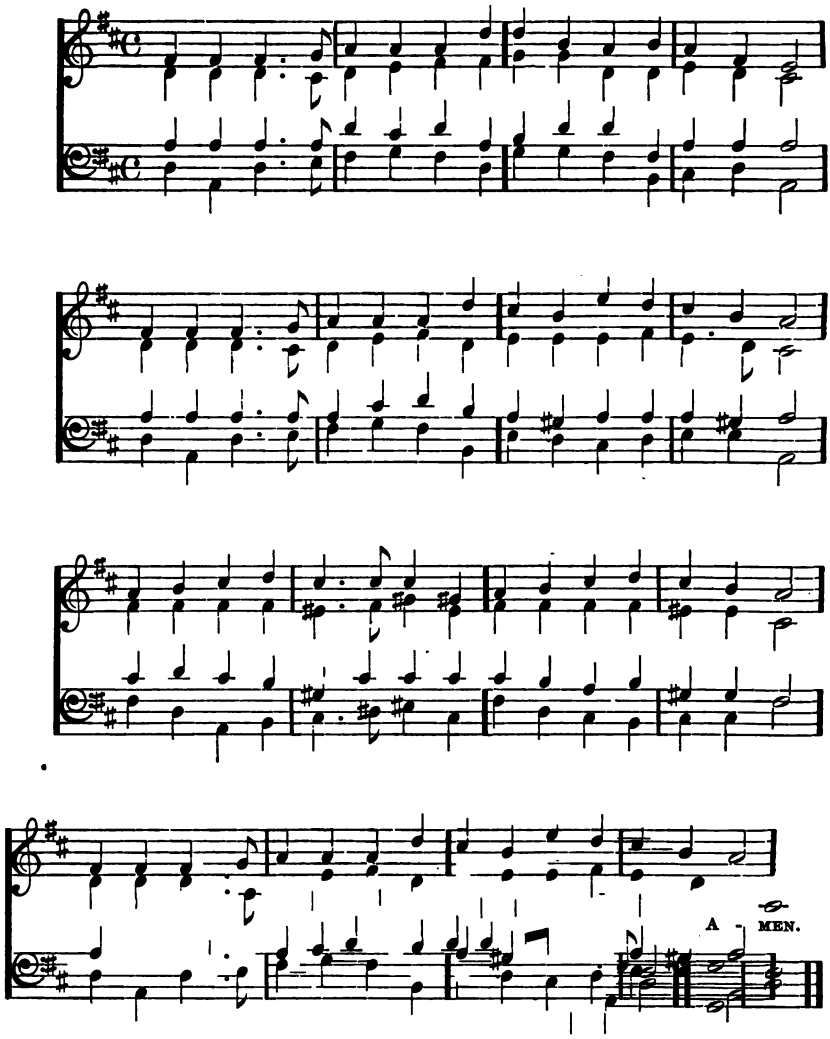
TEN thousand times ten thousand
  In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
  Throng up the steps of light;
'Tis finished! all is finished,
  Their fight with death and sin,
Fling open wide the golden gates
  And let the victors in.

What rush of Alleluias
  Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
  Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
  And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
  A thousand-fold repaid.

Oh, then what raptured greetings
  On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
  Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
  That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
  Nor widows desolate.

Bring near thy great salvation,
  Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
  Then take thy power and reign!
Appear, Desire of nations!
  Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heavens thy promised sign!
  Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

92 St. Asaph. (*FIRST TUNE.*) 8.7.8.7. D. W. S. BAMBRIDGE.



THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

Clear before us through the darkness
  Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
  Stepping fearless through the night.

One, the light of God's own presence,
  O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
  Brightning all the path we tread:

One, the object of our journey,
  One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
  One, the hope our God inspires.

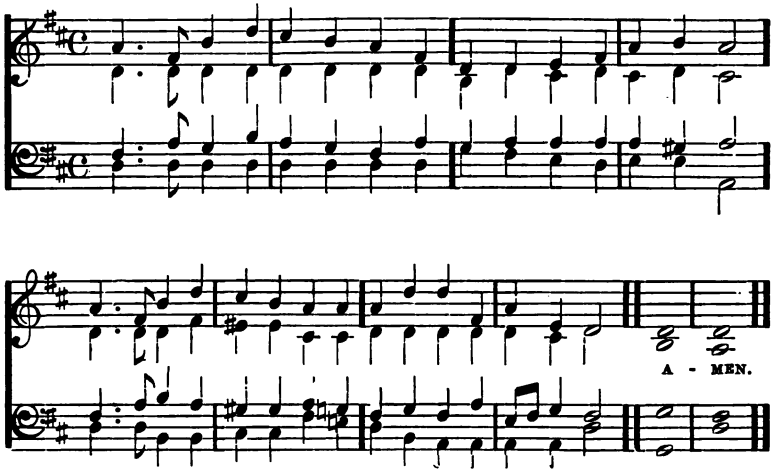
One, the strain the lips of throusands
  Lift as from the heart of one;
One, the conflict, one the peril,
  One, the march in God begun:

One, the gladness of rejoicing
  On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty Father
  Reigns in love for evermore.

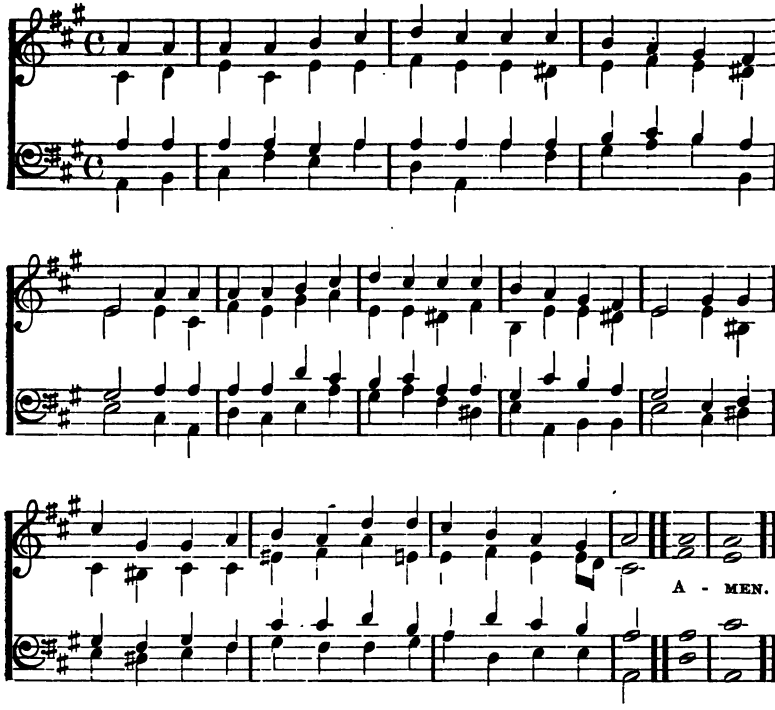
Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers!
  Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame and fight its battle,
  Till we rest beneath its shade!

Soon shall come the great awaking;
  Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
  And the end of toil and gloom!

St. Oswald. (*SECOND TUNE.*) 8.7.8.7. DYKES.



93 Oriel. 8.7.8.7.8.7. Old Melody.



To the Name of our Salvation
  Laud and honour let us pay,
Which for many a generation
  Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
  We may sing aloud to-day.

Jesus is the Name we treasure,
  Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
  Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
  Saving us from sin and hell.

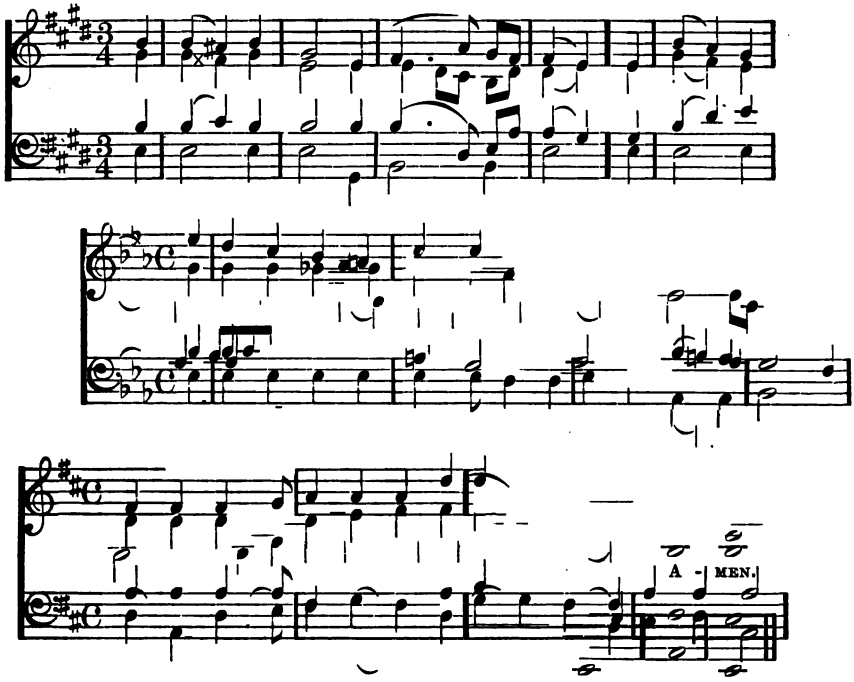
'Tis the Name for adoration,
  Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
  In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
  By the citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
  Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
  Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
  Heavenly joy possesseth here.

Jesus is the Name exalted
  Over every other name;
In this name, whene'er assaulted,
  We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
  Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

Therefore we in love adoring
  This most blesséd Name revere,
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
  So to write it in us here,
That hereafter heavenward soaring
  We may sing with angels there.

94 **Willings.** L. M. WILLINGS.



THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

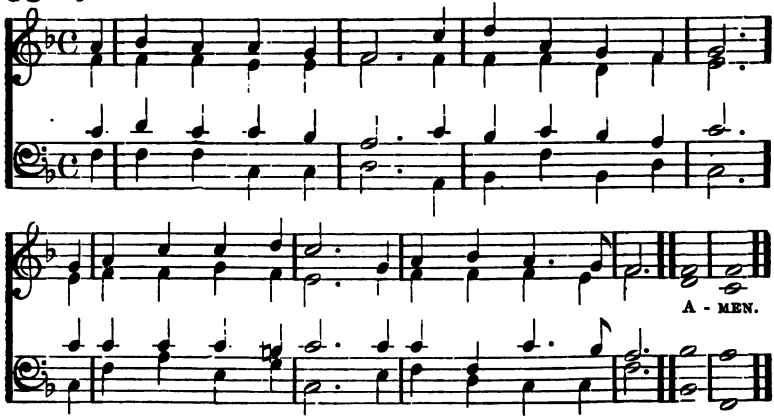
We thank Thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the Western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

95 Quam Dilecta. 6.6.6.6. JENNER.



WE love the place, O God,
Wherein thine honor dwells :
The joy of thine abode
All other joy excels.

We love the house of prayer,
Wherein thy servants meet:
For Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen ones to greet.

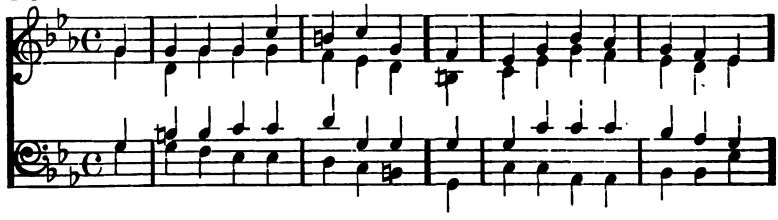
We love the sacred font,
Wherein the Holy Dove
Bestows, as He is wont,
His blessing from above.

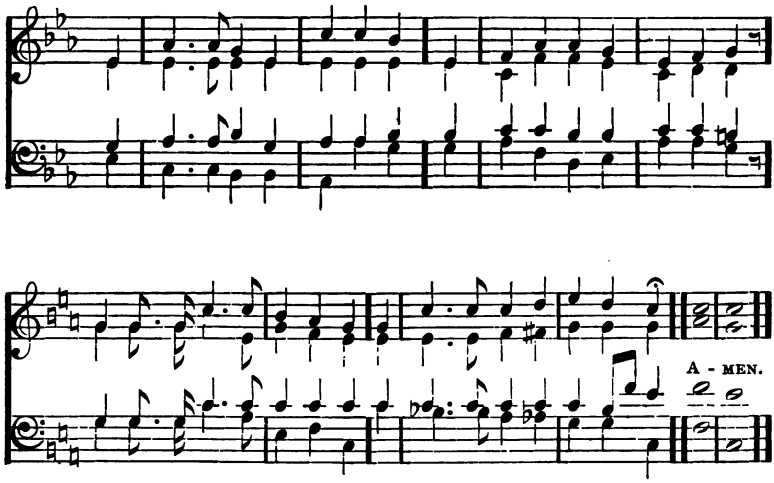
We love thine altar, Lord,
Its mysteries revere:
For there in faith adored,
We find thy presence near.

We love thy holy word,
The lamp Thou gav'st to guide
All wanderers home, O Lord,
Home to their Father's side.

Then let us sing the love
To us so freely given,
Until we sing above
The triumph-song of heaven.

96 Credo. STAINER.





We saw Thee not when Thou didst come,
  To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld thy cottage-home
  In that despised Nazareth;
But we believe thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

We did not see Thee lifted high
  Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard thy meek, imploring cry,
  "Forgive, they know not what they do;"
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

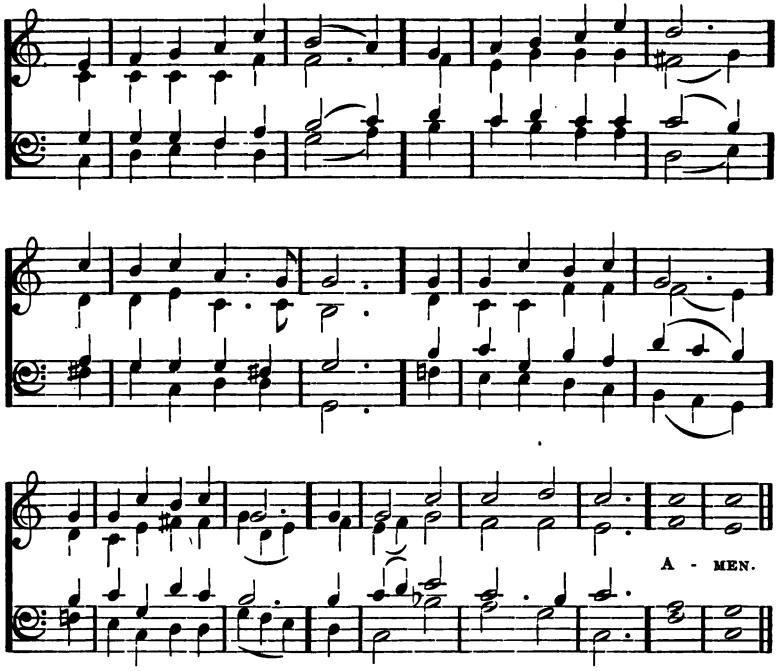
We stood not by the empty tomb
  Where late thy sacred Body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
  Nor met Thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

We did not mark the chosen few,
  When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
  Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

And now that Thou dost reign on high,
  And thence thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
  Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe thy faithful Word,
And trust in our Redeeming Lord.

97 Laudis Domino.

BARNBY.



WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Whene'er the sweet Chruch bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised,

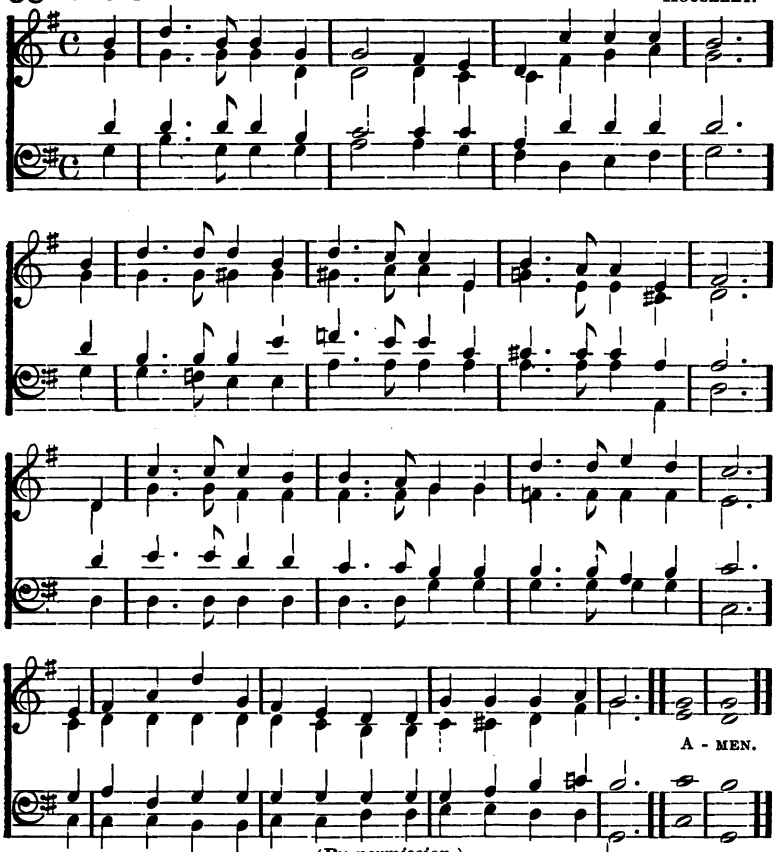
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

98 Sub Cruce.

HOUSELEY.



(*By permission.*)

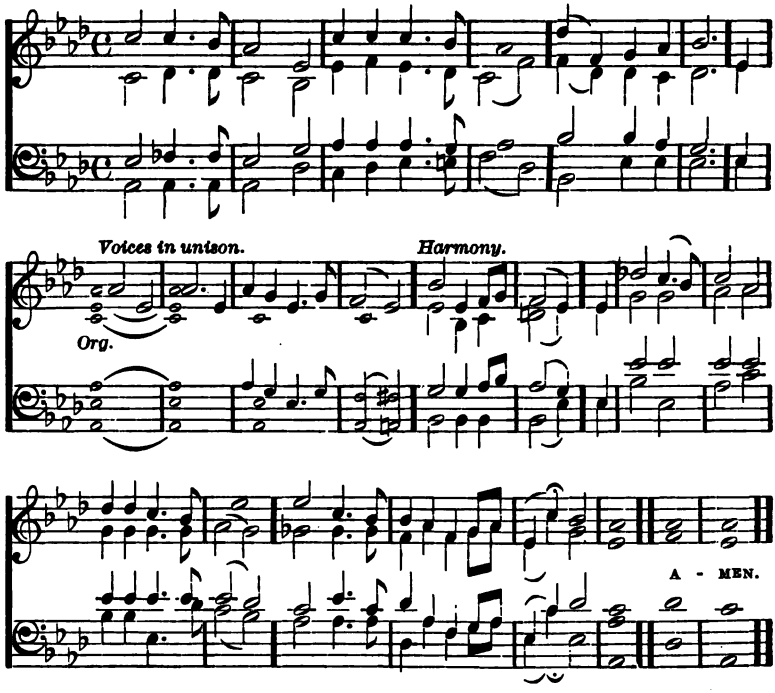
BENEATH the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty Rock
Within a weary land:
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat.
And the burden of the day.

Upon the cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me.
And from my smitten heart with fears,
These wonders I confess,
The wonder of his glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place,
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of his face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain or loss,
My sinful self, my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

99 Beckwith.

GOWER.



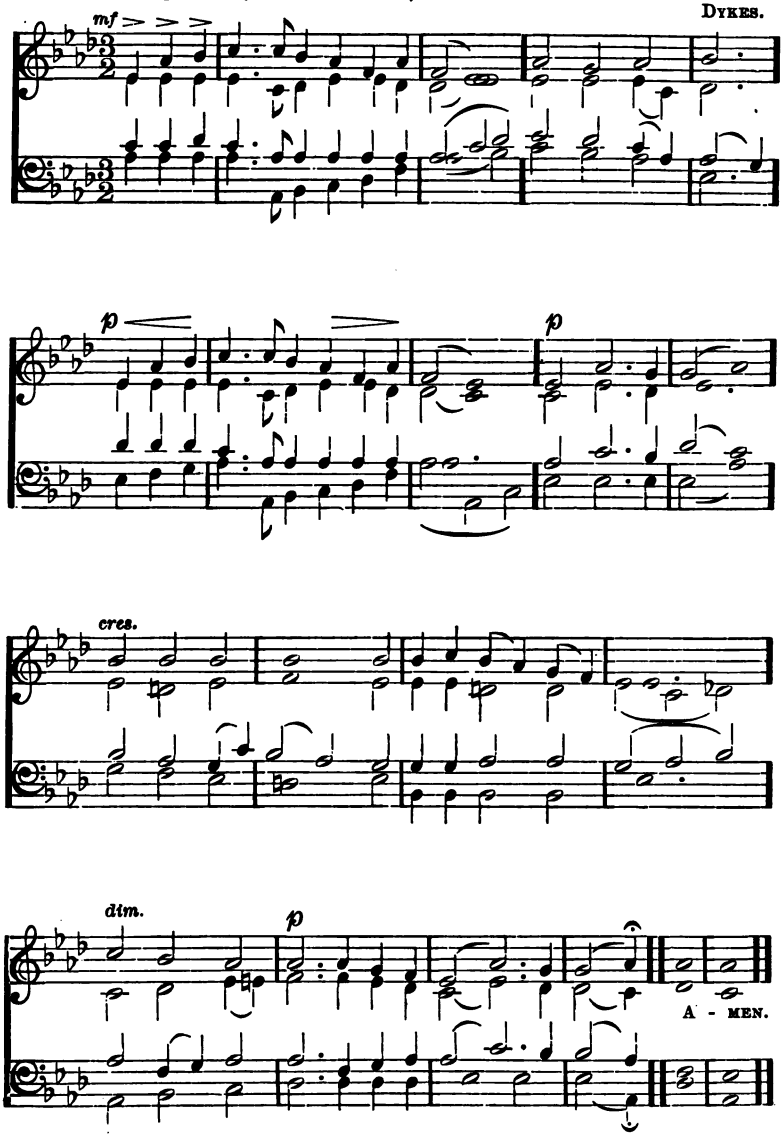
LEAD, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path: but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

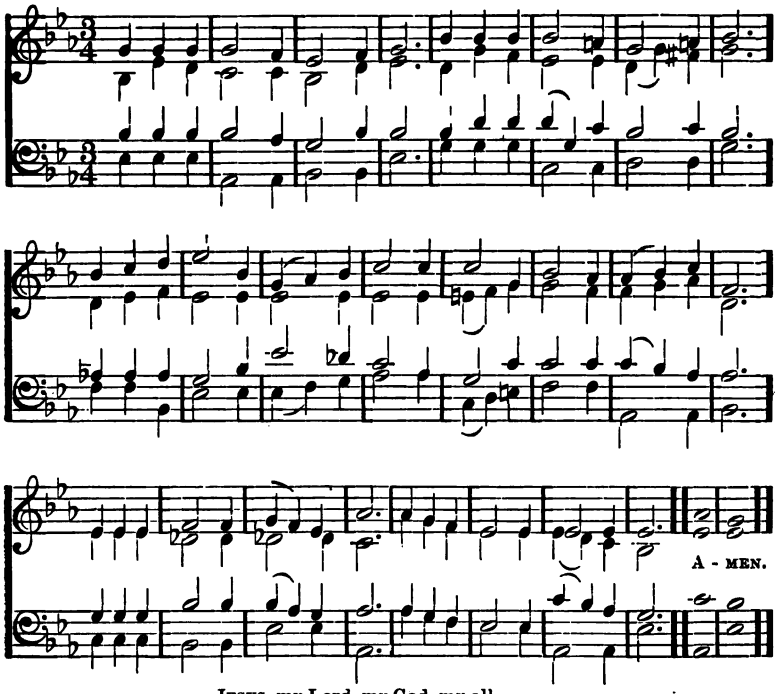
So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. AMEN.

Lux Benigna. (*SECOND TUNE.*)

DYKES.



100 Westminster. 8.8.8.8.8.8. BARNBY.



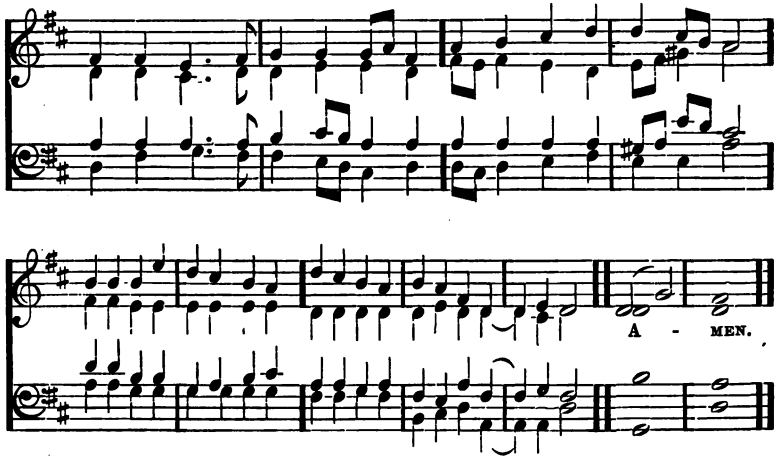
JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of thy grace.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

Jesus, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought!
Oh, far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I am or have is Thine;
And Thou, my Saviour, Thou are mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me Love Thee more and more!

101 **Etiam et Mihi.** 8s. 7s. 3. DYKES.



LORD, I hear the showers of blessing
  Thou art scattering full and free!
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
  Let some portion fall on me,
    Even me!

Pass me not, O gracious Father!
  Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st punish, but the rather
  Let thy mercy light on me,
    Even me!

Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
  Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for thy favor:
  Whilst Thou art calling, oh, call me,
    Even me!

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
  Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
  Speak the word of power to me,
    Even me!

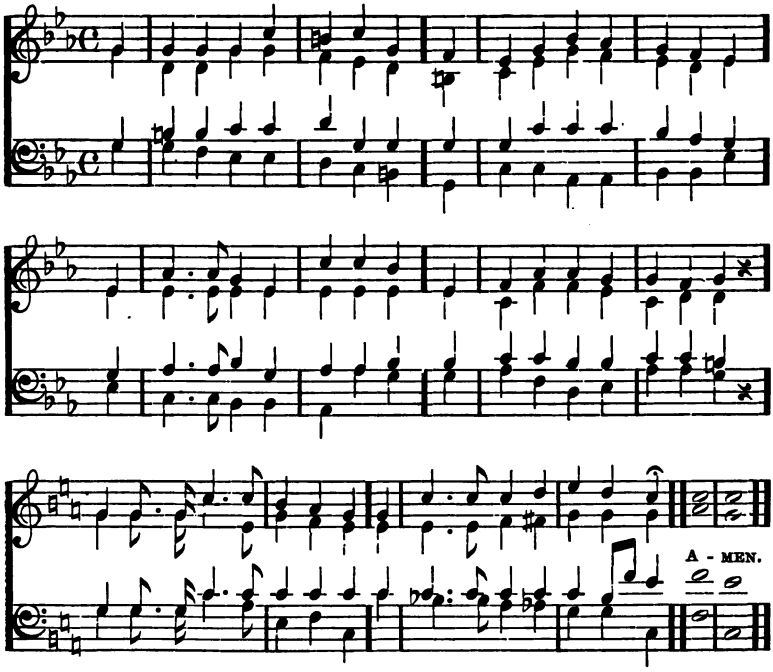
Have I long in sin been sleeping?
  Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
  Oh, forgive and rescue me,
    Even me!

Love of God, so pure and changeless;
  Blood of God, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
  Magnify it all in me,
    Even me!

Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
  'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee!
All my heart to Thee is springing;
  Blessing others, oh, bless me,
    Even me!

102 Credo.

STAINER.



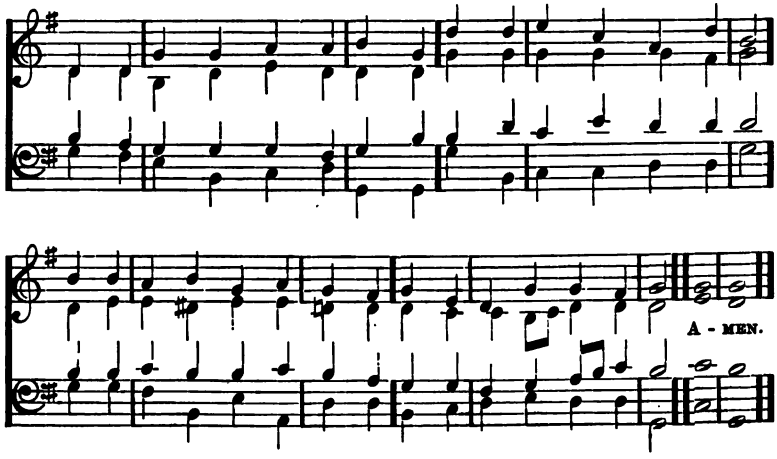
My hope is built on nothing less
  Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
  But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ the solid Rock, I stand,
  All other ground is shifting sand.

When clouds and darkness veil his face,
  I rest on his unchanging grace;
On ev'ry high and stormy gale
  My anchor holds within the vale.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
  All other ground is shifting sand.

His word, his covenant, his blood,
  Support me in the 'whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way
  He then is all my help and stay.
On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
  All other ground is shifting sand.

When He shall come with trumpet sound,
  Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Clothed in his righteousness alone,
  Faultless to stand before the throne.
On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
  All other ground is shifting sand.

103 Stuttgardt. 8.7. German.



Solo. WHO is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable shelter'd,
Coldly in a manger laid?

'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.

Solo. Who is this, a Man of sorrows
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?

'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now prepares the many mansions,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

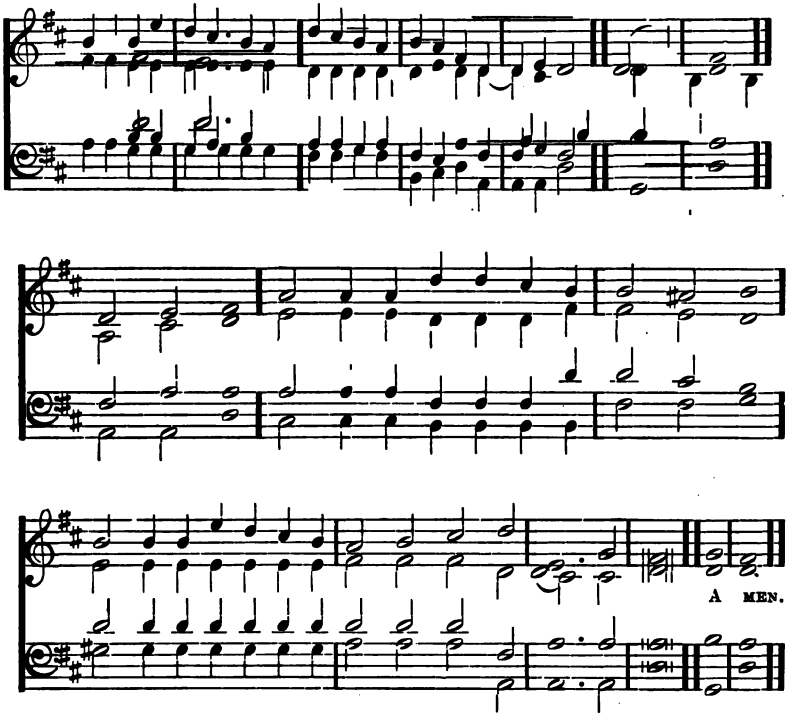
Solo. Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mock'd, insulted, beaten, bound?

'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
On his Church now poureth down:
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All his foes beneath his throne.

Solo. Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
On the cross with sinners number'd,
Pierced by nails and crown'd with
thorns?

'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly.

104 **Ora Labora.** P.M. SIR R. STEWART, MUS. DOC.



COME, labor on.
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain?
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go, work to day."

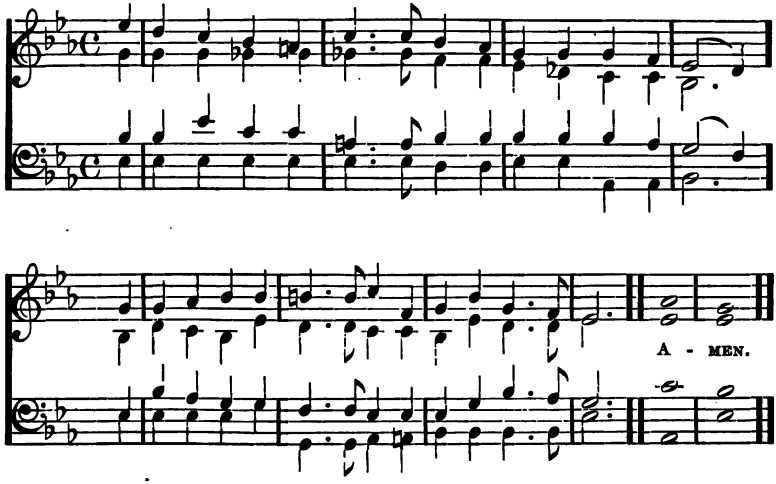
Come, labor on.
Claim the high calling angels cannot share—
To young and old the gospel-gladness bear:
Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly.
The night draws nigh.

Come, labor on.
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here:
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

Come, labor on.
No time for rest till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
"Servants, well done."

Come, labor on.
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
Blessed are they who to the end endure:
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee!

105 Holy Trinity. C.M. BARNBY.



I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God,
  And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
  To love Thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blesséd rule
  Of Jesus' toils and tears;
The passion of his yearning heart
  Those three and thirty years.

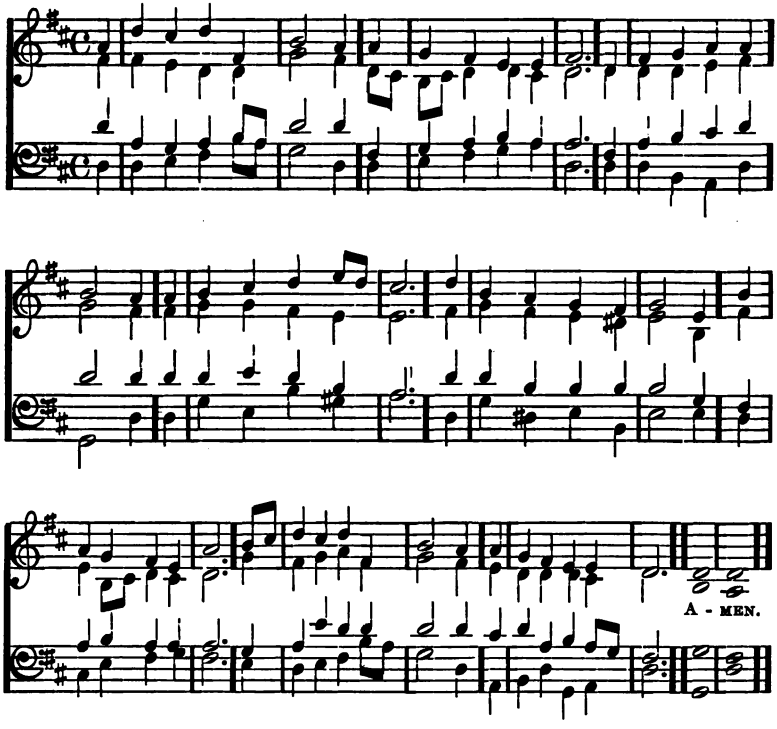
I love to kiss each print where Thou
  Hast set thine unseen feet;
I cannot fear Thee blesséd will!
  Thine empire is so sweet.

Man's weakness waiting upon God,
  Its end can never miss;
For men on earth no work can do
  More angel-like than this.

He always wins who sides with God,
  To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
  It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
  And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
  If it be his sweet will.

106 **Goldstern.** 7.6. D. German.



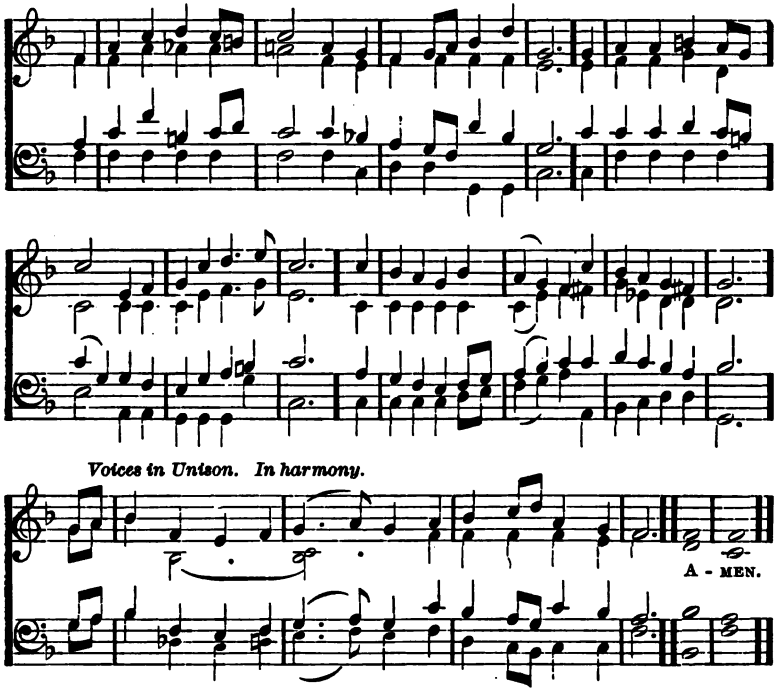
STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross.
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day;
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of strength will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the Gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

107 Day of Rest. 7.6. D. J. W. Elliott.



O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my guide.

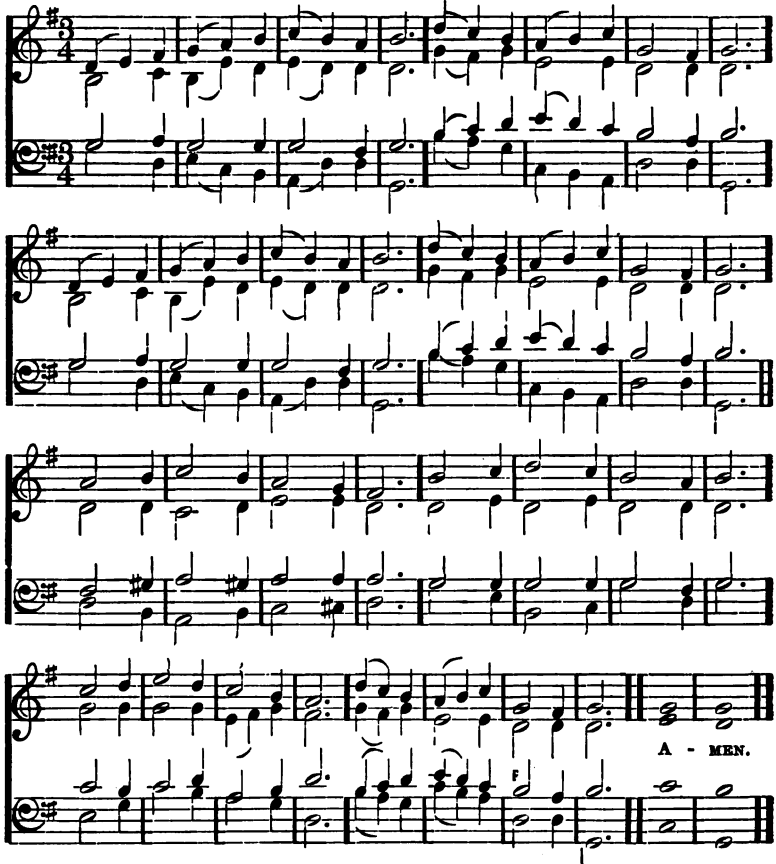
O let me feel Thee near me!
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmers of self-will!
Oh, speak to re-assure me.
To hasten or control!
Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou guardian of my soul!

O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be:
And Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

Oh, let me see thy foot-marks
And in them plant mine own!
My hope to follow duly
Is in thy strength alone.
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end!
At last in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

108 Maidstone. 7s. GILBERT.

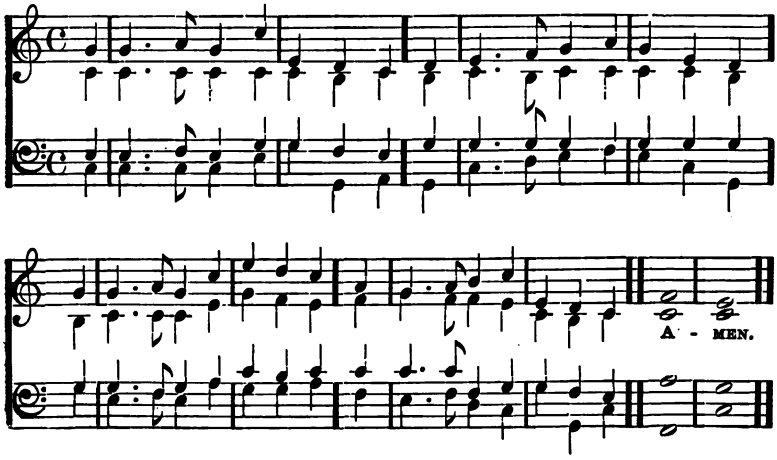


TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee:
Take my moments and my days!
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love;
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne;
Take my love, my Lord, and pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

109 **Alstone.** L.M. C. E. Willing.



We are but little children weak,
  Not born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake
  Who is so high and good and great?

We know the Holy Innocents
  Laid down for Him their infant life,
And martyrs brave and patient saints
  Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

We wear the cross they wore of old,
  Our lips have learned like vows to make:
We need not die; we cannot fight;
  What may we do for Jesus' sake?

Oh, day by day each christian child
  Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
  A weary war to wage with sin:

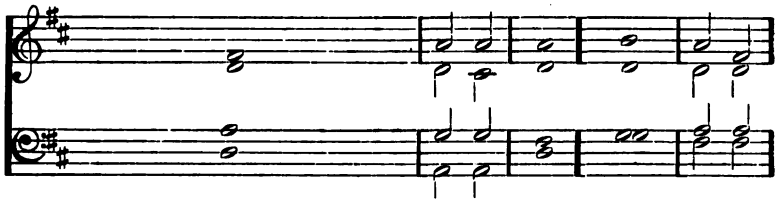
When deep within our swelling hearts
  The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
  And tears of passion in our eyes;

Then we may stay the angry blow,
  Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
  And fight a battle for our Lord.

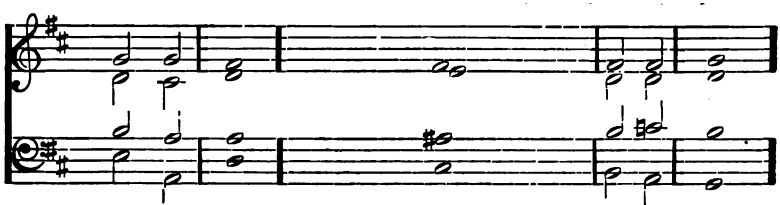
With smiles of peace and looks of love
  Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humor brighten there
  And do all still for Jesus' sake.

There's not a child so small and weak
  But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
  That he may do for Jesus' sake.

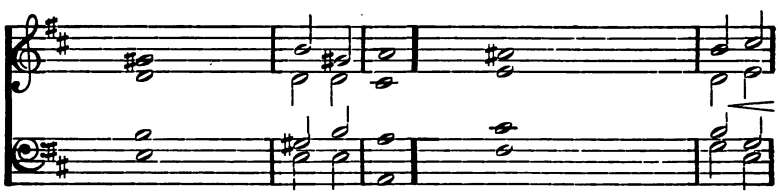
110 **Pastor.** P.M. C. R. Cuff.



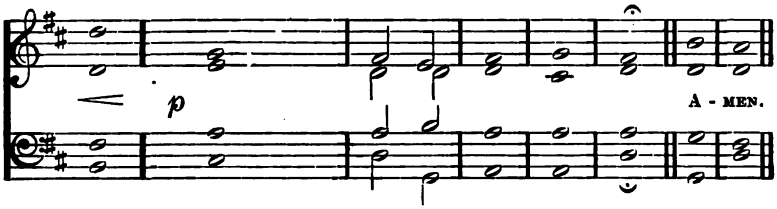
1. There were ninety and *nine* that safe-ly lay *In* the shel-ter
2. Lord, Thou hast *here* thy ninety and nine, *Are* they not e--
3. But none of the ransom'd e-ver knew How *deep* were the
4. "Lord, whence are those *blood*-drops all the way, That mark out the
5. And all through the *moun*tains, thun-der-riven. And *up* from the



of the fold; But one was *out* on the hills a-way,
--nough for Thee?" But the Shepherd made *an*swer: "This of mine
wa-ters cross'd; Nor how dark was the *night* that the Lord pass'd through
moun-tain track?" "They were shed for *one* who had gone a-stray
roc-ky steep, There arose a *cry* to the gate of heaven,

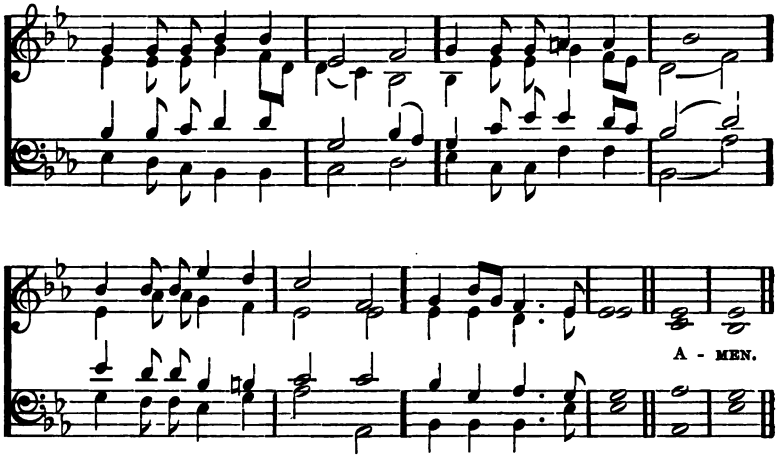


Far *off* from the gates of gold, Away on the *moun*tains wild and
Has *wan*dered a-way from Me; And although the *road* be rough and
Ere He found his *sheep* that was lost. Out in the *de*sert He heard its
Ere the *Shep*herd could bring him back," "Lord, whence are thy *hands* so rent and
"Re*joice*, I have found my sheep." And the angels *echoed* a-round the



bare, *Away* from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
steep, I *go* to the desert to find my sheep."
cry, Sick and *help*less, and rea - dy to die.
torn?" "They are *pierc*ed to - night by many a thorn."
throne, "Re*joice*, for the Lord brings back his own."

111 Work. 7.6.7.5. GOWER.



WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours,
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers.

Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

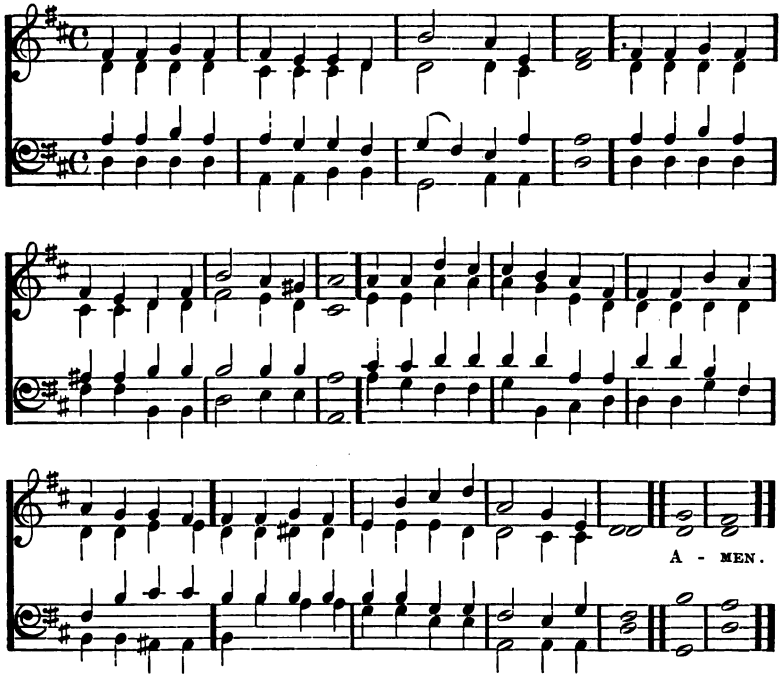
Work for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon,
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon:

Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies:

Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

112 **Strand.** 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. HOPKINS.

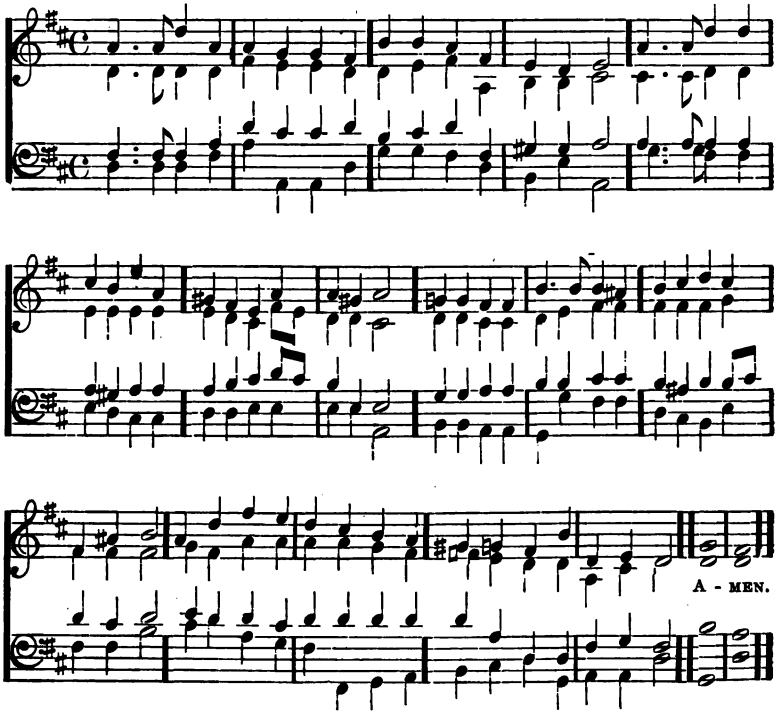


THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is his favor,
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that heal'd us;
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us;
Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us;
All must be well.

Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well.
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding;
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well,
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well.

113 **Lux Eoi.** 8.7.8.7.D. SULLIVAN.



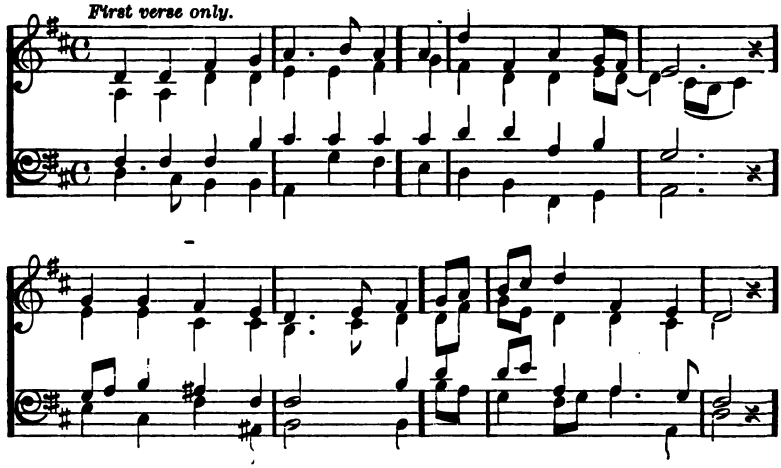
WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

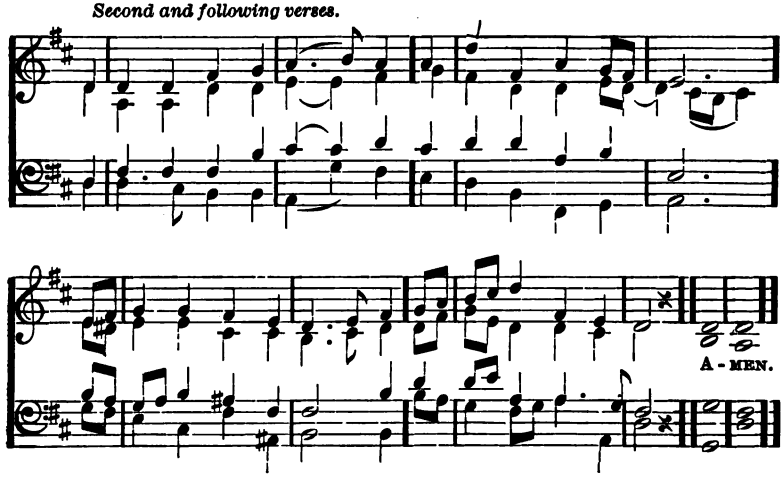
Are we weak aud heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Rest on Him thy spirit's burden,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?—
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In his arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

114 All Things Bright. 7.6.7.6. OUSELEY.

First verse only.



Second and following verses.



ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens;
Each little bird that sings.
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

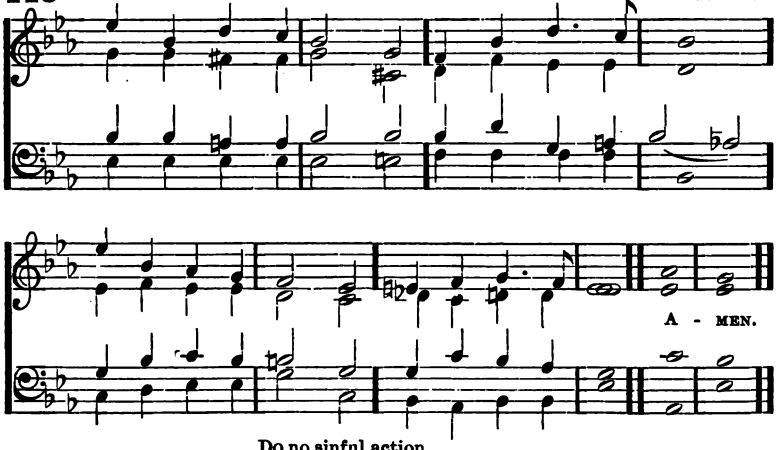
The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brighten up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

115 **Franklin.** 6.5. GOWEE.



Do no sinful action,
Speak no sinful word.
Ye belong to Jesus
Children of the Lord.

Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true,
And his little children,
Must be holy too.

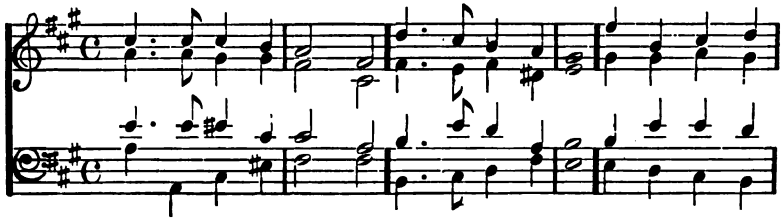
There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you,
To all harm and ill.

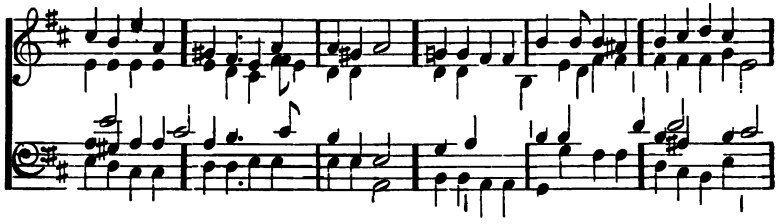
But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

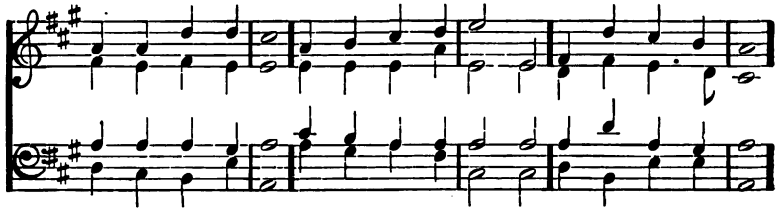
For ye promised truly,
In your infant days,
To renounce him wholly,
And forsake his ways.

Ye are new-born Christians;
Ye must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
And to do the right.

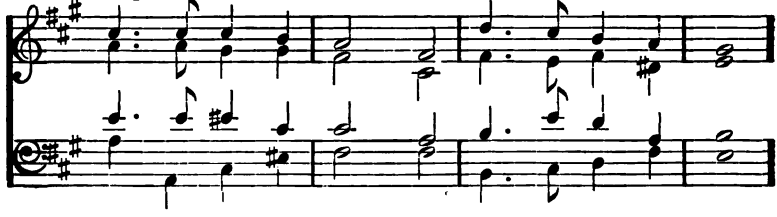
Christ is your own Master,
He is good and true.
And his little children
Must be holy too.

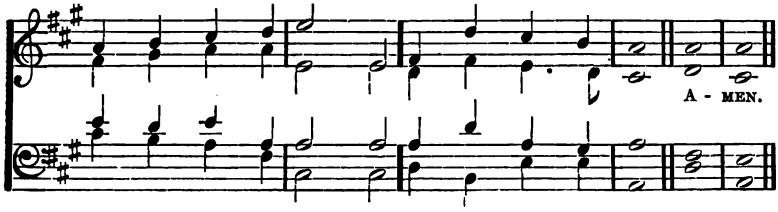






Response.





WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be his helpers,
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
By thy call of mercy,
By thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

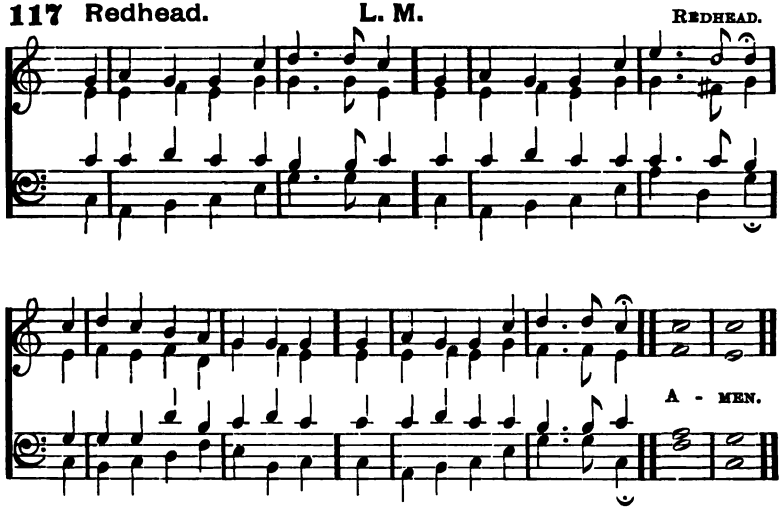
Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with thine own Life-Blood,
For thy diadem,
With thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By thy grand redemption,
By thy grace divine
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior's psalm.
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on his side.
By thy love constraining,
By thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round his standard ranging
Victory is secure,
For his truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
"Chosen, called, and faithful"
For our Captain's band.
In the service royal,
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour we are Thine!

117 Redhead. L. M.



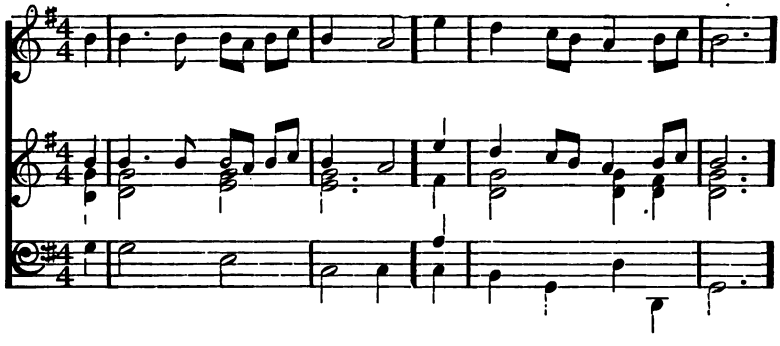
FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

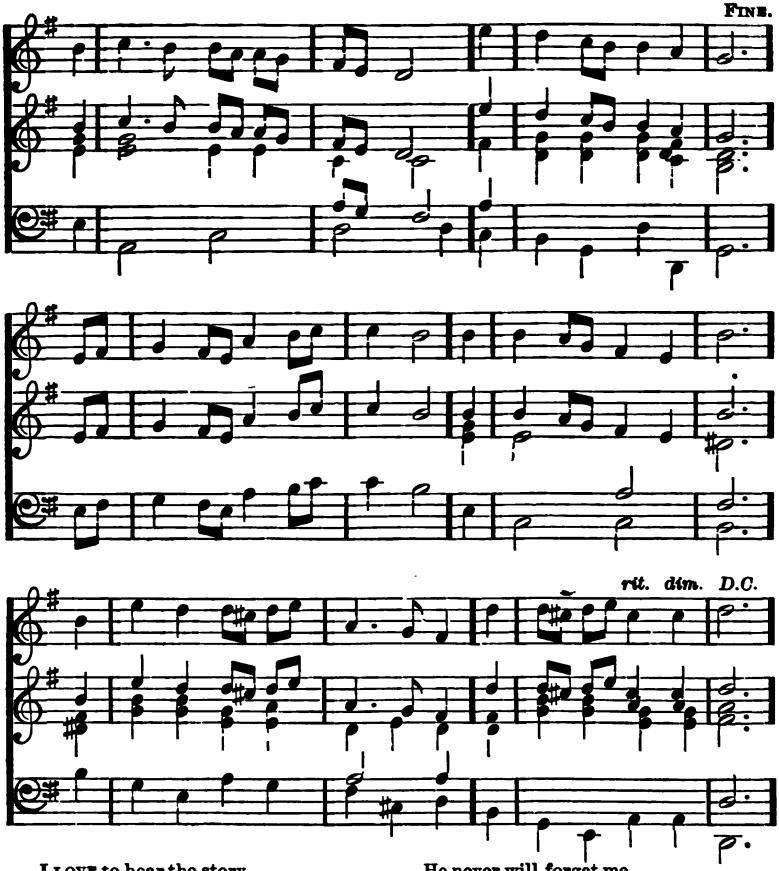
Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove,
Christ is its life and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear, his arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

118



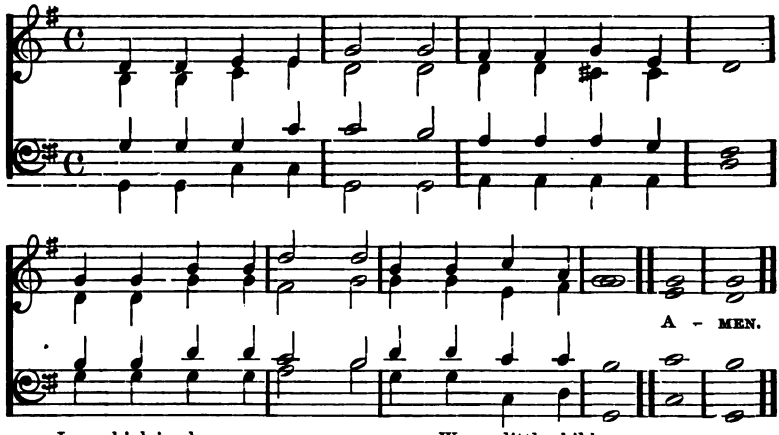


I love to hear the story
  Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
  Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
  But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
  Because He loved me so.
I love to hear the story
  Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
  Came down on earth to dwell.

I'm glad my blessèd Saviour
  Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
  His little ones might be.
And if I try to follow
  His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
  Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story
  Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
  Came down on earth to dwell.

To sing his love and mercy
  My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him
  I know He hears my praise:
For He has kindly promised
  That even I may go
To sing among his angels,
  Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story
  Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
  Came down on earth to dwell.

119 North Coates. 6.5.6.5. T. K. Matthews.



Jesus, high in glory
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

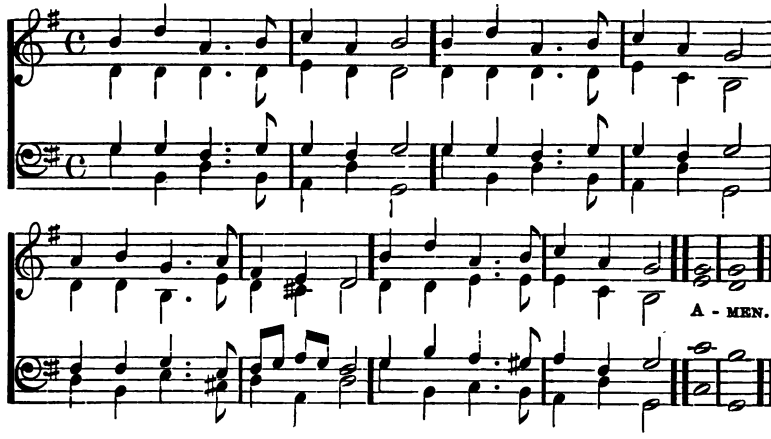
Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When thy praise we sing.

We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day:
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

Then, when Thou dost call us
To our heavenly home,
We shall gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come.

120 German Hymn. 7.7.7.7. From Pleyel.



LOVING Shepherd of thy sheep,
Keep thy lambs. in safety keep!
Nothing can thy power withstand;
None can pluck us from thy hand.

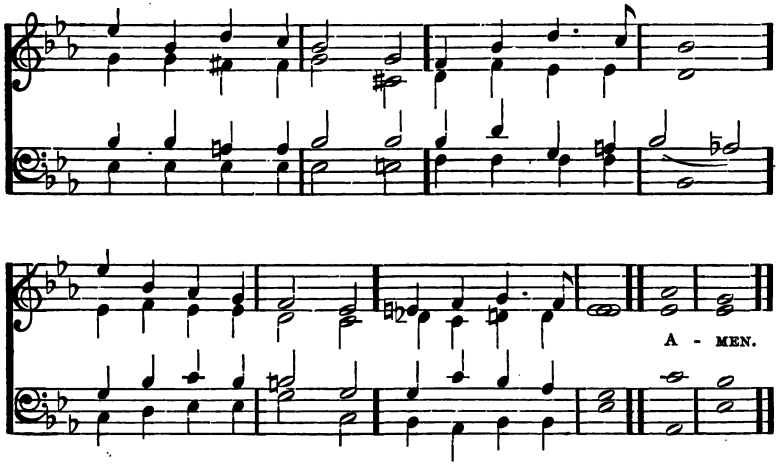
Loving Saviour, Thou didst give
Thine own life that we might live;
And the hands outstretched to bless
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

We would praise Thee every day,
Gladly all thy will obey,
Like thy blessèd ones above
Happy in thy precious love.

Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach thy lambs thy voice to hear;
Suffer not our steps to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

Where Thou leadest we would go,
Walking in thy steps below.
Till before our Father's throne
We shall know as we are known.

121 Franklin. 6.5. GOWER.



Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Jesus grant the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

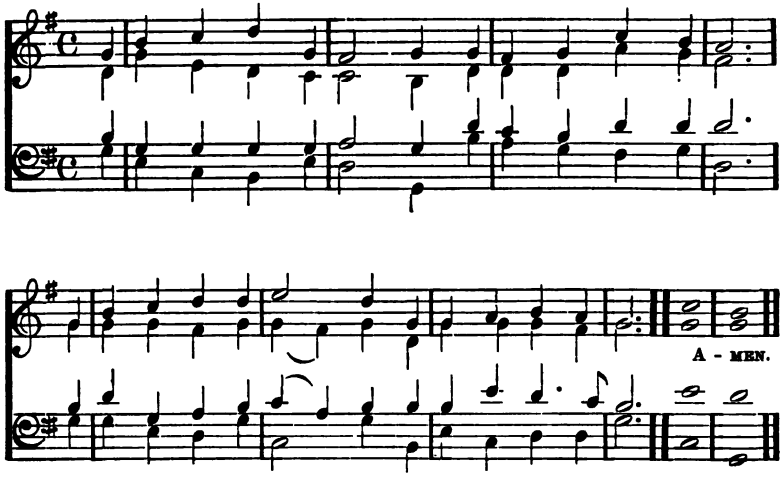
Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors' tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

Through the long night watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and safe ,and sinless
In thine holy eyes.

122 **St. Alphege.** 7.6.7.6. GAUNTLETT.



O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
  If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
  To Jesus as your head.

O happy if ye labor
  As Jesus did for men:
O happy if ye hunger
  As Jesus hungered then!

The cross that Jesus carried
  He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth
  He weareth it for you.

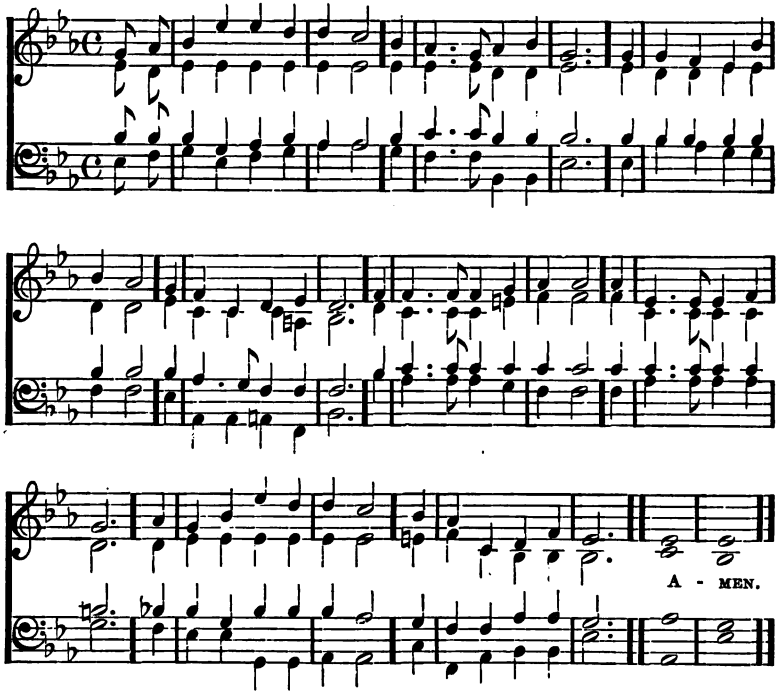
The faith by which you see Him,
  The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
  To Him alone will turn.

The trials that beset you,
  The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
  That death alone can cure.

What are they but his jewels
  Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
  Set up to heaven on earth?

O happy band of pilgrims,
  Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
  Shall win so great a prize.

123 **Edengrove.** 7.6. D. SAMUEL SMITH.



THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love will never die;
Our earthly friends may fail us,
And change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
Of that dear name He bears.

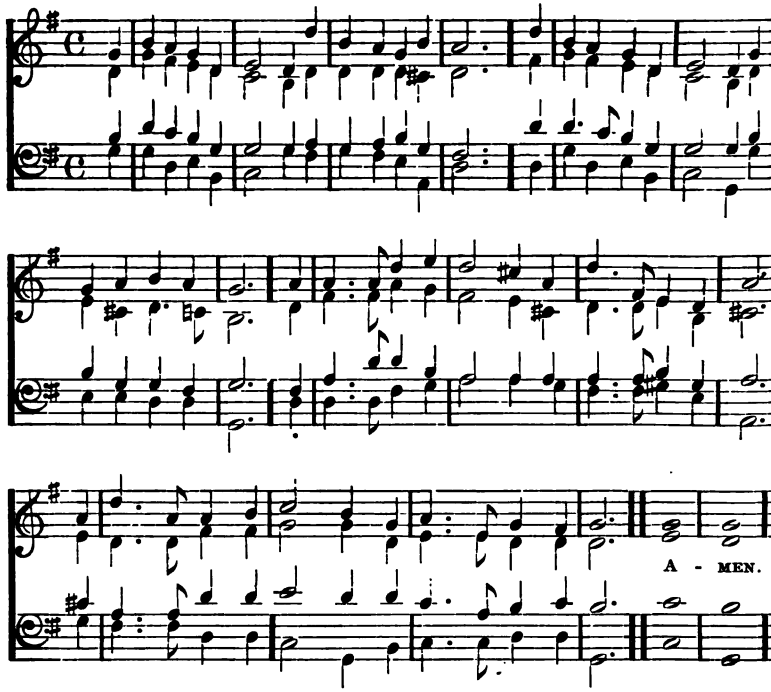
There's a Rest for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blesséd Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

There's a Home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

There's a Song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

There's a Crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
All, all above is treasured
And found in Christ alone;
Lord, grant thy little children
To know Thee as their own.

124 Holy Church. 7.6. D. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN



WE sing a loving Jesus;
Who left His throne above,
And came on earth to ransom
The children of His love;
It is an oft-told story
And yet we love to tell
How Christ the King of Glory,
Once deigned with man to dwell.

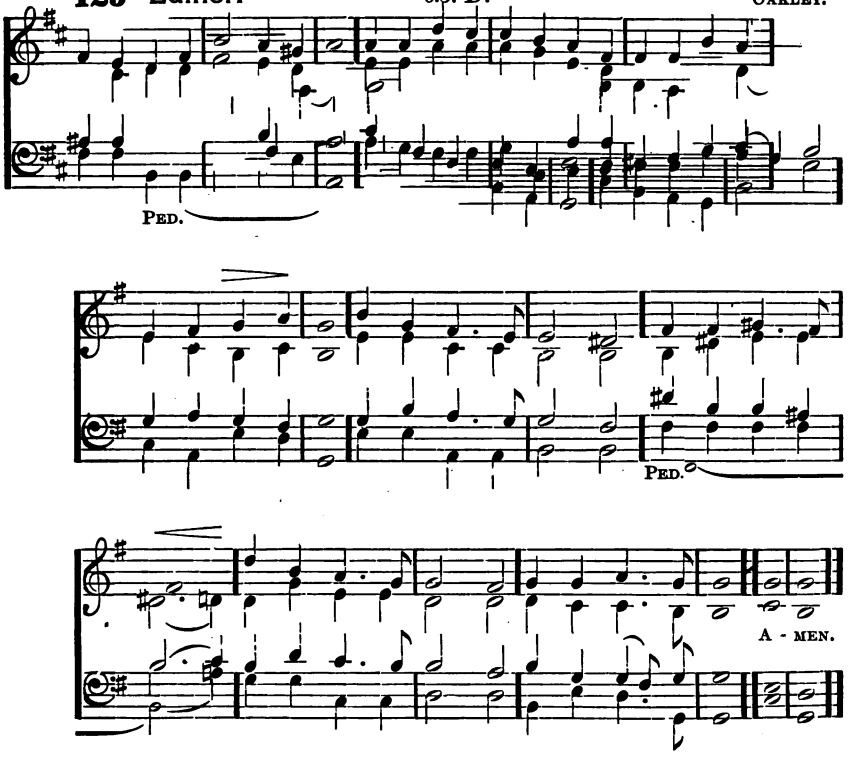
We sing a holy Jesus;
No taint of sin defiled
The Babe of David's city,
The pure and stainless Child:
O teach us, blesséd Saviour,
Thy heavenly grace to seek,
And let our whole behavior,
Like Thine, be mild and meek.

We sing a lowly Jesus;
No kingly crown He had;
His heart was bowed anguish.
His face was marred and sad;
In deep humiliation
He came, His work to do:
O Lord of our salvation,
Let us humble too.

We sing a mighty Jesus;
Whose voice could raise the dead
The sightless eyes He opened,
The famished souls He fed,
Thou camest to deliver
Mankind from sin and shame;
Redeemer and life-giver,
We praise thy holy Name!

We sing a coming Jesus;
The time is drawing near,
When Christ with all his angels,
In glory shall appear.
Lord, save us, we entreat Thee,
In this thy day of grace,
That we may gladly meet Thee
And see Thee face to face.

125 **Ediner.** 6.5. D. OAKLEY.



SOLDIERS, true and faithful,
Hear the trumpet's call,
'Neath your Captain's banner
Range ye, one and all.
Not against the devil,
Not against the world,
Must the red-cross banner
Only be unfurled.

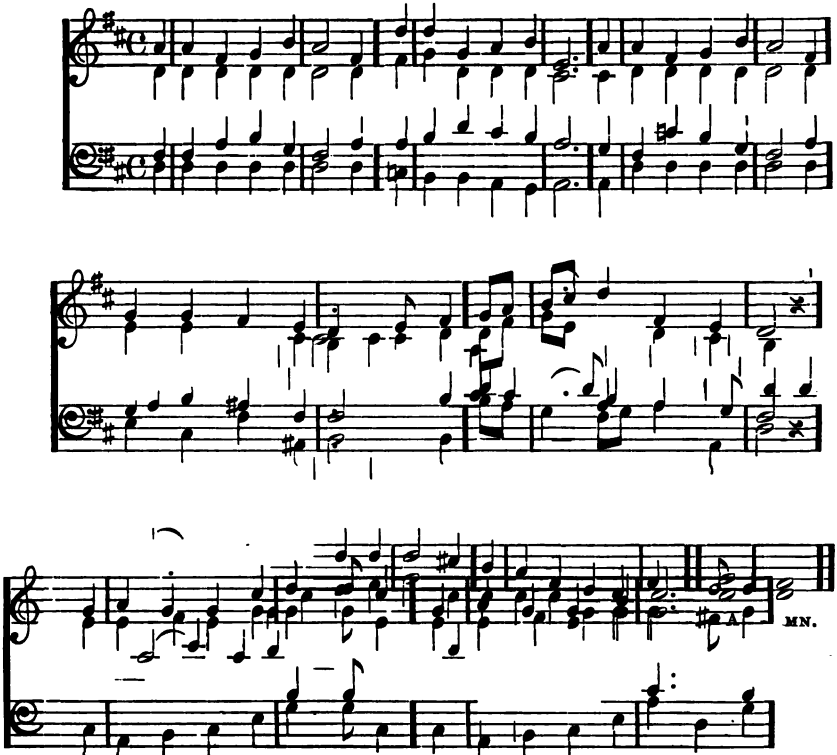
Subtle foes are lurking
Deep your hearts within,
There first wage the battle
With the power of sin
O'er the sight and hearing,
Touch, and taste, and smell,
Set a watch, good Christians,
Guard those portals well.

Satan through the senses,
Seeks your souls to slay,
Let no secret traitor
Jesus' cause betray.
If to lusts enticing
Ye betray your heart,
Can ye bid the devil
And the world depart?

By the sign upon you,
By Christ's life within,
Close in deadly conflict
With each pleasant sin.
Jesus' eye is on you,
Keep your solemn vow,
Then a crown immortal
Shall adorn your brow.

126 Lancashire.

H. Smart.



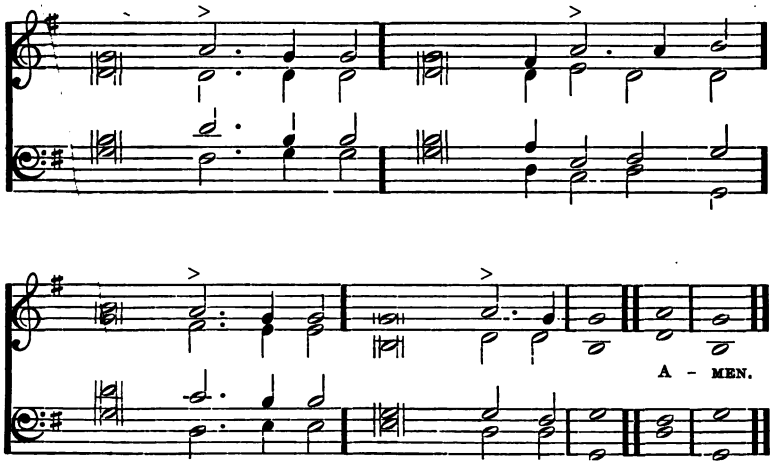
Come; sing with holy gladness,
High alleluias sing;
Uplift your loud hosannas
To Jesus, Lord and King;
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
Your hymn of praise to-day;
And sing, ye gentle maidens,
Your sweet responsive lay.

'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing;
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King;
For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe, and boy, and maiden
The one Redeemer blest.

O boys, be strong in Jesus!
To toil for Him is gain;
And Jesus wrought with Joseph
With chisel, saw and plane.
O maidens, live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's son!
Be patient, pure and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day.
O Christ, prepare thy children
With that triumphant throng,
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing the eternal song.

127 Jam Lucis. L. M. Ancient Plain Song.



It is a thing most *won*derful,
Almost too wonder*ful* to be,
That God's own Son should *come* from heaven
And die to save a *child* like me.

And yet I know that *it* is true;
He came to this poor *world* below,
And wept, and toiled, and *mourn*ed and died,
Only because He *loved* us so.

I cannot tell how *He* could love
A child so weak and *full* of sin:
His love must be most *won*derful,
If He could die my *love* to win.

I sometimes think a*bout* the cross,
And shut my eyes and *try* to see
The cruel nails and *crown* of thorns,
And Jesus cruci*fied* for me.

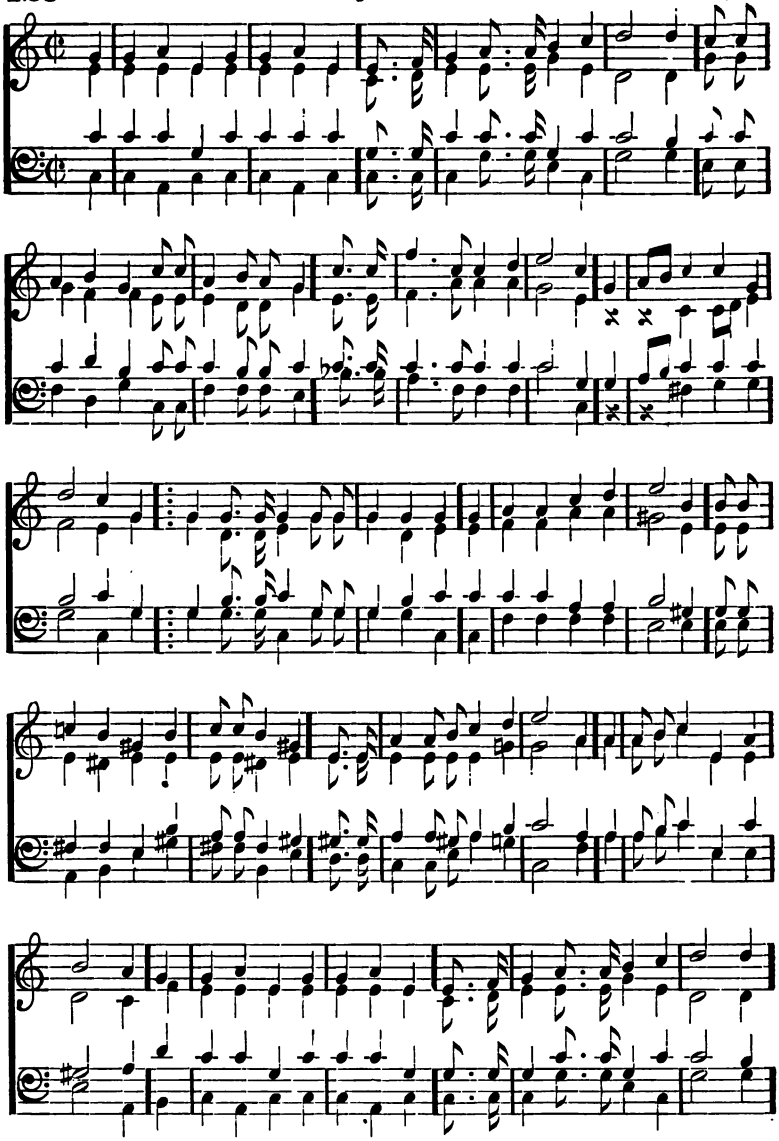
But even could I *see* Him die,
I could but see a *lit*tle part
Of that great love, which, *like* a fire,
Is always burning *in* his heart.

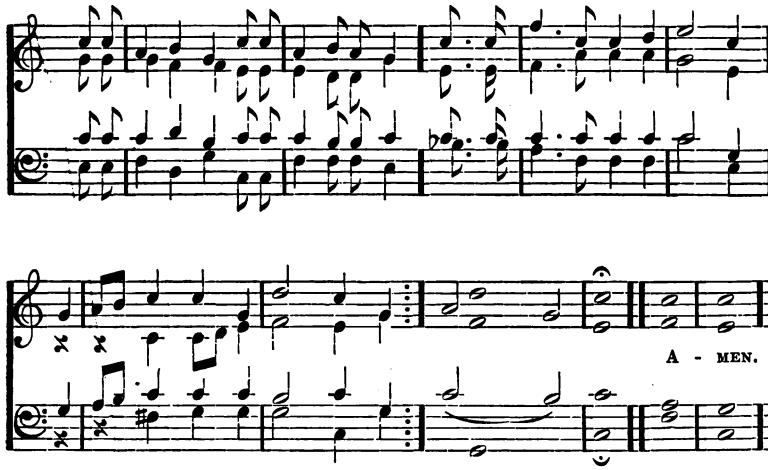
It is most wonder*ful* to know
His love for me so *free* and sure;
But 'tis more wonder*ful* to see
My love for Him so *faint* and poor.

And yet I want to *love* Thee, Lord!
Oh, light the flame with*in* my heart:
And I will love Thee *more* and more,
Until I see Thee *as* Thou art.

128 We March to Victory.

BARNEY.





WE march, we march to victory,
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With his loving eye looking down from the sky,
And his holy arm spread o'er us;

We come in the might of the Lord of Light,
In surplic'd train to meet Him;
And we put to flight the armies of night,
That the sons of day may greet Him.
We march, we march, etc.

The bands of the Alien flee away
When our chant goes up like thunder,
And the van of the Lord in serried array,
Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder.
We march, we march, etc.

We tread to the roll of the organ's swell,
With the watchword duly given;
And we challenge the Prince of the Hosts of Hell
To fight for the gates of Heaven.
We march, we march, etc.

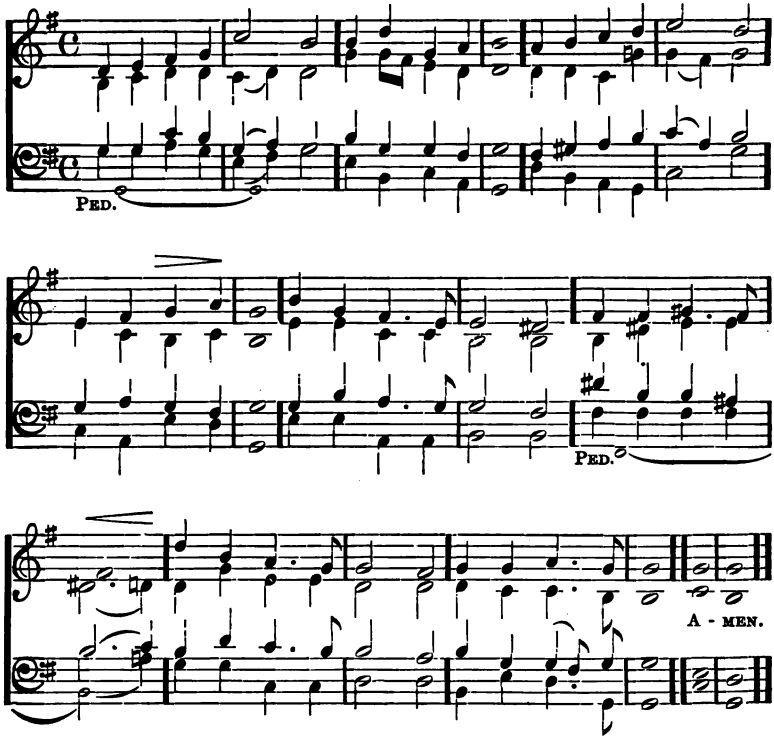
Our sword is the Spirit of God on High,
Our helmet his salvation:
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword—The In-car-na-tion.
We march, we march, etc.

He marches in front of his banner unfurl'd,
Which He raised that his own might find Him;
And the holy Church throughout all the world
Fall into rank behind Him.
We march, we march, etc.

And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, etc.

Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With his eye of love looking down from above,
And his holy arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march, to victory.
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With his loving eye looking down from the sky,
And his holy arm spread o'er us.

129 **Ediner.** 6.5. D. OAKLEY.



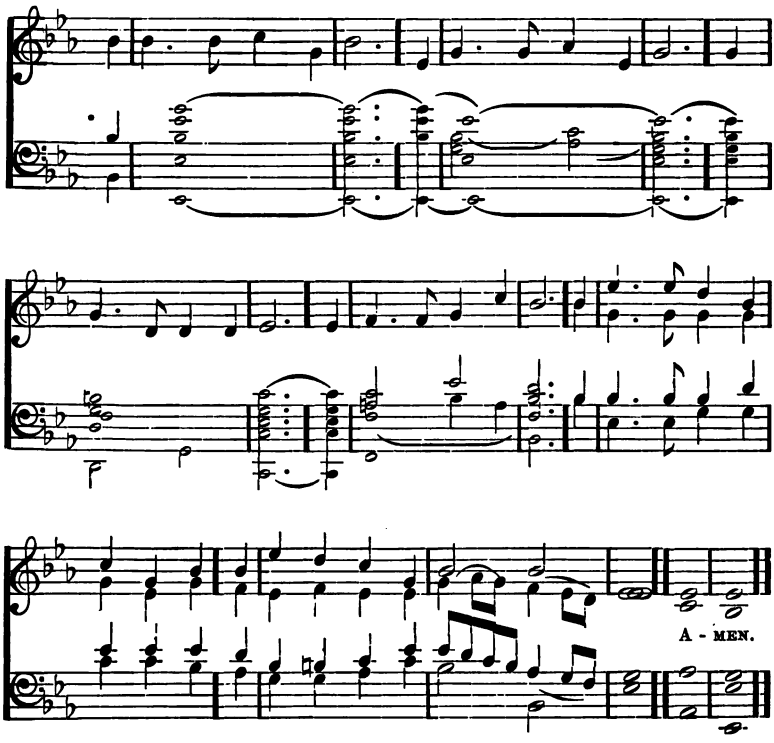
SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul and Spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee:
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road,
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing.
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

130 Temple. 6.6.6.6.8.8. GOWER.



HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch, the temple-child,
The little Levite kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

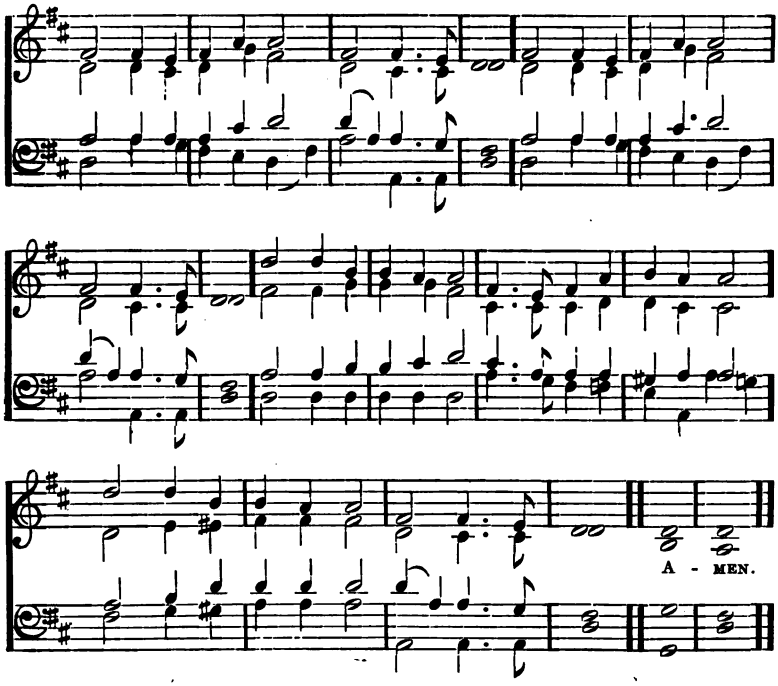
Oh, give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord!
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of thy word;
Like him to answer at thy call
And to obey Thee first of all.

Oh, give me Samuel's heart!
A lowly heart that waits
Where in thy house Thou art,
Or watches at thy gates
By day and night a heart that still
Moves at the impulse of thy will.

Oh, give me Samuel's mind!
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

131 Happy Land.

Indian air (arranged by GOWER).

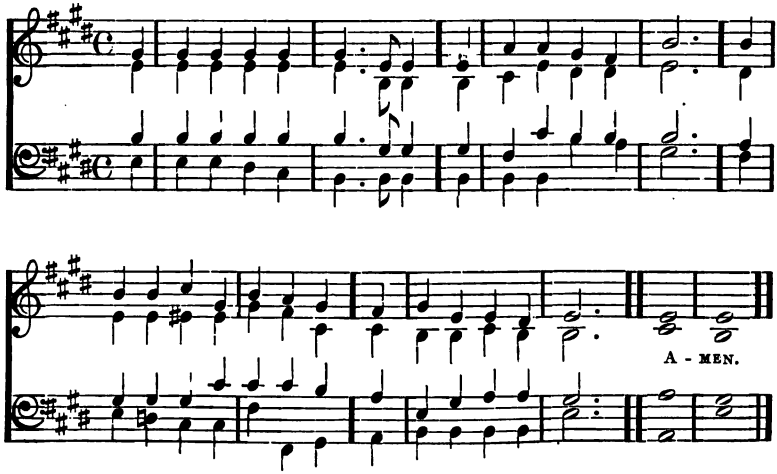


THERE is a happy land
  Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
  Bright, bright as day;
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
  Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
  Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
  Why still delay?
O we shall happy be
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
  Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
  Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
  Love cannot die.
On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
  Reign, reign for aye.

132 **Meditation.** **C. M.** GOWER.



THERE is a name I love to hear;
  I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music to mine ear;
  The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love
  Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
  The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile
  Beaming upon his child;
It cheers me through this little while,
  Through desert, waste and wild.

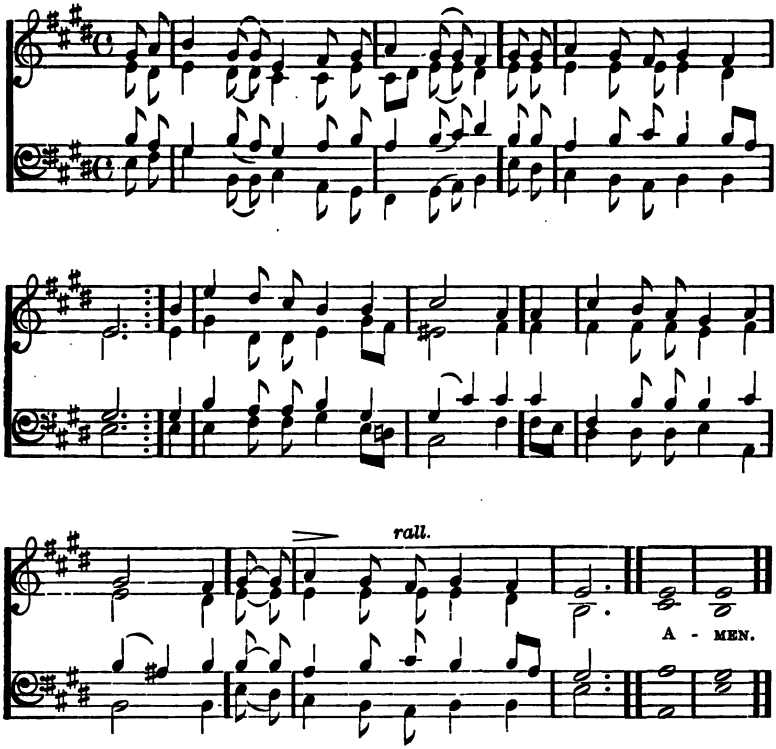
Jesus, the name I love so well,
  The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
  No heart conceive how dear.

This name shall shed its fragrance still
  Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
  That leads me up to God.

And there with all the blood-bought throng
  From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
  Of Jesus' love to me.

133 Veni.

EMILY S. ELLIOTT.



THOU didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown,
When thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For thy holy nativity.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

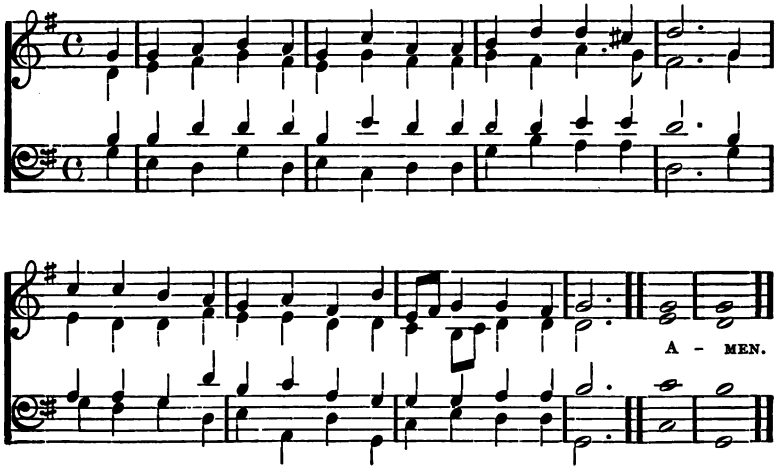
Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth didst thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God!
In the deserts of Galilee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

Thou camest, O Lord, with the living Word
That should set thy people free!
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore thee to Calvary.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At thy coming to victory!
Let thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room.
There is room at my side for thee;"
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

134 Farrant. C. M. Old Melody.



WHEN for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven
And bore his injuries.

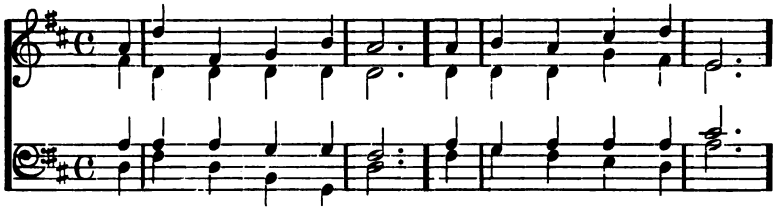
He was insulted every day,
Though all his words were kind;
But nothing men could do or say
Disturbed his heavenly mind.

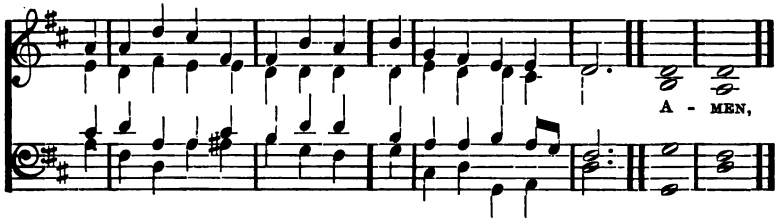
Not all the wicked scoffs He heard
Against the truths He taught,
Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.

And when upon the cross he bled,
With all his foes in view,
"Father, forgive them," Jesus said,
"They know not what they do."

Dear Saviour may I learn of Thee
My temper to amend;
And speak that pardoning word for me
Whenever I offend.

135 Bethlehem. S. M. S. Wesley.





We give Thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold!

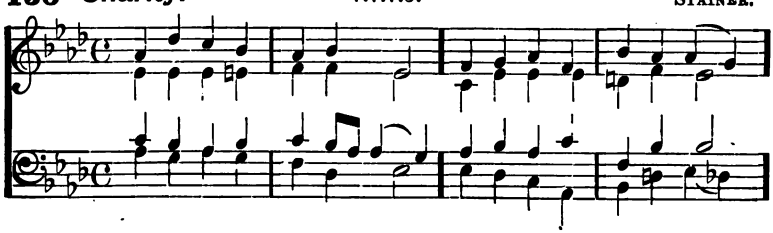
To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

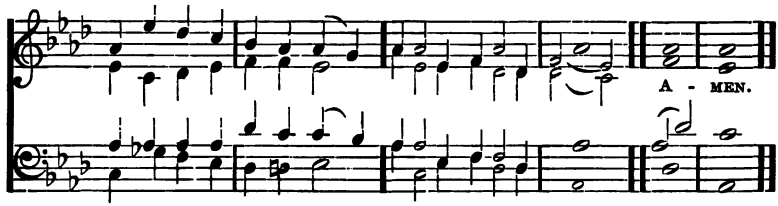
The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe thy Word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

All might, all praise, be Thine,
Father, co-equal Son,
And Spirit, bond of love divine,
While endless ages run.

136 Charity. 7.7.7.5. Stainer.





GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee we covet most,
Of thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us love.

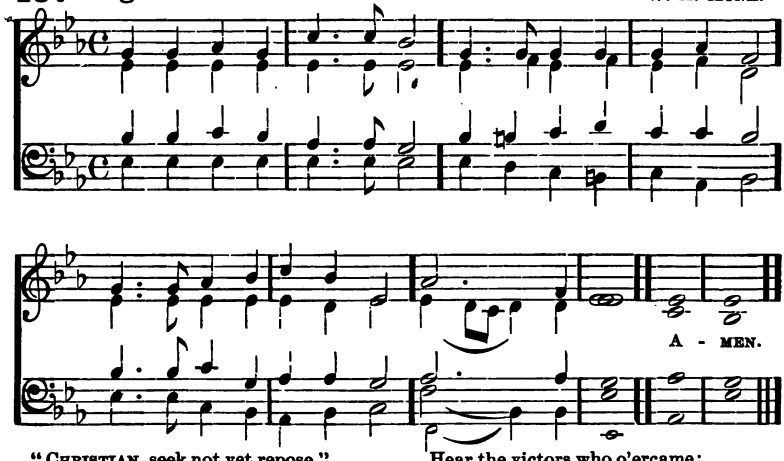
Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

137 Vigilate. 7.7.7.3. W. H. MONK.



"CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy guardian angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
"Watch and pray."

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours;
"Watch and pray."

Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one;
"Watch and pray."

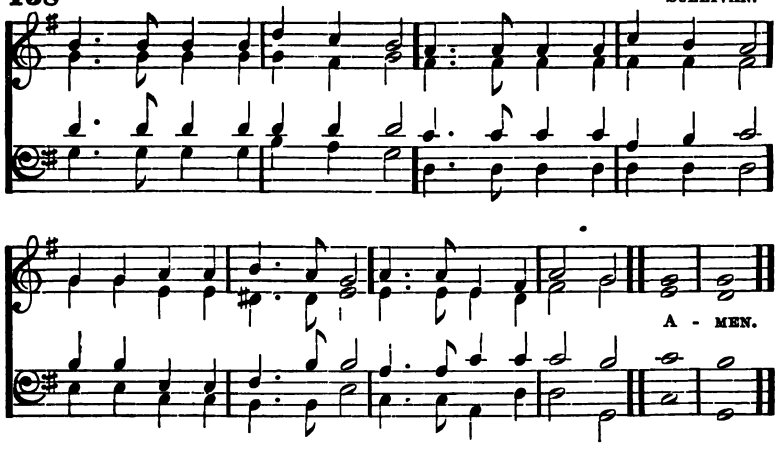
Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his Word,
"Watch and pray."

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
"Watch and pray."

Litanies.

138 SULLIVAN.



JESU, we are far away
From the light of heavenly day,
Lost in paths of sin we stray;
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Solo Deeper has the darkness grown;
Saviour, come to seek thine own,
Leave, O leave us not alone;
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Foolish, weak and sad we lie;
Guard us with thy loving eye,
Be our helper, always nigh;
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Solo Help us to bewail our sin,
And in heavenly strength, begin
Daily victories to win;
Lord, in mercy hear us.

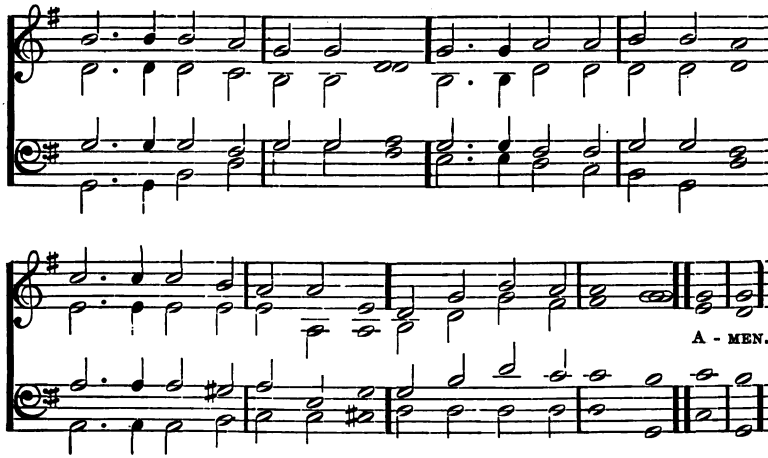
Keep us lowly that we may,
Ever watchful, turn away
From the snares our tempters lay;
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Solo On our darkness shed thy light,
Lead our wills to what is right,
Wash our evil natures white;
Lord, in mercy hear us.

May thy wisdom be our guide,
Comfort, rest and peace provide
Near to thy protecting side;
Lord in mercy hear us.

Solo May thy grace within the soul
Nature's waywardness control.
Guiding towards the heavenly goal;
Lord in mercy hear us.

So at last, from sin set free,
What we long for, may we see,
And for ever blessed be;
Lord, in mercy hear us.



JESU, we are far away
From the light of heavenly day,
Lost in paths of sin we stray;
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Solo May the world seem only dross,
May we welcome shame and loss,
Willingly endure the cross;
Lord, in mercy hear us.

When oppressed with trouble sore,
Teach our hearts to feel thee more
For the pangs our Saviour bore;
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Solo May we true devotion feel
To our God, and holy zeal
For our fellows creatures weal;
Lord, in mercy hear us.

May we selfishness deny,
And the body mortify,
Doing deeds of charity;
Lord, in mercy hear us.

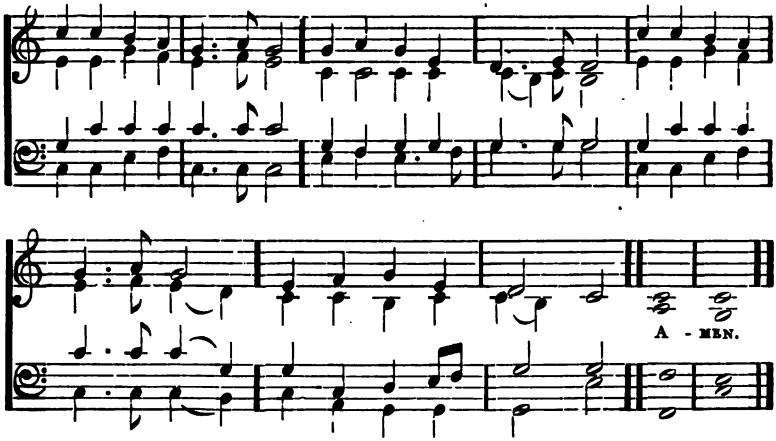
Solo Make us earnest when we pray,
Diligent from day to day,
Meaning, doing, what we say;
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Fix our hearts on things on high,
Let no evil thoughts come nigh,
Purge from sin our memory:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Solo May thy grace within the soul
Nature's waywardness control,
Guiding towards the heavenly goal;
Lord, in mercy hear us,

So at last from sin set free,
What we long for, may we see,
And forever blesséd be;
Lord, in mercy hearts.

W. H. MONK.



FATHER, hear thy children's call;
Humbly at thy feet we fall,
Prodigals confessing all;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Solo Christ, beneath thy cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
Penitent, we breathe thy name;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten, oft defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Solo Love that caused us first to be,
Love that bled upon the tree,
Love that draws us lovingly;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

We thy call have disobeyed,
Have neglected, and delayed,
Into paths of sin have strayed;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

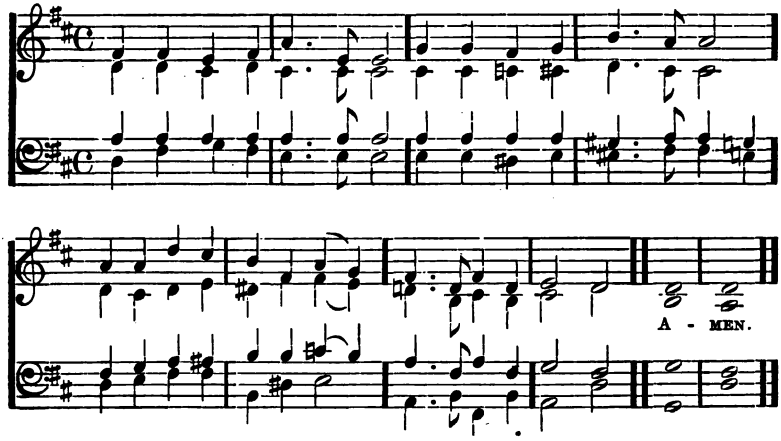
Solo Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek thy mercy sure.
Evil, come to be made pure;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Solo Hearing every contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last thy face we see,
Crowned with thine own purity;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

141 GOWER.



FATHER, hear thy children call;
Humbly at thy feet we fall,
Prodigals confessing all;
We beseech Thee, hear us,

Solo Teach us what thy love has borne,
That, with loving sorrow torn,
Truly contrite we may mourn;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Gifts of light and grace bestow,
Help us to resist the foe,
Fearing what indeed is woe;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Solo Let not sin within us reign,
May we gladly suffer pain,
If we suffer for our gain;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

May we to all evil die,
Fleshly longings crucify,
Fix our hearts and thoughts on high;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Solo Grant us faith to know Thee near,
Hail thy grace, thy judgment fear,
And through trial persevere;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Grant us love thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
And the power of grace make known;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Solo All our weak endeavors bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last thy face we see,
Crowned with Thine own purity;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

INDEX.

HYMN

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide.. 28
A few more years shall roll..... 27
All glory, laud and honor..... 14
All hail the power of Jesus' name..... 29
All people that on earth do dwell..... 30
All things bright and beautiful.....114
Art thou weary, art thou languid..... 31
As with gladness, men of old..... 7
Beneath the cross of Jesus..... 98
Brief life is here our portion..... 32
Brightly gleams our banner..... 77
Christian, seek not yet repose.....137
Children of the Heavenly King..... 33
Christian! dost thou see them..... 10
Come, labor on.....104
Come; sing with holy gladness.....126
Come, ye thankful people, come..... 26
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare..... 34
Crown Him with many crowns..... 20
Do no sinful action.....115
Eternal Father! strong to save..... 36
Fight the good fight with all thy might 117
For ever with the Lord..... 38
Glory be to Jesus..... 11
Glory to Thee, my God, this night..... 39
God bless our native land..... 40
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.....136
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah..... 41
Hail to the Lord's anointed..... 8
Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs... 42
Hark my soul, it is the Lord..... 37
Hark, the herald angels sing..... 6
Hark! the sound of holy voices..... 24
Holy Father, cheer our way..... 81
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty... 23
Holy offerings, rich and rare..... 79
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.... 43
Hushed was the evening hymn.....130
I heard the voice of Jesus say..... 44
I love to hear the story.....118
In the hour of trial..... 45
It is a thing most wonderful.....127
I worship Thee, sweet Will of God.....105
Jesus Christ is risen to-day..... 16
Jesus, high in glory.....119
Jesus, lover of my soul..... 47
Jesus, meek and gentle..... 48
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all.....100
Jerusalem on high..... 80
Jerusalem, the golden..... 46
Just as I am,—without one plea..... 49
Lead, kindly Light..... 99
Litanies.....136, 137, 138, 139
Lo, He comes with clouds descending.... 1
Lord, dismiss us with thy Blessing..... 50
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation 82
Lord, I hear the showers of blessing.....101
Love divine, all love excelling..... 51
Loving Shepherd of thy sheep.....120
My faith looks up to Thee..... 35
My God, how wonderful Thou art..... 52
My hope is built on nothing less.....102
Nearer, my God, to Thee..... 53
Now may He who from the dead..... 54
Now the day is over.....121
O come, all ye faithful..... 5
O day of rest and gladness..... 55
Oft in danger, oft in woe..... 60
O for a closer walk with God..... 56

HYMN

O God our help in ages past..... 57
O happy band of pilgrims.....122
O help us, Lord; each hour of need..... 63
Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.. 85
O Jesus, I have promised.....107
O Jesus, Thou art standing..... 3
O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea.... 83
Once in royal David's city..... 61
On our way rejoicing..... 86
On the resurrection morning..... 87
Onward, Christian soldiers..... 62
O Paradise, O Paradise..... 58
O Saviour, precious Saviour..... 84
Our blest Redeemer, 'ere He breathed... 22
O worship the King..... 59
Pleasant are thy courts above..... 64
Peace, perfect peace..... 88
Rejoice, rejoice, believers..... 4
Ride on! ride on in majesty..... 15
Rock of ages, cleft for me..... 65
Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise 78
Saviour, blessed Saviour.....129
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing..... 89
Soldiers of Christ arise..... 67
Soldiers, true and faithful.....125
Songs of praise the angels sang..... 68
Spirit divine, attend our prayers..... 90
Stand up! stand up for Jesus.....106
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear..... 69
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go..... 66
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing..... 13
Take my life, and let it be.....108
Ten thousand times ten thousand..... 91
The Church's one foundation..... 70
The day is gently sinking to a close..... 71
The day is past and over..... 72
The King of love my Shepherd is..... 73
The sun is sinking fast..... 74
The Son of God goes forth to war..... 25
The day Thou gavest, Lord is ended..... 94
There is a happy land.....131
There is a name I love to hear.....132
Thou didst leave thy throne.....133
Thy kingdom come, O God..... 2
The strife is o'er, the battle done..... 18
There is a fountain filled with blood..... 75
There is a green hill far away..... 76
There's a Friend for little children.....123
There were ninety and nine.....110
Thou art gone up on high..... 19
Through the love of God our Saviour.....112
Through the night of doubt and sorrow.. 92
To Him who for our sins was slain..... 17
To the name of our salvation..... 93
We are but little children weak.....109
Weary of earth, and laden with my sin. 9
We give Thee but thine own.....135
We march, we march to victory.....128
We love the place, O God..... 95
We saw Thee not when Thou didst come. 96
We sing a loving Jesus.....124
What a friend we have in Jesus.....113
When for some little insult given.....134
When morning gilds the skies..... 97
When God of old came down from heaven 21
When I survey the wondrous cross..... 12
Who is on the Lord's side.....116
Who is this, so weak and helpless.....103
Work, for the night is coming.....111

MAR 17 2005

3 2044 073 467 318

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

HART, Henry Martyn
AUTHOR

An evening service
TITLE

book

Call Number
M
2125
.H26
1891

Musical Edition..... 30c each

Words Only..... 10c "

" " " ..... $7.00 per 100

To be had of

MR. YARDLEY,

The Cathedral,

DENVER, Colo.